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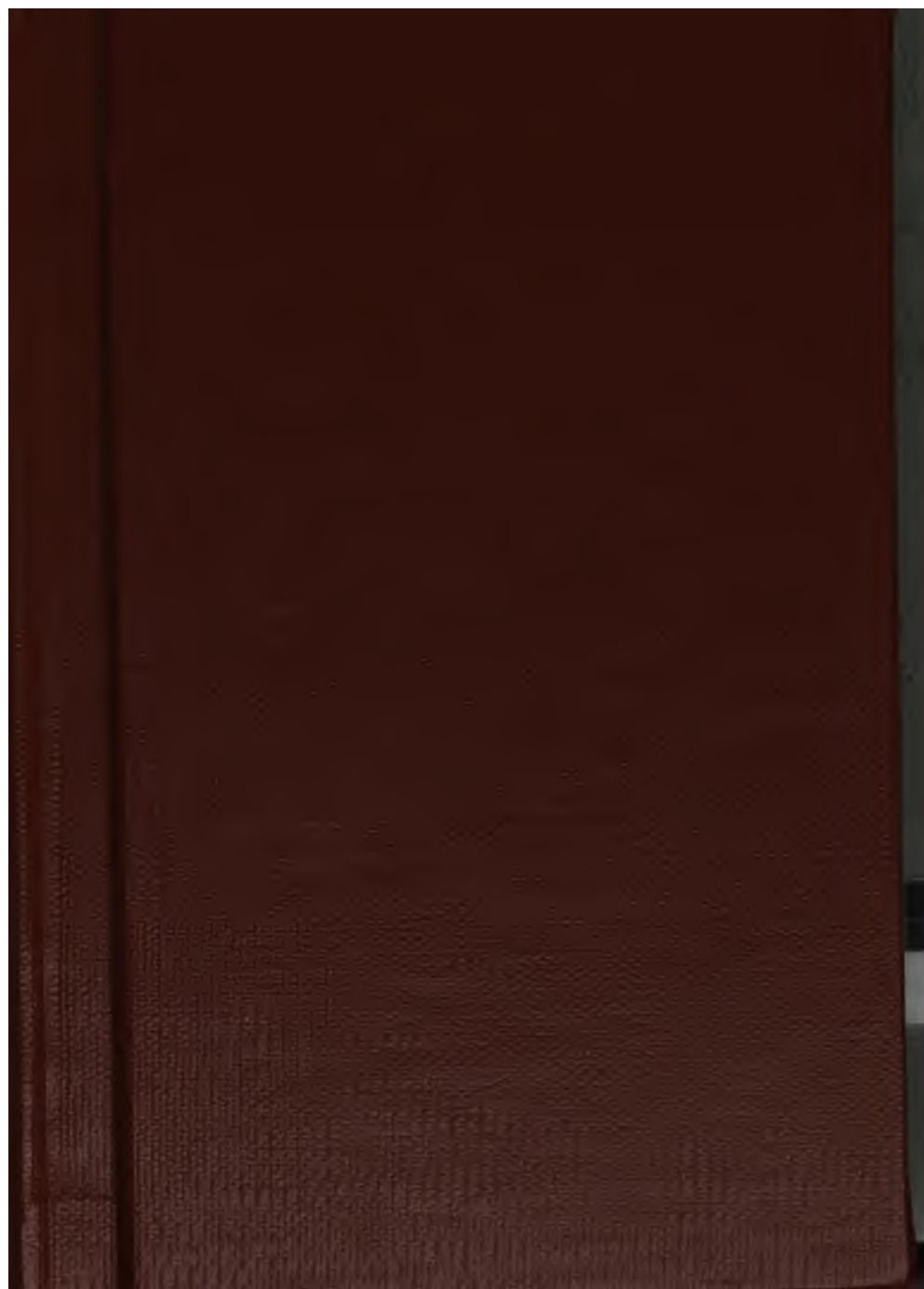
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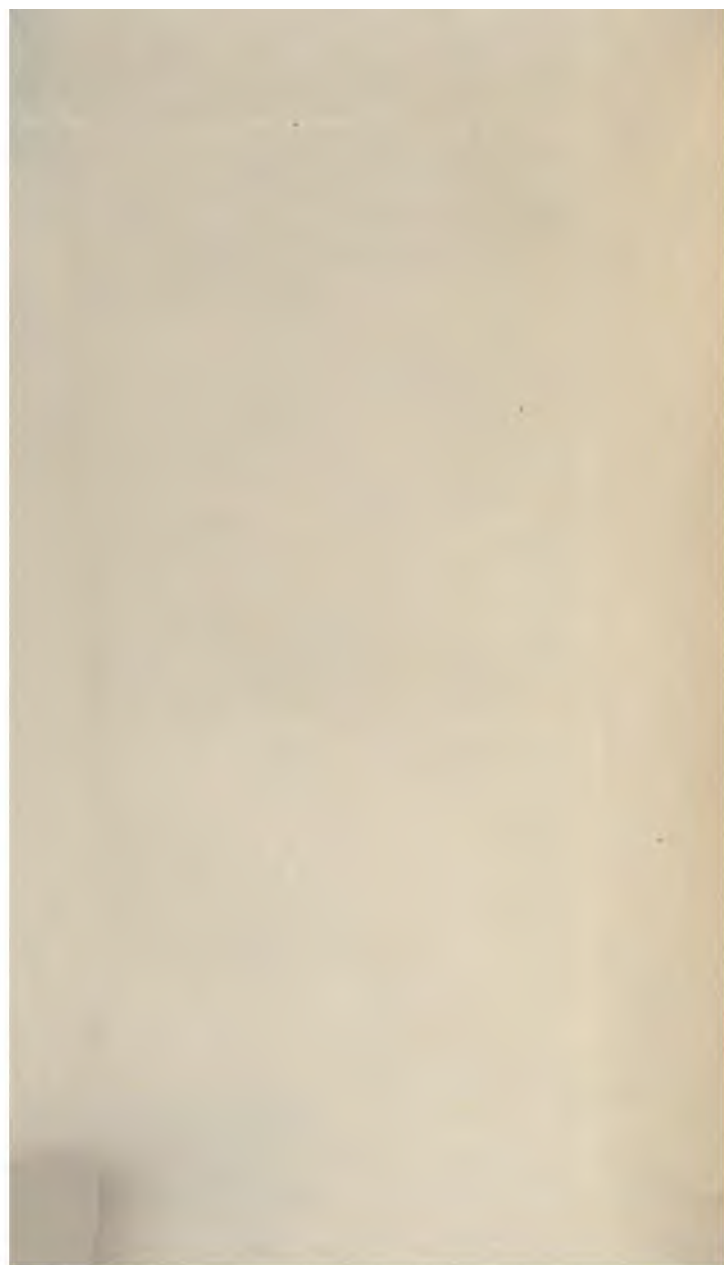
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the same time, the fact that the same person can be both a subject and an object of a relation is not a contradiction. For example, a person can be both a subject and an object of a relation of friendship. In this case, the person is both the one who is friends with someone and the one who is friended by someone. This is not a contradiction because the relation of friendship is a reciprocal relation. In other words, if A is friends with B, then B is friended by A. This is why it is possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of a relation of friendship.

Similarly, a person can be both a subject and an object of a relation of love. In this case, the person is both the one who loves someone and the one who is loved by someone. This is not a contradiction because the relation of love is a reciprocal relation. In other words, if A loves B, then B is loved by A. This is why it is possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of a relation of love.

On the other hand, a person cannot be both a subject and an object of a relation of hate. In this case, the person is both the one who hates someone and the one who is hated by someone. This is a contradiction because the relation of hate is not a reciprocal relation. In other words, if A hates B, it does not follow that B hates A. This is why it is not possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of a relation of hate.

Therefore, the fact that a person can be both a subject and an object of a relation is not a contradiction. It is only a contradiction if the relation is not a reciprocal relation. In other words, if the relation is a reciprocal relation, then it is possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of the relation. If the relation is not a reciprocal relation, then it is not possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of the relation.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXV.

We will not linger with Snipeton. For why cast away sympathy—that essence of our moral being—upon an old, money-loving man, gulled of his youthful wife? Wherefore pity him, made, by the lucky boldness of hired knavery, retained and paid by scoundrel cowardice, the living joke of the best society, shaking its sides at the best of clubs? Had the miserable man been left upon the road, with out-turned pockets, and a medicable bruise or gash or two, why, there would have been no jest whatever in the dull mishap; the robbery and the wound might have passed among the serious things that lengthen even careless faces. But how different the casualty! A man—an old man—and the quintessence of the drollery lay in his wrinkles—had been robbed of his other self; had had his very being rent in twain, and to think of his loss was rarest comedy—to picture him writhing in the agony of that forced separation was to crow with laughter. Such was the compassion bestowed by men upon the old money-merchant, as rumour, like a wild-goose, cackled as she flew. Therefore, for a time, we will leave Snipeton at his solitary hearth. No; not solitary. For now the figure, the features of his wife—the run-away; yes, there was the horror; there the burning truth that poisoned the wound—were multiplied about him. It would have been some relief to the

* Continued from page 492, Vol. IV.

tortured—a passing breath cooling the damned—to think that beautiful mischief the victim of violence : but no ; she had clubbed her share of cunning ; she had played a free part in the wickedness ; she had fled from him ; and he could hear her laughter at the trick. And then those very numerals—things that in pleasant idleness of heart he had jotted down, as fancied guards and retinue of wealth, to glorify and do homage to that idol of his home—they rose in his brain like sparks of fire, and he howled and whined like idiotcy. And at the same time, as we have said, there was great laughter—very great enjoyment at the clubs.

The scene is shifted : night has passed away. For a time poor Snipeton sat with his eyes upon the hand of the clock as though he watched a dagger aimed to strike him. And the hand moved from hour to hour ; and then, in deep night, as one on whom despair had fastened, not to be loosed but at the grave, he sat in silent, sullen misery.

The scene is shifted. We are miles away in pleasant Surrey. In an old house—old as the gnarled elms and oaks that majestically stand, the sylvan guards, around it—is Snipeton's stolen wife. That house is the abiding-place of the luckless horseman thrown from his steed at Hampstead, and duly tended by Crossbone, and duly robbed by Blast. Accident and sickness save a world of ceremony, and the patient and the surgeon were in briefest season, fast friends. You may grow a friendship quick as a salad, that like the salad, shall serve the required purpose ; and so it was with the intimacy sprung up twixt Shoveller and Crossbone. Shoveller was pleased to call himself—a man of the world. We say pleased ; for he proclaimed his title, as though it was one of honour ; a distinction stoutly won at the Battle of Guineas—(what Gazette shall number the killed and wounded of that still-fought field ?)—and therefore to be mightily proud of. He would say, “ I am a man of the world : ” indicating that he was wholly and entirely of the world : that he dealt with facts ; hard facts ; hard and real as the world he felt with his soles ; and quite a different matter from the misty, cloudy world, that swam above his head. He was a man of the world—a real bit of its real loam ; unalloyed by any thought that for a moment should lift him off his feet. When a sage of this sort says, “ I am a man of the world ; ” he means, with significant emphasis to impart—“ I have been such a hard student of the ways of this world ; that, between ourselves—so you may speak your wishes safely, and without offence—between

ourselves, my good and sudden friend, I have not yet had a spare minute to throw away upon the next."

And Crossbone was also a man of the world. Hence, he felt himself drawn towards Shoveller, even as two dead logs in a pond are attracted to one another. In the very dawn and roseate blush of their friendship, Mr. Shoveller had informed Crossbone that he was the owner of a snug, retired nook, buried away amid trees in a wild patch of country; a solitary house, without, as he observed, the curse of neighbours. He had seen so much of town-life in his days—at times, too, mixed so very actively amongst the company of London—that now and then, he felt it absolutely necessary to the preservation of his health, nay, even of his life—to be turned out to a bit of grass. And as Mr. Shoveller spoke, the face of Crossbone was lighted from an inner light; for his fancy glowed with a pleasant picture—that of Mrs. Snipeton spirited from her chastised lord—justly punished for the offence of marriage—and dwelling, like a wood-dove, for a timely season, at least, in that pleasant hermitage.

Briefly, Mr. Shoveller offered his house and household devils—for surely sometimes the lares have cloven feet and barbed tails—to the service of Mr. Crossbone; who, without offence to the spirit of hospitality, in the prettiest manner hinted at hard payment at an early day. Whereupon, Mr. Shoveller professed his readiness to engage a dear and valued friend or two—he had a large bosom for friends, that man; and could, upon occasion, have lodged all Newgate—to form an escort for the lady, from the perils of the journey. And Mr. Shoveller kept his word; it was his pride to do so; and the greater the mischief to be done, the more binding did he seem to hold the engagement.

It was the morning after the service accomplished by Mr. Shoveller, and he and Crossbone walked in the little orchard: walked as friends should walk, newly knit together by rascal wrong; they both took such pains to be at ease. "A sweet place, here; a very sweet place," said Crossbone.

"Why, yes; the grass is as green here as anywhere; the birds sing as well, and the flowers are as fresh; but what of that?" answered the philosophic Shoveller, "I never care to brag."

"No man of the world does," said Crossbone. "Bless me! what a crop of apples you'll have!"

"And pears, and plums, and cherries," said Shoveller, slowly; and then he added, "Mrs. Snipeton has a devilish pretty mouth."

And to think her lips should keep so red; when, I doubt not, winter has touched them so often. Ha! ha! Poor little kitten! How she pouted! Well, if I love to see anything, it is now and then to look upon a pretty woman in a tearing rage."

We know not what recollection darkened Crossbone's mind—he had known the sorrows of widowhood, and perhaps felt them anew—but he gazed with mixed sadness and surprise at Mr. Shoveller. "Taste is everything; it's the salt of life; without it we should be as like one another as snails; and for what I know, have just as much enjoyment. Nevertheless there is a taste that grows into a disease; and, pardon me, my dear friend, if I think a taste for a lady in a rage, is a taste of that very sort. Now cannibalism is only a taste, nothing more. Nevertheless, though—as men of the world—we may flay one another, we respect the decencies of life, and stop there."—Thus spoke Crossbone.

"It is such a pretty sight"—said Shoveller, returning to the picture—"to see what they would do, with what they only do. When I lifted her from her horse, her little white hand grasped me, as it would tear me to bits. 'Don't madam,' said I; 'I'm ticklish, and shall laugh:' and when I put her in the carriage, and placed myself beside her, she looked at me, as though she thought her eyes burning-glasses that must make tinder of me; and worked her precious lips, as though they were crossbows shooting twenty deaths at me. And then—but I asked her pardon like a gentleman—and then I laughed—I couldn't help it. Oh, I do love a woman in a rage; it gives the pretty thing such animation; turns so much that seems china-work into real flesh and blood."

"And nails," Crossbone was about to say; but with an afterthought he waived the subject, as painful, and observed—"You don't think it possible Mrs. Snipeton can see me here? Because, you know, my dear friend, I must not be known in this business; that is, unless professionally."

"Do you see that hand?" said Shoveller, exhibiting his right palm close under Crossbone's eye.

"Perfectly well; I once studied chiromancy—that is, as a boy—and I can see that your hand was made"—

"For roasted chestnuts."

Crossbone stared.

"Nay, nay, you are, you know it, a man of the world. The *chestnut* is in the house there; and this is the hand—the paw of

poor puss—that you, knowing pug that you are—that you have used to”——

“Now, my dear friend,” exclaimed Crossbone, apprehending the intended application, “if I thought you thought so, I assure you it would make me very unhappy. Very unhappy, indeed. You see mine is a very difficult, a very delicate part. For tomorrow, I must see Mr. Snipeton.”

“And, perhaps,” said Shoveller with his best gravity, “perhaps prescribe for him.”

“Should his condition require it”—assented Crossbone—“prescribe for him.”

“Well, as you know the seat of his complaint,”—and Shoveller jerked his head towards the house—“no one better—you’ll have but little trouble with him. Poor old man! Don’t bleed him much. Ha! ha!”

“Don’t sport with surgery. It has been my weakness—I may say, very unprofitable weakness—to have too much respect for my profession. I love it so dearly, I can’t suffer a joke upon it. Hark!” cried Crossbone, and he turned towards the road and listened—“hark! Own me a wizard, now. That’s a horse.”

“Well, in the worst of times, you couldn’t have been burned for that prophecy,” said Shoveller.

“Yes; but a horse that carries a lover. There’s a beating heart at full gallop and—did I not say so?” and Crossbone receding behind a shrub pointed to young St. James as he slackened his pace at the house. “Now, my dear friend, I must leave you; I must wait upon his lordship. You know your promise—I mean—our bargain? The house—”

“Is his lordship’s,” cried Shoveller; and that man of the world looked very wise. “The house, and all that’s in it. I know true hospitality; especially, when paid for. I have the honour, Doctor Crossbone—”

“Not yet: no diploma just yet,” said Crossbone, meekly; and with a faint smile.

“Oh, it’s coming fast, now. When rascality—not, my dear friend, that I mean rascality—I would speak as a man of the world—when rascality succeeds, dignity as a matter of course must follow. Therefore, again Doctor Crossbone, I have the honour to wish you a good morning; and more, the unbounded gratitude of your excellent and noble employer.” With this wish, gravely delivered, and a dignified movement of the hat,

Mr. Shoveller resigned his place of host to the apothecary, and struck down the garden, away into the fields ; perhaps to meditate on life, and all its doings.

Ere the reader could learn this much, Crossbone was at the side of his lordship, who, dismounting, resigned his horse to Ralph Gum : and that very intelligent youth looked at Crossbone, and then looked at the house, as though his moral sense took a good, hearty snuff at some mysterious mischief, and enjoyed it hugely. " Your lordship," said Crossbone, " shall not the horses be put up ? There's stabling—"

" No : at least, not for the present. He has his orders," said St. James, who was then bowed into the house, and Gum, buried in thought, walked the horses down the road. It was very certain that his lordship was committed to some piece of pleasant knavery ; and the young man felt complimented that, ever so humbly, he had been permitted to mix in it. *Wages must be raised.*

Crossbone led St. James into a large low room ; plainly, but solidly appointed. The oaken furniture was black and shining with age and huswifery :—and a few pictures on the walls—portraits of long since forgotten churchyard earth—looked coldly, gloomily, on the intruders. The young lord seemed ill at ease, like one who had given up his conscience to the keeping of another, yet feared to call him to account for the trust. Now he glanced moodily at Crossbone, and now with his whip, beat at his boot. But Crossbone—happy in his triumph !—marked it not. He had succeeded in so great an attempt ; he had such a radiant captive to adorn his victory, that he marked not the ingratitude of the man so undeservedly made happy. Crossbone expanded himself, body and soul, that he might receive all the blessings to be poured down upon him. And at length his lordship, looking full at his benefactor, observed, " Well, sir ?"

Crossbone winced a little ; only for a moment. And then vigorously smiling, and bowing, and throwing apart his arms, as if with the action he would open his very heart, said, " My lord ; my dear lord—if, on this happy occasion, you will allow me to call you so—I congratulate you. At length, you are in the very house"—

" And whose mansion may it be ?" questioned St. James, glancing to and fro.

"Oh, for that matter, my lord, your lordship's own; that I have settled—your own, so long as you shall deign to use it. You are master"—and Crossbone laughed like a tickled demon—"master of the house, and all the house contains."

"And that, Mr. Crossbone, doesn't seem to promise much," said the ungrateful young nobleman.

Crossbone smiled, as conscious knowledge may be allowed to smile, and with his left-hand fingers coaxed his chin. He then mincingly approached St. James, and like one about to speak a spell ineffable, said "Mrs. Snipeton"—and then the apothecary paused, and stared. As well he might: for that very ardent young nobleman the lord St. James, did not spring to his feet, re-echoing the silver name. No: his lordship—gravely as he would have sat in Parliament, had not the democratic, misanthropic muffin-maker defeated him—his lordship for the second time, made answer "Well, sir?"

"Mrs. Snipeton, my lord, is at this moment, in this house," cried Crossbone, with the emphasis of an injured man.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed St. James, and his blood rose to his face.

"Permit me to observe, my lord"—said Crossbone, naturally affected, hurt by the late placidity of his patron—"that to devotion, and fidelity, with a little intelligence—for true wisdom never brags—I defy my enemies to say it of me—all things are possible. Mrs. Snipeton is here: here, my lord, without"—and the apothecary chuckled at the thought, it was so droll—"without Mr. Snipeton."

It was very strange—very odd, what could his lordship be composed of? He showed no sign of an attempt to snatch the apothecary to his arms; in the gratitude of that warm embrace, forgetful, for one fleeting moment, of the world and its ceremonies that ought to make the gap between them. No: as though his lordship was sitting for a statue of patriotism, or stoicism, or any other virtue to be wrought in stone for a very miserable posterity—for as the world, upon the best authority, with every generation gets worse and worse, in due time, the demi-gods of one age will of course become the Troglodytes or Cretins of another—as though we say, his lordship had posed himself for a sculptor, to go down a seated giant to future dwarfs, so did he listen to the tremendous intelligence uttered by Crossbone. Is gratitude extinct?—thought Crossbone—passed from the world with its dragons and griffins?

Crossbone was not a man to weep : nevertheless, he thought he felt a moistening of the eyes, as he looked upon the extraordinary indifference of his friend and patron. Would he never speak ?

At length his lordship somewhat relieved his faithful vassal. " Mrs. Snipeton here ? Alone ? Without her husband, you say ? Humph ! And how is this ? "

" You know not, my lord—no, and you never shall know—the pains I have taken, the danger I have risked to insure your happiness in this matter. You never shall know it."

" And was the lady carried off by force ? " Crossbone paused. " Answer me, man ; was violence used ? Speak," cried St. James.

" Why, that is—gentle violence. The—the sort of violence that is not displeasing to any of the sex. Just a violence that is nothing more than complimentary to the dear things : enough to keep up appearances ; not a bit beyond."

" She struggled—screamed—and—"

" Yes ; there were all the graces, all the *et ceteras*, and little flourishes used on such occasions ; but, as I say, not a whit more, my lord, than enough to keep up appearances. The lady felt that she was being torn—yes, torn is the word with the world—torn from an old, and ugly husband ; and submitted to the operation with proper fortitude. But for appearances, as I say, she'd have squealed no more than a rose-bud pulled from a bush—a nectarine twitched from a tree."

" Come, sir,"—and young St. James smiled, though somewhat sourly, " you shall tell me all about it."

Never did veteran tell the story of his laurels with greater relish than Crossbone felt as he narrated the history of his conquest. " You see, my lord, I knew your heart was set upon this matter ; and therefore, though there are people in the world who may affect to lift their eyebrows at the transaction, therefore, urged by a sudden friendship for your lordship—if you will permit me to use the delightful word—I was determined to gratify you. But it was necessary for both of us, that I should go warily to work. Hence, in my professional capacity, I threw in the necessity of horse-flesh, that I might get the lady from under her husband's roof. This settled, my next care was to secure a sweet, sequestered spot, far from the meddling intrusion of a scandalous world ; and fortune, seconding my wish, flung the owner of this house into my hands,—a pliant, easy man, my lord, who knows the worth of money. By the way, my lord, your servant—I mean

the fellow you gave me as a follower—is, by no means, a man for our work. When the woman was in our power—that is, in the power of my friends, for it would have spoilt all had I mixed in the matter—the rascal would have fought for her, when he was levelled by as pretty a blow, I am told, as ever fell to the lot of a fool. We must get rid of him, my lord, that's plain. Well, my lord, my friend Mr. Shoveller—”

“And who is Mr. Shoveller?” asked St. James, drily.

“Oh, the owner of this quiet little castle. A snug, silent retreat, is it not, my lord?”

St. James cast no complimentary look at the walls, and then motioned Crossbone to continue.

“My story,” said the apothecary, with commendable spirit, considering the coldness of his hearer, “my story is now soon told. The lady had left her husband on his road to London—to St. Mary Axe, my lord; you know the den—strewn with the bones of young spendthrifts, though we can't see 'em, my lord—well, she had left him, and her rascal servant, mounted on a wretched horse—Shoveller, deep fellow, had taken care of that—could not keep up with her, and to bring the story to an end, there was a little squealing—just for appearance—when Mrs. Snipeton was safely deposited in a carriage. The horses tore along—and here she is.”

“You are a bold practitioner, Mr. Crossbone,” said St. James, with a disturbed look: a look that indicated perplexed thoughts that spoke of growing hesitation. “And there was not much violence?” added the young lord, slowly.

“Just as much as I have said, my lord; nay, hardly that. The truth is, I believe—indeed, I am sure—the pretty creature knew—for women have shrewd guesses in such matters—knew where she was coming—knew whom she was to meet—and so, yes, so, my lord, behaved herself accordingly.”

“Humph! it may be. I wish I could think it,” muttered St. James.

“You may soon assure yourself, my lord. The lady is, I say, in this house. After much toil and trouble and—but, as I have said, I won't brag, it isn't my way—she is here—under this roof—up stairs”—for the coldness of St. James made Crossbone emphatically precise—“and, in a word, my lord, here is the key.”

As the apothecary suddenly presented that domestic implement to St. James, he unconsciously recoiled from it as from some

mortal mischief. "A prisoner—locked up!" cried the young man.

"Why, my lord, after so much ado to cage the bird, think you I'd leave the door open?" Thus spoke Crossbone, and with an impatience a little disrespectful of his hearer's rank. But, it must be confessed—even by the most ceremonious—that when a man, for the sake of friendship and a little alloy of gold, risks the reward of felony, it is somewhat trying to the spirit to be met with the blank face and wandering eye of the gentleman assisted. Crossbone felt smitten to the soul as he still felt the key between his fingers—still saw the young nobleman regard the piece of cold iron as iron; nothing more; and not the instrument that, with a turn, would open a gate of Paradise. And then pride—it was very natural—arose in the breast of the apothecary; and with a cold, thick voice, he said—"What am I to understand, my lord? Will you take the key, or will you?"—the alternative was tremendous—"leave it alone?"

Instantly, St. James snatched the key, and Crossbone felt lighter by many a hundred weight. "Upstairs?" cried St. James.

"Upstairs, my dear lord"—answered Crossbone—"along the passage, and the first door to the right." St. James quitted the room; and the apothecary sank in a chair, in one heap of thankfulness. Deluded man! He had little cause for thanksgiving; but then, he knew not as St. James mounted the stairs what virtuous resolution accompanied that good young gentleman; knew not, that his noble friend—the friend for whom he had worked so hardly, had risked so much—turned, loathingly from him, as from so much moral carrion. Again and again had the visionary carriage-wheels rumbled in the ears of Crossbone: again had he seen himself the court physician; again had he laid his finger on that most wondrous mechanism, a royal pulse,—and now, whilst St. James trod the stairs, the day-dream came full and glowing on the rapt apothecary; and he sat in clouds of happiness.

Now and then, it is well for the peace, the self-complacency of folks—determined to consider themselves very worthy individuals—that the world is a world of masks; that thought, the face of the mind, may laugh or frown unseen behind that vizor of flesh bestowed upon all men. In truth, it is only by means of such vizors that the masquerade of human life is carried on; for when the mask drops, earth ends. Had it been otherwise, could Crossbone have looked upon the mind of St. James, he would have given up all

thoughts of carriage-wheels, and possibly—like many a disappointed varlet—felt an instant yearning for virtue, if assured with bodily safety. With Newgate suddenly frowning upon his soul, he might have welcomed his old abode; and thought more tenderly of the human weeds of earth, all careless of its flowers. But Crossbone was denied this knowledge; and therefore sat happy in his ignorance; still listening to the lies of harlot Fortune. And her silver tongue so beat upon his brain—with such sweet harmony possessed him—that it was not until she had twice spoken that Crossbone heard the syllables of a real woman; and then Fortune was silent, and melted away in a golden mist, and the apothecary saw Mother Daws—for so she was affectionately named by Shoveller—standing at the door.

It was difficult to think her of the sisterhood of Eve. However, the mind was fain to submit to the tyranny of petticoats, and—though not without a struggle—believe their bearer, woman. There was that about her that would make a reasonable man, with affectionate thoughts for the past, think tenderly of the times when that old, human husk with blinking eyes and mumbling tongue, would have been to the world no more than a Christmas-log; a thing to cast upon a fire, to make men merry with. In those good times, not a cow would have suffered that woman to approach her, but would have inexorably refused the eventide milk; not a porker would have caught her eye, but would have obediently sickened and died of the witch. Heavy, sedate haystacks, at the step of that old woman, would have taken a thousand wings and flown upon a sudden hurricane. And, worse than all, impudently, most irreverently taking to herself the form of a hare, she would have led poor Squire October's hounds some twenty miles and more, and then have vanished in a flash of light. She would have fed little children upon a diet of crooked pins, and blasted the hopes of butter-churns. And now, mother Daws was an ugly bunch of an old woman, and nothing more! And thus it is, by the presumption and hard usage of man, Time in his old age—like a venerable sire, fobbed by unfilial sons—is wronged, cheated, and debarred of dearest rights, and wholesomest amusements. We have long since taken witches from him; and there *are* men who, after all his losses, would deprive him of the gallows! What, in time, will be left to Time?

THE DEATH-SCARF.

FROM AN OLD LEGEND.

Said the Knight—"Wilt thou broider this scarf to-day,
With thy fairy fingers so daintily?"

But the Ladye's face was turn'd away—

"I am too busy, I wot!" quoth she.

Then the Knight he left the Ladye's bower,

And his look was troubled and sad to see—

"Dread is the omen and dark the hour,

When love is too busy for love," sighed he.

He mounted his steed with a doleful air,

And he rode away to his own countrie;

He said not "Adieu!" to his Ladye fair,

"She is too busy for that!" quoth he.

So the Ladye sat alone that day,

While the sky grew dark and the foe drew nigh,

And she bade her page ride fast and say—

"Come back, Sir Knight, ere thy Ladye die!"

Low bow'd the page—loud laugh'd the Knight,

And loud laugh'd all his companie—

"Now bear this message, Sir Page, aright—

I am too busy, I wot!" quoth he.

The foemen's shafts flew thick and fast,

The Ladye's vassals were fain to flee;

But long ere morn the peril was past,

The foeman stricken, the Ladye free.

And a wounded knight was brought to her bower,

Sore wounded even to death was he;

Dread was the omen, and dark the hour,

And the Ladye wept full bitterly.

For she knew the shield, and she knew the crest,

And she knew the pale face, streak'd with gore,

And she knew the scarf that bound his breast—

Whereat she wept yet more and more.

But the knight look'd up with glazing ee,

While a heavy shadow crept over his brow,—

"When love is too busy for love," quoth he,

"Then death is welcome, I trow."

T. WESTWOOD.

THE DOINGS OF FROST.

A WINTER BALLAD.

DECEMBER's winds, with chilly feel
 And death-like moaning clamour,
 Had forged the earth as hard as steel
 Beneath Old Thor's rude hammer!

I went on my accustomed walk,
 A neighbouring hill-side over,
 And saw across the country stalk
 A monstrous giant Rover!

His shaggy breast the wind defied,
 His beard with ice was beaded,
 His yellow hair on every side
 The wind blew out unheeded.

Beneath the sternness of his brow
 His light-blue eyes peered coldly;
 And nearer he approached—and now
 He marched up to me boldly.

He seized my hand just like a friend,
 And gave it such a shaking,
 That soon each several finger end
 With very pain was quaking.

And then he danced upon my toes,
 Their sense of feeling stunning;
 He smote my cheeks and pulled my nose,
 And set my eyes a-running.

"Good morrow, fellow!" then quoth I,
 "What means this uncouth greeting?
 My curses on your cold blue eye!
 My curse on this mad meeting!"

The Bully answered not, but strode
 Away o'er hill and heather;
 But Oh! I watched him on his road,
 Him and his pranks together.

The birds that flew across his breath
Dropped dead ! I stared with wonder :
His progress crushed the crackling heath,
And snapped huge boughs asunder.

And if, like me, chance travellers
Were well wrapped up, warm-coated,
He shook their hands, and boxed their ears,
Their cheeks made red and bloated.

But woe to ragged Poverty
That chanced to come a-near him,
A cruel smile lit up his eye :
Well might the beggar fear him !

Their tattered garments flung aside,
He pinched the churls all over,
And scoffed when they for mercy cried,
Nor pity would discover.

He dealt his blows to tottering age
With tyrannous grimaces ;
E'en childhood's tears provoked his rage :
He spurned their upturned faces.

When Night shook from her sable stole
The sleet and snow, earth whitening,
Spread far and wide his dismal howl,
The cottage dwellers frightening.

For well they knew who roamed abroad
These dreary-houred Decembers,
And shuddering, with a prayer to God,
Stirred up the burning embers.

Towards a handsome mansion-house
I saw the Fiend advancing,
Whose gleaming lights and gay carouse
Gave signs of feast and dancing.

The red light streamed from every pane,
The Yule-log blazed forth clearly,
As rose and fell the music's strain
The laughter pealed forth cheerly.

While to the dancing beau and belle
The merry viols scrape on ;
Rare odours from the kitchen tell
Of rich sirloin and capon.

The butler from his oldest stores
Decants the port and sherry ;
The foaming ale he freely pours
Till all the guests are merry !

Spell-bound a while the monster stood,
Down fell his arms beside him ;
A faintness seemed to quell his blood,
His legs no strength supplied him.

His iced and iron-bound sinews thawed,
His joints relaxed, unbended ;
The cheerful warmth thence spread abroad,
His life had nearly ended !

With hurrying stride he fled, dismayed,
Looked back with visage spiteful ;
And where the howling night-winds played
Found revels more delightful.

A mile away stood, by the moor,
A hut of mud and heather ;
Its hinges scarce upheld the door,
No glass kept out the weather.

No gleaming fire upon the hearth
Dispelled the cold and darkness ;
Within the cupboard's foodless dearth
Reigned Famine in her starkness.

And huddled in one corner, lay,
Close clinging to each other,
To get some warmth—the only way—
Three children and a mother.

Ah ! sure that mother's thrilling groan,
The children's piteous plaining,
A tiger's wrath had softened down,
His felon teeth restraining.

The Fiend, who never pity bore,
Came, and with furious yelling,
Trod down the unprotected door,
And burst into the dwelling.

The crime, that night concealed in shade,
My senses doth bewilder ;
But morn beheld the mother laid
In death, among her childer !

In vain they raised their piercing cries,
 In vain for warmth clung round her ;
 The angry *Frost* had sealed her eyes,
 And in his chains had bound her.

For it was He who roamed abroad,
 Who met me in the morning,
 Who breathed destruction on his road,
 All human pity scorning.

The seasons flow with bliss supplied
 In Nature's dispensation,
 But social evils stem the tide,
 And turn to desolation !

HERBERT NEW.

HOW AGNES WORRAL WAS TAUGHT TO BE RESPECTABLE.

PEOPLE "get ruined," as it is called, every day; and what becomes of them afterwards? Life, real life, does not end in a clean cut catastrophe, like a novel or a tragedy, which has the convenience of making a decent end of the complicated embarrassments which have crowded on the hero. The events of real life are neither framed nor glazed in *tableaux*, nor yet compressed into three volumes, and bound in boards to prevent their extension; but they go on, and no ending is seen to them. The *coup de grace* is seldom given, and the luckless wretches linger on, dragging along their maimed course as best they may, out of sight and out of mind of those whose sympathies have been amused by the first grand crash of their fate.

Not a daily newspaper appears without a list of bankrupts, some fraudulent and lucky, in virtue of which the wife refurnishes the drawing-room, and the husband sets up a carriage, and goes about with a keen sense of the comfort and morality of being out of debt.

In other cases, rich merchants, who have lived like princes, become honestly ruined, vanishing from the eyes of men when they have passed the commissioner, and had their certificate signed; but where is it that ruined people go to?

Are they thrown off from the social body like unhealthy secretions, or are they absorbed into it? or how is it that they continue to make their place good in the land of the living? These are

questions that have often perplexed us, and we have never received an answer. But there are many still more painful circumstances seldom touched on in novels. Heroes and heroines never transact anything but regular business, and the rascals are dismissed into "a life of contempt and obscurity."

Yet we are free to confess we feel a painful curiosity about some of the scoundrels of real life. Men who, after having raised themselves to the high places of respectability, exceed the legitimate license of "the way of business," hurried on by temptations and opportunities of evading some immediate and pressing difficulty, make themselves liable to laws with very ugly names; and, from persons highly thought of—riding about in unexceptionable carriages, giving good dinners themselves, and invited to eat others elsewhere,—become the scandal and horror of all their acquaintances; tried in a criminal court; sometimes hanged!—and not unfrequently transported, leaving their wives and families in a condition beyond expression deplorable. For the men themselves we entertain small sympathy; the weight of their ruin falls on their families, their sons and daughters entering on life with the millstone of an evil reputation round their neck; and for them and their after-fate we have always felt a painful interest.

The sins of the fathers, visited on the children, is one of the tragical unities always rigorously observed by Fate in the drama of real life. The following history is quite true, and though the introductory circumstances are disguises, yet even they are not invented.

Philip Worrall was, for many years, a highly esteemed merchant in a large manufacturing town; he was a man of great energy and enterprise, but he was in too much haste to be rich, the rock on which so many reputations have made shipwreck! He speculated largely in most of the schemes that were going, and was bold, sagacious, fortunate, and, in consequence, regarded as a most respectable man. He filled several corporate offices with great credit, he was one of the board of guardians, and trustee to several charities, and many small tradesmen had confided their savings into his hands, to be profitably invested.

A commercial crisis arose before it was anticipated, many houses fell, strange rumours began to be whispered concerning the firm of Worrall and Co., from which however all the partners had either died off or retired, and Philip Worrall remained the only representative. He was known to have entered largely into the

American trade, and was supposed to be deeply involved in the failure of one or two large houses there which had been just declared. In the midst of the various reports that were on foot, it transpired that Mr. Worrall had absconded; he had been seen in his carriage with his wife, driving in a direction out of town and did not return, nor make his appearance the next day nor the day after at his office. The greatest excitement prevailed through the town, suspicious circumstances came to light, and finally, a magistrate's warrant was issued, and Mr. Worrall was discovered, brought back, and was committed to the county gaol to take his trial for forgery and embezzlement of the trust-money of certain charities. After many delays the trial came on; he had a clever counsel, but the case was too clear, he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life! Everything he possessed was seized and sold; and the whole town was in a fever of excitement and indignation, for nearly everybody had lost money by him.

His wife, to whom he had been always very indulgent, was nearly heart-broken, but with a faithfulness and credulity almost beautiful, refused to believe that *her husband* was anything but a victim to malice and hatred.

She determined to leave the country with him—her brother promised to adopt her only child, a girl of ten years old, and provide for her. The mother, at first, wished to take her along with them, but Philip Worrall could not endure the idea of his child seeing him degraded, and the poor woman having to choose betwixt her husband and her child, clung to the former. The convict-ship sailed; and Agnes, worse than an orphan, was taken by her uncle to his own home in a distant part of the country. It would have been better for Agnes never to have been born, than to be left as she was, to the harsh charity of relatives, indignant for the disgrace inflicted on their family by her father; but many people, if they were asked, would find they would rather never have come into the world at all; so, on the whole, it is as well there is no choice in the matter. Agnes bitterly lamented her separation from her father and mother; she was told they would soon return to her, but children do not understand being comforted by hope; she had been a spoiled child, and this was her first grief, and she was miserable till her grief wore itself out, but even then she did not cease to be unhappy.

Her aunt, without being absolutely ill-natured, was cold and

egoistic, and anxious to make a very genteel appearance on limited means; and the addition of another inmate, to be provided for entirely, was a great nuisance, and then the circumstances under which she came were so disgraceful, that Mrs. Maitland's store of amiability was sorely tried. The town where the Maitlands resided was a dull, decorous, cathedral town, and zeal after scandal was too great to allow any successful mystery being made of Agnes and her relationship; the only way was to disguise it in the most becoming virtue available for the purpose. But that did not hinder "the very shocking affair for poor Mrs. Maitland," being discussed at half-a-dozen tea parties, and all having come to the conclusion that she "could do no less," and "that it would be very awkward to see her under such peculiar circumstances—" a general rush of morning callers was the result, each hoping to hear private particulars, which had not come out in the newspapers, and to learn what Mrs. Maitland intended to do with her niece, and what the child was like. Mrs. Maitland put a good face on the matter, and adorned herself with so many christian virtues, and showed so much becoming sensibility, that no saint in the calendar could have held up his or her head beside her.

A good lady of our acquaintance once said, that the chief happiness of going to heaven was, that we should all feel such justifiable self-complacency; and Mrs. Maitland was certainly on the high road to that sort of beatitude, and grew quite resigned to her brother-in-law's transportation. Agnes was put in the schoolroom along with her two cousins, only it was decreed that they were to be young ladies, and Agnes was to be a governess when they grew up. They were taught plenty of French, music, and dancing, and Mrs. Maitland heard them their catechism on Sundays, and six verses in the Bible, and the collect for the day; they were repeatedly told "to be good," but in what that consisted, was left rather in the vague—and so the girls grew up. Agnes found a great difference between being a petted only child, and a companion to two imperious young ladies with vivid ideas of their own superiority, and who tyrannised and domineered over her unmercifully. Mrs. Maitland did not intend to be unkind, nor to make distinctions between Agnes and her own daughters; but, in a thousand unintentional ways, Agnes was made to feel that her cousins were of more importance than herself; in fact, that she was of none at all. Agnes was a very affectionate child, but giddy, idle, and with not the least taste in the

world for making herself useful. She grew up exceedingly pretty, far too pretty, indeed, to be left to her own discretion. She had a profusion of rich brown hair, a dazzling complexion, and one of the prettiest and most seducingly smiling mouths in the world; her large blue eyes looked quite conscious of their power to do mischief, and her figure was tall and well formed. When Agnes was fifteen, her cousins were old enough to be introduced into company, so the governess was dismissed, and Agnes was placed as half-boarder in a seminary for young ladies, where she would be "broken in to the duties of tuition," as her aunt phrased it. Agnes was too good-hearted to feel envious; but she did not the least in the world relish her lot. She had quite as much taste for gaiety as her cousins, and could not feel by any means thankful for being sent out as under-teacher, though her aunt told her she ought to think herself very fortunate. When she came home at the holidays one of her cousins was going to be married, and good-naturedly insisted on having Agnes as a bridesmaid, "that the poor thing might have a little enjoyment after being moped up in a schoolroom for half a year." Her aunt was in too good a humour to refuse her consent, and what with the finery, the vanity, and the visiting that had to be transacted during a long summer vacation, Agnes was more indisposed than ever to go back to her drudgery. After a time she was considered competent to take a situation in a family, and one was found for her, but the salary was only 20*l.* a year without her washing, and for this she was to be governess and *bonne* to a little girl of eight years old, and something like *femme de chambre* to the mamma. At least that was the practical translation she found attached to the words "making herself generally useful." She made tea in the parlour when there was company; but she was expected strictly to refrain from attracting any sort of attention from young men. Agnes had more need of a *duenna* herself, than to act in that capacity, even to so small a damsel as her present charge; but she was pretty and good-tempered, and the child was fond of her, which covered many sins. But, unluckily, the husband of her mistress showed himself too sensible of her beauty—not in any very reprehensible way—but it is the high privilege of human beings, who are the only rational creatures in the universe, to have their *present* poisoned or sweetened, as it may be, by the thought of the *future*. So the good lady in question, though she saw no harm *now*, did not know but what there *might* be some

time, so she took to being cross and fanciful ; the husband was, consequently, put on his perverseness, and Agnes was touched in her vanity, and out of these small beginnings there might have been the devil to pay in the end ; but Mrs. Smith one fine morning gave Agnes warning, saying she was going to send Nussy to school. Agnes returned to her aunt's, and was some time out of a situation, and visited with her unmarried cousin, and entered into all the vanity and dissipation that fell to their means, and got effectually disgusted with her own position. She had been told by her aunt the history of her father, and also warned by her not to hold her head too high, as few persons would like to connect themselves with a disgraced family. This had rankled in her heart, and her young life was eaten up with a secret repining and restlessness. No strong principles had ever been inculcated ; no high notions of what really was good or bad ; she had been taught nothing to stand her instead, under the temptations and difficulties likely to beset her path. Wisdom, fortitude, and high principle were required by her position, and she had not even heard whether there be such things. Her vanity *froissée*, and her pretensions mortified at every turn, conscious of her beauty, and not without a degree of talent, she had literally nothing but the sense of *respectability* to stand between her and harm. Her father's relations were all in an inferior station of life, for he had raised himself by his own industry—her mother's relatives had never expressed much concern about her, glad to have the trouble taken off their hands. Unless people are plagued into it, they will never of their own accord do a thing they don't like, and as they had not been applied to, they had stood aloof till they should be asked ; but in a few months after Agnes left her situation an old aunt invited her to come on a visit.

It is a miserable thing when people have to look to their agreeable qualities as their means of getting a living, when what should be spontaneous has to be considered as a stock in trade. We never read an advertisement for a situation as "Companion," in which "the cheerfulness, amiability, and obliging disposition, and conversational powers," of the advertiser are enumerated, without a feeling of painful shame, that, for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread, the moral qualities should be hired out, like a second-hand piano, or instructions in French and drawing, at so much an hour, to whoever will pay for them. It is the last degradation to lose the right to have one's good feelings grow naturally,

and as the spirit moves them, and bestowed only on those who can excite them. Agnes went to her unknown aunt with strict injunctions to make herself agreeable, and to study her humours. The aunt was what is called a "decidedly serious woman," and a good woman enough in her way; but she thought all worldly amusements wrong—dancing decidedly sinful: all singing, except serious songs or sacred music, objectionable, and as for going to the theatre, that was an abomination not to be named!

Agnes was taken to evening lecture, to distribute tracts at the neighbouring cottages, to missionary meetings, and Bible meetings, and missionary breakfasts, and sewing societies, and she had to read all the religious intelligence of the day aloud to her aunt, and heavy books on small doctrinal points, till she was bored to death, and her aunt was much distressed at the very worldly state of her mind, and talked seriously to her every day, and without ceasing pointed out the wickedness and vanity of "frothy novels and midnight revelling," and painted worldly pleasures so differently to anything Agnes had ever seen, that her eloquent warnings were sadly wasted. Agnes had no companions of her own age, and "in her position" she had no right to think of what she liked and disliked.

Agnes had once or twice been to the theatre, and in the bottom of her heart there was one desire, and that was to be an *actress*. She had never breathed it, except once to her cousin, Harriet Maitland, who was excessively indignant at such an idea; her aunt got to hear of it, and lectured her warmly on the *disrespectableness* of such a course, and begged she would not dream of adding to the disgrace of the family. Agnes was frightened, but not turned from her desire; and now shut up in a dull house, with no sort of amusement, the idea of the stage seemed like a vision of enchantment; and the desire to be an actress grew all the more intense, for being compressed at the bottom of her heart. She had had several admirers, and fallen in love, as she fancied, with sundry young men who had come in her way; but no offer of marriage had fallen to her lot; she had a great store of romance and inflammable fancy, and was dying of *ennui* beside; she had read plenty of novels, and altogether sick and disgusted with her position, she dreamed only of emancipating herself from control, and brightening up her destiny a little—in short, the young lady was without any sort of rational occupation, and in an effervescence of fancy, and a yearning for some sort of excitement, that made

it the greatest possible blessing that no means of getting into mischief fell in her way. But, as the devil would have it, she caught a cold after she had been about two months with her aunt, and the cold turned to an ulcerated sore throat; and the old sedate family doctor, having many patients on his hands just then, sent his partner, a very dashing young man, only just come to the town, to see Miss Agnes. The acquaintance did not end with the recovery of the patient; Agnes took a great fancy for visiting outlying districts of her aunt's poor people, and took to carrying them tracts with great zeal, but she met her new acquaintance every day, and soon imagined herself desperately in love. To him she confided her aspirations after the stage, and he promised to do all he could to assist her. He was engaged to be married to another woman of large fortune, but he could not resist the amusement of a clandestine flirtation. It came to her aunt's ears, that she was seen walking with Mr. Pattison in the fields and lanes, when she ought to have been elsewhere, and Agnes was sent home in disgrace. Mr. Pattison had too great a respect for his prospects in life to stand up as the young lady's champion; he exculpated himself to her aunt at the expense of poor Agnes' reputation for prudence; he complained bitterly that she had beset him, and thrown herself in his way, and that he had never met her by appointment. He was believed, and Agnes disgraced. Her aunt and cousin were very bitter at her return, and did not confine their virtuous indignation to themselves—their theory of moral sentiments was too good to be wasted on a single auditor, and poor Agnes found all the small town *au fait* of her folly, and prone to believe a great deal more than had ever happened. Agnes was made so miserable by constant worryings that she was just ready to do anything to get away out of it all; unjustly suspected, and suffering all the practical punishment of guilt, her good name was tarnished before she had learned its value. In the midst of all this, she received a letter from Mr. Pattison, full of regrets for the untoward exposure, but the main object was to give her the result of his communication with a country manager. A clandestine correspondence was thus added to her other sins; it was discovered by the post-mistress, who, suspecting the matter, sent one of the letters to Mrs. Maitland, and then there was a general explosion; no pity, no mercy. Agnes was sent in deep disgrace away into the country, to be boarded with two cross old ladies, distant relations to her father. Here she still remained

within the last three years; her history is not closed, and what the sequel will be seems problematical enough.

If any further passages of her life come down to our knowledge we will report them. Meanwhile, she is deeply to be pitied; it is not *her* fault that she is vain and frivolous; she was brought up to believe that "making the best appearance at the smallest cost" was the one great problem of life she had to solve; and the grand axiom given to guide her, was the simple phrase—"appearances must be kept up." Placed, through no fault of her own, in painful circumstances,—a thoroughly false position, which required the utmost strength of soul to endure, together with the nicest discretion to work to any sort of bearing—she never had one sentence addressed to her capable of stirring the heart of a rational creature; she was left with all her natural levity, and her not *un*-natural love of indulgence and gaiety, to fight with her complicated position as well as she could; all her defence against temptation being the "sense of respectability" instilled from her cradle; and all the rule of life given to guide her being "EXPEDIENCY." She had hardly a common chance to save her soul alive; she was not worse educated than the average number of women in the present day; they are all taught much the same lessons; and it depends on fortuitous circumstances whether they continue in the ranks of the "virtuous women," or whether they fall, to be one of those who "paint a moral and adorn a tale,"—for no strong *guiding principle* is instilled into them along with their history and geography.

G. E. J.

WOMEN IN GERMANY.

THERE is one species of emancipation yet to take place in social life—the emancipation of women. Over those races in whose veins there is any taint of Teutonic blood may surely be traced the hue, more or less deep, of female degradation, if it go, as in English society, no further than making her a "spoiled child." In England the laws pointedly degrade the female sex, although the more enlightened feelings of social life here are by no means consentaneous with their barbarisms. In France woman has been placed upon an equality of rights with the hardier sex, and in the civilised countries of the south of Europe

the ascendancy of woman is well known. Efforts are now and then made in England, by isolated individuals, to assert female rights, in the shape of appeals through the press ; but appeals made by the weaker to the more powerful are seldom successful, the most abject power making a precious jewel of every fraction of its petty tyrannies. The northern races are, it is true, not very eastern in their treatment of women. Modern civilisation has done wonders in abolishing usages so little in unison with reason and affection, but there is enough remaining in the customs and habits of the present time to make a further change desirable.

The Germans possess numerous excellent qualities, persevering, plodding, laborious as they are. Anything but superficial, they think deeply, and theorise with singular boldness, until theory becomes impracticable, and all is bewilderment ; or they lose themselves in dreamy imaginings. Yet is their aim praiseworthy in most cases. We regard some of their writers in the inverse ratio to their own esteem for them ; since we prefer Schiller and Goethe, in all that concerns humanity. We think the Kant of Germany and the Cant of England equally inimical to the progress of social good and the elevation of the general mind. We charge not *sourcroute* upon the country as anything very heinous ; can tolerate sausages and Rhenish wine, though we prefer a *table d'hôte* west of the "Father-river." We like German simplicity better than French affectation, or English exclusiveness ; and we esteem German women beyond the men. Perhaps it is for this last reason that the position of the sex in Germany more strongly attracted our observation.

If the men in Germany are as sincere as those of any other country, with German women sincerity is a predominant quality ; and this is a virtue that implies the possession of many others. We must search neither in the froth nor the dregs of a nation for its saving faith. The virtues of the German women come under this category. Besides, were it otherwise, our opportunities were too few to permit us to judge of each class separately. The heart of a people is the active portion—active for the general good ; in fact, the sound mass, to which the rest, high or low, are really subordinate, let conventional opinion say otherwise or not.

The situation of women in Germany still smacks of the old Teutonic manners—the manners of uncultivated races. In those of the north, woman did but minister to her lord. It is true this subservience in Germany does not approach in obviousness that

exhibited still in the more northern nations, as in Norway or Sweden, where, out of the metropolis, the mistress of the house seldom sits down at table with her husband, but attends him and his guests like a servant, and brings up her daughters to do the same; a good wife being little more than a good pickler, a good confectioner, a prime cook, and matchless fabricator of force-meat balls, black-puddings, and gastronomical condiments of all flavours. Anything but a companion to her lord and master. Now this is not the case in Germany. The advancement of knowledge, the intercourse with the West and South, the political events of the last half-century, stirring up and exciting the social spirit, have tended alternately to refine and improve the manners. German society is, in many places, among the best; but woman, in her higher social place, still retains there the impress of her ancient bondage. She is not yet the companion of the man. She is indeed the inmate of the house, devoted to its domestic concerns; but the circle in which she moves is as narrow as can well be conceived. Hence it arises that her conduct is impressed with the narrowness of her sphere of action, and that, in a stranger's view, she is inferior to what she ought to appear. Women thus situated, however excellent in natural disposition, having minds uninformed, and being destitute of a knowledge of the world, may pass life in the routine of domestic labour; but the question is, have they not a right to a higher place? Whether the German husband desires to find in his wife a companion and comforter, or not, still has she not a right to rise, as a woman, to an equality in the social scale?

The German talked continually to us as if he desired to see a different state of things, while it appeared, clearly enough, he never did anything to aid in the object. In the country towns he would talk of woman, when she was out of hearing, as if he were an enthusiast in her behalf. He abounded in the language of passion, and tagged all sorts of romance to its hem—a species of romance, it is true, of that indefinite character which covers too many of his ill-defined ideas. We suspected that a little love with him went a great way, so much of it was visible in a state of exhalation. He has no excuse for not raising the sex above the notions of past times, if what he professes of that which in another country would be called gallantry, be not a great part of it simulated. A German woman binds her heart with the most devoted affection; her passion is a silent flow from pure feeling, often when not returned, or, being met, is received with a sentimentality to which that of Werter was

a cool fiction. Despite all this, woman is to him a necessity not an ornament, a housewife not a mistress. No German prince, with a Rutlandshire empire, and a revenue exceeded by many Birmingham toymen, ever considered his subjects' ministering more to his own ends, than too many consider those hard-working housewives. As knowledge increases with one sex the disparity of the other must become more visible. If the world stood still the case might be different, and the obscurity of domestic toil might pass as of old without increase of mental cultivation ; but things are otherwise in Germany. The conversation of the women becoming more and more insipid, the communication between the sexes will be more interrupted. The men will be less at home because the tastes and habits of the women are less in accordance with their own, even in matters where there is a reciprocity of feelings and interests—so it struck us : if woman will be content to remain in existing circumstances, her content will arise from her ignorance of her position. We are far from supposing that such to a considerable extent may not really be the case. Custom is a reconciling angel to a thousand ills. The fetters of usage are generally hid until they become palpable to all but the wearer. The domestic drudge over whom conjugal authority is absolute, may not feel more aggrieved than the bird in the cage, but the social evil of her depressed condition remains the same. To manage household affairs well are most becoming duties in woman, but is this management the "be all" and "end all" of her existence? Is her mind to rise no higher than is required for the fulfilment of such labours, and is man advancing in the career of knowledge to extort the tacit assent of his partner in existence to the doctrine that she is a creature a little beyond those that are numbered as beings of instinct?

It was impossible for us not to observe in Germany the false position of women. With the same interests as men they had few common feelings. Husbands heard nothing from their wives but the same trivial household details repeated to satiety. We came home with them full of the news we had heard out of doors, of political details, those of art, literature, or science. We were scarcely seated before the mistress of the house—not as in France or England, asking, "What is the news out of doors?"—would begin a history of spoiled pickles, or a complaint about the stove ; how Mrs. So and-So had lost a part of her stock ; or how such a servant had been negligent. A half-hour of this kind of conversa-

tion was generally followed by a demand for the bed-candle by the husband, who spent his evenings out.

The husband seeks out of doors those of his own sex, with whom, when he has leisure, he converses upon a mental equality over his eternal pipe. We used to say to a friend, "Let us not go out to-day but remain at home with the ladies?" "That is your English fashion," was the reply; "we always go out here." The consequence of this practice is, that the women meet alone, and discuss the state of pickles and preserves. Sometimes they adventure a loftier theme, in the fashion of a cap or bonnet. At others, *pour se dissennuyer*, as the French have it, they mingle a little scandal with their observations upon dress. The German ladies are not at all like their slow saturnine ponderous lords, but are active, vivacious, ardent, possess much natural talent, and are ever agreeable in manner to a stranger, even while relating the most vapid common-place. They are of a constitution that mental cultivation would eminently set off, and would not be outshone by the females of any other nation in the social circle did they possess it.

The German notion of the conduct of a husband towards his wife seemed to us to consist in doing the agreeable in everything within a certain sphere—a sphere to which he seems to think the fair sex should be confined. His absolute authority being always understood as conceded, he grants to her whatever he considers to be right. This "right," in his eyes, is the impulse arising in his own breast from what he estimates as conventional justice. He is generous in his concessions of all those little things which are confined strictly to the domestic affairs, even if they should sometimes appear to be a little capricious. He never has any objection to the visits of his wife's friends. He loves to see her house in perfect order, and everything in it submissive to her, as viceroy below himself. He, above all things, is fearful, as German husbands generally are, that it shall not be thought he interferes with trifling matters exclusively a wife's province, while he is exceedingly solicitous to see his wife well and richly dressed when she crosses her threshold. In this last sense it would seem as if German husbands were anxious to elevate their wives in the eyes of all beholders but their own; and as far as this proceeds, such important concessions as they made to domestic trifles and to dress might be supposed to balance, in a certain degree, their con-

finement to a narrow circle, and the want of mental cultivation. Yet is the change demanded not less pressing. The German women have a right to a good education, as well as those of surrounding countries, and are equally expected to meet the other sex upon an equality.

The rapid increase of mental cultivation in Germany of late years will widen the vacancy between the male and female mind still further. The planet cannot stop in its orbit. The superior education of the man, it is imperviously necessary to meet, by the increase of loftier thoughts and higher attainments in the other sex. The simplicity and ignorance of past times cannot re-establish that obscure contentment in which our forefathers lived. It is the same in Germany—a country in which knowledge and refinement make such rapid strides. We cannot imagine that the difference in mind between the sexes can long continue to be so great as it is. Fathers of families must see in the country, as they do in large cities already, that they must educate their daughters better, that they may be more upon an equality with the youth of Germany of the other sex, who will else begin to find that a moral barrier is placed between the objects of their affection and themselves.

The German universities afford a high mental culture to men. Why should women be neglected? It is true there is a tendency everywhere to withhold a proper degree of instruction to females. To please temporarily, by superficial acquirement, seems a principal object of female education in England, as it is practically exemplified; but each individual here cannot help becoming mistress, with the slightest attention to that which the high state of social cultivation inevitably invites, of a good deal of information from sources which do not exist in Germany. There can, in consequence, be no parallel drawn between the state of the female mind in the two countries, still less between that in Germany and France.

The march of free thought is the march of civilisation; but a country where those who play such an important part as it is the destiny of woman to perform, can hardly be deemed as having a title to more than semi-civilisation, until by education in the domestic circle the husband and wife contribute more equally to the common stock of information, and the faculties of woman are no longer treated as if they were of no account.

The littlenesses of the German ladies, or their small talk, would be insupportably tedious but for their agreeable manner. A lady

once recited to us the following dialogue at Manheim; as having occurred a few leagues from that place :—

"You have a pretty garden here, Madame H——. You are a florist?"

"No, the garden is my husband's—out of doors I pretend to nothing."

"You have some favourite study—some amusement within doors—you are musical—I see a piano."

"No, I learned a little when a girl, I can't play now, my kitchen and needlework help to fill up my time."

"But you have servants?"

"Yes, but I am always with them to see what they do; I do a vast deal myself."

"You have time for reading! I see Goethe. What a pretty edition of Wilhelm Meister!"

"It is my husband's; I don't read."

"Not read?"

"I have not looked in a book a long while. I will show you my library."

Here the lady displayed a sort of closet, filled with all kinds of preserves, more than, she said, she should ever want, but she was fond of overstocking herself. She was pretty and lively but could talk of nothing but dress, her kitchen, and two chatty neighbours, about or between whom was comprised the circle of her existence in thought and action. Her ideas did not flit beyond these. Her husband in the meanwhile was discussing the news of Europe, was deep in metaphysics, or criticising the writers of Germany, with other husbands, who upon arriving at home after an evening spent at a friend's in a neighbouring "hof" or lodging-house, returned to ask for the bed-candle.

Women thus situated live in a state of negation, tranquil and undisturbed by the jealousies and rivalries that afflict those who go much into society; her duties are few and clearly defined where the means of living are competent to domestic comfort."—This is true, and if woman be created to be greatly inferior to the man in mental accomplishments, and can be content to see that inferiority increase—if in fact the female mind can be complacent under a state of dependance and even degradation, which must continually increase, she must lessen in the estimation of the other sex, and be destitute of all incitement to the nobler purposes of her existence.

This position of the German women renders indifference in the other sex an inevitable consequence. The ladies group together and talk of domestic details, while the men discourse slowly and gravely upon the most obtruse things, even upon "the analysis of the infinite." All in conversation between the sexes is foreign to each other. The German always appeared to us different from other men in the society of woman, except when he is dancing, and even here he differed. His favourite whirligig waltz, perfectly innocent in Germany, if not in other countries, affords a specimen of the man as affected by the social habits of the sexes. Husband and wife, age and youth, waltz together if they can but waltz. The young will, when they can, by the force of natural instinct pair together, but it is only the strictly young who feel something of the romantic that dance in this way. The men married or single, the mature man, will waltz, indifferent with whom, until the centrifugal is set at defiance, with old or young, married or single. Froissart said the English got drunk sorrowfully, and in like manner the German waltzes lugubriously. Sixty will put on the heels and toes of sixteen, and then dance with uniform solemnity. The sun and planet wheel of Watt's steam engine revolves not more exactly and soberly in a prolongation of movement incredible to the natives of other countries. In this physical display almost alone is the woman seen to be the equal of the man. The joyousness of dancing in other countries is little shown here. "In Germany," said a witty French lady, "even the Cupids carry leaden wings."

The German universities to which only the better classes of the youth go, tend to foster an exclusiveness of female society counteracted somewhat by the earlier feelings of existence. While there he has no leisure to consider what makes no immediate demand upon his attention. If an idler he seeks the pleasures of the gaming-table or the bottle. A preference for the society of his own sex is naturally in all cases engendered there. In the paternal dwelling the youth had seen the separation of the sexes continued; the father out, the mother at home. Haply he might have accompanied the father to the scene of reason's flow, amid the fume of the pipe. Returning home he had found his parent, so conversable just before, dumb as a flounder in the family circle, as if woman were unworthy of participating in his speculations. A friend drops in, and all at once he becomes animated—garrulous as a gossip of twenty speaking-power. Such scenes, so universal

in German life, cannot but lay deep foundations in the minds of youth of woman's inferiority—and fit it for playing the old game of the head of the family over again.

In Germany, or at least in Hanover, the humbler classes of women seem to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; more Gibeonitish than the males—a natural consequence of their moral state. In England, in the most pretending cities, fine grown women and handsome girls may be seen daily, on all-fours, scrubbing the street pavement at the doors of the houses, in the most inclement weather, exposed to the gaze and gibe of the profligate; perhaps an idle shoulder-knotted male vagabond, in the shape of a six-feet-high footman, looking on. In German cities, the female domestics may be seen, too, burthened like mules, with baskets of lumber strapped over their shoulders, returning with purchases from fairs or markets of all sorts of things for the families which they serve. It is true, that, in England, the degradation of the female is not on account of her sex, but because she is of the poorer class, and consequently out of the pale of consideration—where money is the criterion of worth; while in Germany it is the inferiority of the sex that helps to palliate the drudgery, not the lowliness of grade.

From whence comes the neglect of woman but from her social depression. A good deal is said of the age of Teutonic Lady-love—*Frau Minne*. No one will deny the kindness of Germans in their families, and their possession of domestic virtue in a high degree, but we do not credit the tale that Germany was ever a land of gallantry, or the abode of that devotional love exhibited in some other countries. They were too rough in their notions. Their passion was horse-play to the gentle affection of the troubadour. Why has not the German female arisen to the social level of other countries—why is her intellectual place not higher? With the kindly domestic feelings of the German this is singular. The truth is, perhaps, that the domestic circle is distinguished more by the absence of anything harsh or unloveable than by the presence of exciting affection; by a state of negation, in which the matrimonial bark glides along with a calm current, equally unwarmed by summer suns and unruffled by winter's storms. A state very like that indifference to good or evil, that stagnant tranquillity of existence, which made the French woman say—"Anything but this equability in conjugality, even if my husband should sometimes beat me!"

The German woman—we speak, of course, of the larger part of the women of Germany—may not feel her existing condition so much as others feel it for her, owing to habit. She is at least mistress of her own house next to her lord—all in Germany must be absolute authority ; but the time will come when she must feel it, because Germany has made, and is making, such rapid advances. German woman will then, like her mother, Eve, open her eyes too suddenly upon the revelation of the knowledge of good and evil. She will see how equal rights have been withheld from her. The men will find it politic to promote a disclosure which cannot be long delayed, and to obviate its effects, abandoning their filthy habit of smoking half their time in each other's society, and theorising until reason is lost in misty speculation. Let them make women intellectual companions. No one who knows anything of Germany visits it without bearing testimony to the virtues of its inhabitants. Let them cast away the remnant of the northern leaven, yet remaining in the depression of their females as regards mental culture, and place woman where she ought to be. Already the example is visible in the states bordering upon France of the elevation of the female mind—it is to be hoped all Germany will profit by it. Everywhere let woman but feel the innate strength of her own influence, and not be slow to exert it. Even the woman-degrading dogmas of the Eldons and other Chancellors of England may this way be set at nought, unworthy as they are either of reason, humanity, or law. Let woman look to it !

T. T.

 MARYLEBONE MERCY.

BEAR her forth—the earth hath one
 Suff'rer less now she hath gone—
 Bear her forth from that chill hearth,
 Where the voice of song or mirth
 Never woke ; but day by day
 Cold and hunger watch'd their prey—
 Watch'd their prey, while every week,
 Waner grew the suff'rer's cheek ;
 And her thin frame, wasting slow,
 Starting bones and sinews show—

Starting through the shrunken frame,
 Parch'd with fever's burning flame—
 Parch'd with fever, hunger bred,
 Had she better not be dead ?
 Foodless, fuelless, scarce was left
 Of her wretched garb the web ;
 And her half-clad, feeble feet,
 Shiver'd in the wintry street—
 Shiver'd, while the hopeless one
 To the poor-house gates crept on.
 Not less chill, and cold the grave,
 Than the charity that gave
 Stingingly its meagre dole,
 Pauper's bread—for which the whole
 Of the live-long day stood she
 Dying of inanity.
 Dying, oh ! how dull must grow
 Eyes inured to human woe ;
 Since none mark'd, what all might trace,
 Want and sickness in her face.
 She had work'd, and she had toil'd,
 Labour'd, striven, over-toil'd,
 Till disease and famine grew
 Stronger than the will to do.
 Then, and not till then, did she
 Ask them for their charity.
 There had rested on her name
 No dark shadow, blight, or blame ;
 Honest, womanly, and meek,
 Loving not her woes to speak ;
 Such the spotless fame that death,
 Gather'd from her neighbour's breath ;
 But these virtues wanting gold,
 Left *her famish'd*, naked, cold—
 Cold to death, the snow-wreaths lie
 Over all her misery.
 But its plaining sharp and drear,
 Crieth in the nation's ear ;
 Crieth from her pauper shroud,
 From the earth to Heaven aloud !

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

No. I.—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE DABLEYS.

I PERCEIVE among the deaths of the past year, sir, the name of an old neighbour of mine, whom the world knew as a good man, and a just citizen ; and myself, as one of the most active commissioners of sewers, the most punctual attendant of workhouse boards, the most eager propounder of sanatory receipts (as the jargon goes), when fever was out among the poor, that ever alighted upon the earth. "So Dabley is gone !" was my Mrs. Bell's remark ; "why, I was thinking of him only this morning—fancying him up to the elbows in Indian meal ; but eating none of the bread himself." It is many years since he removed from our neighbourhood, though not before we had learned that Dabley at home was a perfectly different man from what Dabley represented himself to be when abroad among Hospital Doctors, and Churchwardens, and Schoolmasters, and Turnkeys.

"Neighbour Dabley"—as he used to be called, by way of testimony to his substance and usefulness, I suppose—was a rich man, with a comely presence, and an address which, as *Mrs. Hardcastle* says of *Tony Lumpkin*, "could charm the bird from the tree," provided that the bird was not a very old one. Though Mrs. Bell declares I found out nothing of the kind, at the time—it was always too hearty, too cheerful, too caressing, for my taste. Were you ever so busy ; in the street—on a market day—the east wind blowing, and your *profligate* tooth aching, Dabley would not let you pass without a shake of the hand, which you felt till the next milestone. He always found you "looking your best,"—a communication most displeasing when you know yourself to be as bilious as a marygold—always asked after all your family, particularly recollecting your wife's mother—and used to provoke me especially, by reminding me as often as we met, of "that capital cup of tea Mrs. Bell gave us," on an evening many years old ; it being perfectly known in our house, that my valuable wife, otherwise Mrs. Peerybingle's equal, is particularly unlucky over the

kettle. Your indifferent questioner can be truly offensive. I meet with a Baronet once a quarter—on public business, sir,—who never fails to ask me, where I am living : whether I am married *again*: and what is my opinion of indigo ; though I have told him, if once, one million of times, that I don't know the article by sight even.—And in my forthcoming “*Book of Ill-Breeding*” (which Lady —— was to have edited—being competent—had she not died of too great an indulgence in the commodity) I shall not forget Sir Dutton Hardacre. But, I think that a sympathiser without sympathy is harder to bear with, than one who makes no secret of his utter neglect and want of interest. And from the time when Dabley began to take up the chimney of our dining-room as a topic, and never to forget to be sorry that it smoked so, and to recommend Mr. Monk's Cowl as an infallible cure, I began to be quite sure that all his glitter was not gold—and to be as certain as if I lived in the house that he had plenty of smoke, if not of fire, by his own fireside.

But Dabley was, in the world's eye, a pious man. Though no ascetic—being jovial, even, in his air, in the street, and at table, and after “business had been despatched,”—he enjoyed great renown among those of his own faith for fervent religion. “The cheerful spirit of his family devotions,” (to use the language of his admirers and friends), was as familiar to the members of the Reverend Mr. Scrupler's congregation, as Dabley's handsome pew glistening with its well-varnished mahogany, and gay with its crimson and gold service books. If there were rumours of wars on the earth, he was thankful—rejoiced when pestilence broke out—grew grateful over a neighbour's broken leg—and found matter for praise in the teaching which Mr. Stackpoole's sudden and unexpected bankruptcy afforded him. Never was man so sunny, so courteous ; so ample in good words and busy deeds ; so largely praised by those who knew him little. Strangers wished to pass the house where such Benevolence flourished—still more to feed on the manna of his table—for Dabley maintained a rich and easy hospitality. How he escaped from passing for a Saint upon earth it may be hard to explain to those who have not studied the genus,—of which, unluckily, he is not the first nor the last.

My disenchantment (not to speak of the smoky chimney interference) dated from the moment of our *knowing* Dabley's family—not dining with them—for then all was glossy, and luxurious, and warm, and flowing ; but knowing them, at unexpected times ;

and out of the routine for which every one *may have* rehearsed his part. We had been acquainted with the faces and the clothes of the three Miss Dableys, and the two young men, for two years, ere any of this closer intimacy was brought about. Hearty as their father seemed—never did any man keep a house so shut up, save just at his own will and pleasure. He answered for every child he had : young man and young woman. Anne Dabley was an invalid : and was always “in her room for the day, with a blinding headache,” if any one wanted to call upon her. Jessie had ridden out with one of her brothers—and “it would have been such a treat for Sara an hour earlier!—Just then, her German master was with her :”—this, for my Mrs. Bell, who used to admire “how, in a house where there was no mother, a father managed so perpetually to watch over his daughters—no one but so indefatigable and excellent a man,” etc., etc. For me—who am far more easily *backed* (as we have it in the north),—it was enough, once simply to be told that Philip was reading before he went to the University, and that Theodore was particularly fond of companions of his own age (no single soul of whom were ever seen by dweller in Halcyon Row), and I soon gave up attempting to make, either for myself or mine, closer acquaintance with young people, whose pleasant looks, and pleasant but rather pensive manners, had disposed me to venture advances.

Truth, however, will out,—at least in Halcyon Row. Had Junius lived there, and kept himself as entirely to himself as the Juniper family at No. 16 A, we should have tracked him out. Had the Man in the Iron Mask been shut up in the back-room at Mr. Dabley's, on the third floor, which had never been opened, no one could tell when, the door barred across, and the key lost (to all which facts the Le Grands were ready to swear,)—we should have known which of Her Majesty's Cousins it was, or whether it was Lord Byron come to life again!—in plain Manchester, “all about it.” To this day we can never agree which of us made the discovery, that the invalid Miss Dabley was no Miss Dabley any longer, but a married woman. To whom she had been married was never clearly known. A Pole—a Roman Catholic—a rope-dancer—a man of colour—a Frenchman, with a wife at Blois—a banker's clerk, who had made off to No-Man's-Land, with bank-notes quilted into his waistcoat—Mr. Dabley's footman, Saul, who stood six feet three in his stockings;—it was ascertained, past doubt, in the Row, that she had united her fortunes to every one

of these individuals ; and the dispositions of the husband were as various as his attributes. But less open to doubt and to question was the truth, that, whether or not she was divorced, or whether or not *he* was hanged, or had more naturally deceased—from the moment that Mr. Dabley's house had received his daughter, she had been forbidden to bear her husband's name ; nor had her father ever spoken to her, save at the show-dinners, where it behoved the show-Christian to play the amiable parent among his children. The poor thing was one of a gentle nature, unable to struggle against the perpetual tyranny of disapprobation. Ground to the dust with the shame which accompanied a position in every respect so equivocal ; perhaps (who knows ?) struggling with some affections for an unworthy one which she was bidden to tear up by the roots, with nought to replace them ; at first, to escape inquiry—and the worse necessity of perpetually acting a part, she feigned invalidism. Gradually, and in no long period, the jest grew into sad, sad earnest ; and the unhappy, unassisted, uncomfortable mourner, (for even her sisters durst only minister to her sorrow in secret) pined, took to her room, and died. There was a handsome tombstone laid over her, and we were instructed not to mention her name to any of the family. Some said their grief was too great to bear condolence. My Mrs. Bell, however, will now have it, that she noticed relief on every countenance. One captive had escaped from the prison ; was clear of the tyranny of the most pious father and best-hearted neighbour in Halcyon Row ! There was one less left to suffer, and to witness suffering.

It is amazing how long a reputation will last !—how far smooth words and a smiling face will carry a man. But shortly after Anne Dabley's death, when the family began to *act* being seen in the world again, my wife and myself became aware that much passed in the kind father's house, of which the kind father little dreamed. French novels were smuggled in by the half-hundred, though Mr. Dabley would not hear of such an enormity as an English work of fiction to poison the morals of his young people. Snatches of plays and concerts were enjoyed in dark corners, and in stolen bonnets ; dangerous as they were dear, from the necessity of the parties partaking therein presenting themselves at prayers. I could prove that Theodore frequented haunts more vicious still, if it was my business to call other people's attention to spots where profligacy flourishes, with a view to keeping them thence. There was something insincere, and shy, and mysterious about the

whole set ;—most painful to all truth-telling people to encounter. They did not seem to trust each other ; were, every one of them, “on the snatch” (my Mrs. Bell’s phrase) for small indulgences and perquisites, and that *something more than their share*, the need of which has made many a man a murderer. Their very voices got a tone ; their very faces an expression ; and “the Dabley look” came to be a byword in our family, for everything that was not “overboard and graceful”—before I could prevent it. When a phrase or a nickname is once rooted, there’s nothing for it but to submit. No check nor exorcism will make an end of it—no Dr. Butler’s caue—no Mr. Trimmer’s texts ; as, I daresay, other Heads of Families besides myself have found.

But, to return to these unlucky young people. ’Tis not in nature for years to go on under such a system, without everybody being the worse for it. Gaol-keeping—ere the Howards took it in hand—was as bad I presume for the Gaolers as for their *Wards*. What Anne Dabley had done, Jessie repeated with improvements ; adding a publicity which rendered secrecy or mystification impossible, even to such a Master *Mason* as her father. Jocosely had my Mrs. Bell once said to that jovial man, “Why, Sir, if you won’t give your daughters a chance of being married properly, they’ll take one for themselves, out of the window, some moonlight night !” little dreaming that Jessie *had* been locked up in her room for nine weeks, because Mr. Wicksey, of Wicksey Manor, had wanted to make her its Lady. Well, my wife is as good a prophetess in her way, as Mademoiselle Le Normand, or the Mesmeric Lady, who knows everybody’s ailments, and has for uncle a Doctor who can cure everything—Death and all. Mr. Wicksey, who did not like being treated like a “thief in the night,” took pet and married another young Lady, on which poor unlucky Jessie took pet still more remarkably, and “made off” with a common soldier. ’Tis wonderful how some women will ruin themselves—soul and body—rather than not show spirit ! We have always fancied that the Dabley Gaol must, thereupon, have become so intolerable—though the dinners went on, and the smooth face was maintained, as if nothing had happened—that Sara had no choice (since no other man chanced to be at hand) save to propose to her German master. Off she went with him, at all events ; and, as a song of Hogg’s puts it neatly,—

“So there was an end of her !”

Talk of men hunting women, of a Lovelace tracking a Clarissa :

a Lord Grange imprisoning in one of "the wind-swept Orcades" his termagant of a wife: a Sir Kit Rackrent (the fact vouched for by Miss Edgeworth!) shutting up "the Jewish" he had married for her money, in "the barrack-room!"—I am bold to say that male hardness and want of charity is small, compared with that of the female against the female, when the latter is "unfortunate." Here is something, assuredly, for the strong-minded woman to do—of more Christian consequence, than the emancipation of herself, into the pulpit, or on to the woolsack—or making the Law Courts her Home—or the chair of Logic or of Chemistry, the rocking-chair of her children! I do not here speak of Women's horror of Women who have strayed, slipped, or stumbled;—but of the spirit of critical unkindness enkindled by the smallest aberration from Mrs. Grundy's code—or by the success which shall be thought one tittle greater than Bella's beauty, or Sophia's sweetness, or Anne's accomplishments, or Mary's money, or Fanny's family, or Jane's intellect, or Tetty's temper—merit according to the Rule of Three. I have wondered to see what an ingenuity of bitterness Women, otherwise stupid and poor in invention, can exhibit on the occasion of an elopement—or a too good match! Without "stop, let, or hinderance," all the turtle-doves—the irreproachable wives, and excellent mothers of Halcyon Row—took part with Mr. Dabley! Mrs. Peek "could speak to his pleasantness the day they had dined there upon the swan." Miss Le Grand, "had never seen in him any greater admiration of good, old families, than such as was fit and proper: though alas! too rare." Mrs. Lovelady had "noticed, again and again, Mr. Dabley's politeness to his daughters:" "more like a lover's than a father's" was her perpetual codicil. One and all "would be guided by him! They were sure that *he* would do what was just! They owed him, each and all, too much personal kindness, to do anything which might add to the pain so excellent a person must feel at his daughters' disappointing him so cruelly!" I had much ado to keep my Mrs. Bell still: on the plea, that the less she said in answer to all this, the more she might be able to do, if the poor runaways wanted her help. But no one's help was needed or asked for. Not long after the breaking out of these elopements, Mr. Dabley sold the house in Halcyon-row. No more swan dinners; no more cheerful bustle on board days; no more goodly exhibition of the gold and crimson books in the rich mahogany pew! "Our neighbourhood," I heard it said, till I was

sick, "would never get over such a loss!" It did recover itself, nevertheless: in what manner, I may possibly tell some future day.

Suffice it to say, for the moment, that the operation was soon effected—and that the Dableys would have been forgotten, had not the fruits of family discipline, in their case, been somewhat prominent. The poor, rash creature who eloped with the Skeleton Jacket, had put the whole force of her life into that one act of breaking prison:—having no strength, and neither encouragement nor assistance to raise her husband to her level, she sunk to his. The fellow—finding that to marry a Lady without a sixpence, whose father would not pay a pound or raise a finger towards his discharge, was by no means amusing in its consequences,—very soon took out his disappointment and discomfort, in the Brute fashion: and began to maltreat her. She had shown already, that when refuge was the question, she cared not for debasement—and took to the worst, vulgarest consolation. Before the year was out, she was dead of the dram-bottle! The end of Sara Dabley is not yet come: her strong romantic and artistic tendencies, which, denied a due safety-valve, led her to carry off a German (possibly from the vague notion, so common among women, that every man of that nation is more poetical and picturesque, than the average John Bull)—made her quit him, so soon as they had reached the continent; so soon as more showy temptations presented themselves, at the moment when she had mastered the flattering fact that her husband's resources would insure her that one meal a day—not a Dabley meal!—and as many gowns in the year. She is now upon the stage, under a false name: passed from hand to hand—from protector to protector,—as the saying is! She has played in this town: and my Mrs. Bell declares that there was hardly a house in the Row, where the front parlour shutters were not closed the day after her arrival: for "what *should* we do?"—asked some one pathetically—"were that creature to force her way in?" Her exit from this life will possibly be such an one as the public favourite described, when, to some one remonstrating on her extravagance, and adding, "What do you think will become of you?"—she answered, coldly looking up in his face,—"*Straw and the hospital!*"

Theodore Dabley has disappeared, too; no one knows wherefore or whither; since Philip has studied his father's book—answers no questions, and has a way with him, at once cordial and repul-

sive, which makes it not easy to ask any. He lives at —, and has married a young delicate creature. They have a boy and two girls: and the Dabley Gaol is open for the children of another generation.

There are many tender-hearted people, who, like Goëthe's mother, desire not to be told when a child is run over in the street, or a neighbouring gossip is burnt to death; or some ancestral china jar is broken in the lower story. And these, I doubt not, will consider me as an old Kill-joy—a Death's-head at their New Year's Day dinner, for "ripping up" such "uncomfortable stories." There are many people, again, of the old school—to whom "the right divine" of Parents is as solemn and sacred an article of faith, as the wickedness of Papists, or the Materialism of men of science; and would fain cry "*Hush!*" with all their might: first dispute my facts—next, declare "that nothing would have made those young people different,"—and lastly, insist, that it is wicked and dangerous to dwell upon such grievances, in the presence of a generation, ready enough, already, to rebel; and to fling off the yoke. "Motives" and "intentions" are always a shabby sort of excuse; one not susceptible of proof—so I won't affront the selfish soft-hearted, or the Promoters of the Parents' Masonic Mystery, by thrusting my "good meaning" into their faces. But, I will ask any one who has reached middle age, and had means of observation, whether he has not known Dableys of some kind or other; whether he can call to mind no lives wasted—no characters ground to pieces, by the pressure of whimsical Tyranny conceiving itself Righteous Authority? I will put it to any father or mother, whether Truth or Falsehood is preferable as a fireside guest;—how far the idea that "the young must suffer because they suffered when they were young, themselves," (a curious, tragi-comical sort of vengeance!) may, or may not be mistaken for that resolution to promote the happiness of every living creature, which implies justice and considerateness in equal proportions! I would bid them define "A sense of duty,"—inquire what part of themselves they would have obeyed: their Reason, or their Folly—ascertain what importance they give to their own sympathies and antipathies as overruling the destinies of others—describe how far the acquiescence of the lip, while Defiance is rankling at the heart, can satisfy their ideas of domestic intercourse among grown people—to what degree the naked possession of power can content a virtuous man or woman.—Let

no one put off the matter as a sophistry—get rid of it, by getting into a passion with “an old meddling fellow, who wants to make mischief betwixt parents and children.” It is no scramble on the part of the middle-aged, to be repaid for what they have undergone in the shape of struggle, sorrow, privation : of Hope long deferred, and Talent turned aside from its natural direction—but a right and a wrong administration of the power given to accountable beings in trust for others. It is a question between such selfish rapacity for power as makes the Inquisitor, the Slave-Driver, the Torturer—and the bodies and souls of those to whom we have given life. Waiving the impossibility of the most stringent thumb-screw and strait-waistcoat system to produce the miserable result demanded—shutting our eyes to the fact that Dableys (like Lady Adelas) be they ever so well watched, or carefully husbanded for market, will break bounds, and marry red-coats—what do we mean by trying to set the Slave free, and to civilise the Heathen—by sticking camellias in the Murderer’s button-hole : and moaning over the Miscreant whose fraudulent bankruptey has thrown the aged and solitary of a country village into cureless poverty—if we make of our own houses, a Plantation, where no thought or fancy, save the master’s, may be reared—or a Wigwam, where the woman who weeps or wants any extras (her task done) is silenced with a club—or a condemned Ward, from which Innocence, (not Guilt), were glad to escape, even to hard labour in a foreign land—or a Court where sits an Arch-Debtor, more ruthless, grasping, and self-sufficient, than the harshest of the species ever seen in Basinghall Street ?

I pray you—whom it most concerns—think of these things, ere you deny the existence of Dabley discipline, in more places than Holeyon Row!—ere you permit “*Mad*” to stand for “*Bad*” in your vocabulary—or ere you smooth the matter over to your consciences, and sinking down into quiescence—or escaping from uneasiness in a panic, not altogether of conscious Virtue’s making,—decide that “such tales ought not to be told in these up-setting and up-start days !”

THE PHARISEES OF THE RAIL.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

Gallowgate, Glasgow.

SIR,—'T is Sunday morning—the people here call it Sabbath—the word Sunday not being esteemed sufficiently holy by the Jew-hating community, by which I am surrounded. The bells, in a dozen steeples, are keeping up a deafening jingle-jangle, as though—Heaven knows how many gigantic triangles were performing a grand *charivari*. I don't pretend to understand the theological distinction between the sounds produced by bell-metal and human lips ; but I presume there is a wide line of demarcation, inasmuch as I have been gravely frowned upon by Saunders, the head-waiter, for breaking out into half-a-dozen unconscious bars of "Maritana," over my cookies and Finan Haddie. Indeed, Saunders, who has just despatched his "morning," in the shape of a goodly glass of whisky—an operation which he will repeat, probably every half-hour till further notice—was kind enough to inform me that "siccan like gangings on were nae fit for the Lord's Day." Whisky drinking, however, is, in honest Saunders' opinion, a "ganging-on" quite fit and proper for any day, Saturday or Sunday.

Dismayed by my friend the waiter's theological scrupulosity, I sauntered from the breakfast-table to the window. It was a foggy, dismal morning, and the good folks of Glasgow, who thronged the pavements on their way to the several churches, free and established, which mutually "deal damnation" upon each other with very great energy and perseverance, every Sunday morning, looked as dismal and foggy as the weather. Cabs and coaches conveyed the more wealthy worshippers—it having been long an understood thing in Scotland, and not there only—that the Sabbath is desecrated by public conveyances, such as omnibuses or stage-coaches, distinguished by a vulgar number ; whereas the sanctity of the day is not one whit broken into by private vehicles boasting the more aristocratic coat of arms. The Bible is revered in Scotland certainly. It is esteemed above the Ledger, but below the Book of Heraldry. The General Assembly is all very

well ; but it would never do to offend the Herald's College. The rich man may break the Sabbath as he pleases in his carriage : the poor man is not allowed even a chance of cracking it in a steamer or omnibus.

Musing on these inconsistencies of my respected friends north of the Tweed, and respectfully declining Saunders' offer of a "seat under that precious Saunt Jabez Macwhackit, whose out-pourings had a' the smeddum o' Gospel grace, and nane o' the vain arroganee o' human learning," I asked for the time-bill of the Railway to Edinburgh.

"You'll hae forgotten that there's nae Sabbath trains the noo," responded Saunders.

"No Sunday trains ! You don't mean to say that the whole communication between Glasgow and Edinburgh—between the two great cities of Scotland—two of the greatest cities of the empire—is entirely interrupted, for twenty-four or thirty hours, every week ?"

"Ay, but I do, though," said Saunders. "Gude be praised, that has g'ien us the grace ! Muckle need there was o't. I wadna be surprised if the rot i' the potatoes was to stop wi' the Sabbath trains."

Here was a fix ! Edinburgh within fifty miles of me, and yet inaccessible. My business there was of the last importance : life and death, in fact, might hang upon my presence or absence. The welfare and future prospects of whole families depended upon the signature of certain papers by a hand long enfeebled by sickness, and now daily expected to be paralysed by death. What was to be done ? No stage-coach—no conveyance : the high-road had been so entirely cut up, the inns and post-houses so utterly deserted, that the difficulties in the way of procuring post-horses were quite insuperable. The Railway Company had a monopoly of conveyance. They possessed the only means by which transit was possible. They had obtained certain powers from the legislature for the promotion of traffic and intercourse, and these powers they used for the prevention of traffic and intercourse. Four men dared to make laws for Edinburgh and Glasgow. Four men dared to prescribe to their fellow-men the manner in which they should keep the Sabbath. Four men dared to enslave four hundred thousand. Four men dared to brand, with every term of theological rancour, all who attempted to perpetrate the odious crime of thinking for themselves ; thinking boldly, *thinking freely* ; and Scotland has submitted, at least for

the present, to this. Thinking Scotland—educated Scotland—intelligent Scotland, you have allowed the four sabbatical monarchs to reign over you, to force their dogmas down your throats, and you call yourselves still a liberal and enlightened people!

I turned to the provincial journals. Half a dozen were lying on the table, and a glance at their contents showed me that the sacrifice was at all events not made without a struggle; that the Lords of the Sabbath had a tough tussle to support with their common-sense adversaries. The *Witness*, the organ of the Free Church, led the forces of bigotry; the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Argus* were in the van of common justice and common honesty.

I looked over the things called "arguments" by the Directors and their friends. Prominent stood a very disgraceful attack upon Catholicism and the Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh. He was represented as setting out to see one of his flock dying of *delirium tremens*, with the "round clipped god" (the sacramental wafer) in his snuff-box. There was a blended specimen of Free Church argument and Free Church decency! The freedom of that boasted sect indeed appears to consist in attempting to enslave all others, and blaspheming the peculiar tenets of everybody who does not lick the dust of its snuffling conventicles. Suppose the Catholics were to retort, and blaspheme Free-Churchism as Free-Churchism blasphemes Catholicity—what a howl we should have then, and how loudly would all the pains and penalties of law be invoked against the godless offenders! But the *Witness* went on to argue that if people cannot go by the rail, they can go by the road. "If we shut up our transmission shop, you can open another." No; we cannot. Railways are monopolies. The *Witness* knows this. If we cannot go by rail, we cannot go at all. The friends of the *Witness* were entrusted by Parliament with powers to open a path betwixt Glasgow and Edinburgh. They exercised them, and performed their engagement to the public and the State by building, once a week, a barrier.

Yes, all communication is to stop;—children are kept from dying parents, parents from dying children. The mighty machine of society performs its ceaseless rounds; all the necessities for inter-communication—for mutual good offices—for mutual assistance—are every moment evolved, as usual. But the four Directors step in and say, "No: let death go on—disease go on. Let men and women languish and pine for each other. Let works of necessity remain undone. Let the labours of charity cease. *Let the intercourse of a vast body of humanity be suspended and*

stayed, because we think it necessary, in the fulness of our Sabbatical wisdom; and because what we preach, we have determined that our fellow-subjects shall practise."

The *Witness* admits that it would not compel a Jewish directory to run trains on the Saturday. It would let the Jews keep their Sabbath as they wished. Why not then admit Christians to the same privilege? I do not share in your notions of Sabbath sanctification. Let me then keep it in my own way. I do not interfere with you—why interfere with me? I do not compel you to travel on Sundays—why then should you compel me to stay at home? Cannot you give your own conscience the swing without trenching upon mine? Keep the Sunday as you like—let me keep it as I like. Who are you who presume to dictate to me—to govern my conscience by the rules whereby you enthrall your own? Scotch Sabbatical popes though you be, I, for one, will not consent to kiss your Presbyterian toes.

But the mail trains still run on Sundays. Have the clerks of the post-office a special indulgence which converts what would be desecration in anybody else into sanctity as regards them? What is the theological distinction between the sin of carrying letters, and the sin of carrying the writers of those letters? Has the conveyance of paper a charm to allay divine vengeance—that of flesh and blood to provoke it? Are the engineers, stokers, and guards, who convey the mass of written communications on business or gossip—the invoices and love-letters—which daily pass betwixt the two capitals of Scotland, are these men Sabbath *keepers* when so employed—Sabbath *breakers* should they be engaged in expediting the transport of loving children to dying parents—of messengers of consolation to houses of mourning? But the Scotch Sabbatarians refine still further. They carry letters, but will not even carry parcels. Brown paper is offensive in their nostrils. Missives contained in fair envelopes may be carried, and the Sunday be none the worse. The whole outburst of *odium theologicum* is reserved for the larger packets, secured by pack-thread and whity-brown paper. Now, wherein consists the difference between letter and parcel, why the one should be carried, the other rejected; the *Witness* will perhaps bear its testimony? Can it be that both are regarded with an eye impartially evil, but that the exigencies of the post-office service imperatively require the despatch of the epistles committed to its care. Then in that case the Sabbatarians have sacrificed Church to State—given up their principles in favour of one branch of the public service, in order to

retain them to the prejudice of another. *Quasi* parcels they are, by their own showing, religious—*quasi* letters they are infidel. They believe that the command to do no work applies as much to the one as to the other ; but they have neither the spirit nor the honesty to carry rigidly out in practice that which they profess themselves to be advocates of in theory.

Let it be observed, that a train for the conveyance of passengers and parcels would not call into requirement the services of one more man than those necessary for the transit of letters. If the Sabbatarians break the Sunday upon their own showing ; at all events, let us who believe them to be wrong, reap the benefit of what we conceive to be no crime—no sin. If they start a train to carry letters, upon what conceivable principle do they object to the senders of the letters travelling as well ? The mischief, even by their own account is done, by sending the train at all. The hole is made. It will be none the wider for our creeping through after our letters.

But, for the present at least, the pharisaical star is in the ascendant. They have it as yet all their own way—these modern representatives of the mad bigots of old, who raised their Exeter Hall-like brayings, when the Founder of Christianity healed disease and rebuked devils, and soothed suffering upon the Sabbath-day. The four Scotch Popes are issuing their bulls, and fulminating their edicts, triumphing over the free exercise of common-sense and reason ; reviling the creeds, and slandering the motives of all who attempt to stand by their own rights and those of society. How long shall their reign last ? How long shall these particular dogs have their day ? Their overthrow is no doubt fast coming. The sense of mankind is arming and marshalling itself against them ; but until the decisive moment is at hand, be content, Scotsmen, to remain what you are—the objects of the mingled pity and derision of the civilised world ; be content to be tyrannised over by four Railway Directors ; be content to hand yourself over, body and soul, to Mr. Blackadder and Co. ; though sickness and death smite your friends, dare not to stir—you have spiritual dictators—crouch and obey ; keep the Sabbath as you are ordered—attempt to think or act for yourselves at your peril—lurk in your crowded Glasgow courts—your loathsome Edinburgh closes : the country air—the bright sunshine of the first day of the week, were not intended by their Creator for you ; or if they were, four Railway Directors have decided that you shall *not enjoy them !*

A. B. R.

THE STRIFE AND THE REPOSE.

Lo ! a peasant child lay sleeping,
 Dream-bound in the sun ;
 Changes into life were leaping
 Round him, many a one.

There were sounds of village wassail
 Borne upon the breeze ;—
 Arm'd bands of lord and vassal
 Swept beneath the trees.

There were groans of ire and anguish
 Outraged homes among ;
 Vows of vengeance ne'er to languish
 Through closed chambers rung.

Then came roar and strife of battle,
 Clash of sword and spear,
 Rallying shout and cannon's rattle,
 Death-cries dread to hear.

Woman's eyes were red with weeping,
 Freedom's race was run,
 While that peasant child lay sleeping
 Dream-bound in the sun.

And that day a King descended
 From his place of pride ;
 Straight from throne to dungeon wended,
 And to doom beside.

While a tyrant smote the nation
 With an evil hand—
 Rapine, fire, and desolation,
 Raged at his command.

Goodly towns were ta'en and plunder'd
 Stately halls laid low,
 Loving hearts for ever sunder'd,
 Beauty quench'd in love.

Morning dawn'd in smiles and hearken'd
 To glad sounds alone—
 Evening found the glory darken'd
 And the gladness gone.

So was wassail changed for weeping,
 Empire lost and won,
 While that peasant child lay sleeping,
 Dream-bound in the sun.

T. WESTWOOD.

WINTER IN THE PARKS.

A MIST, a grey, enveloping, absorbing mist is in the air. Not one of your sloppy, damp, jaundiced fogs, but a cold, dry, crisp, congealing mist, as though the subtle thin air itself were squeezed into tangibility by the solidifying powers of John Frost. But the sky is not one uniform indefinite grey. Now it fades into a dubious islet of cold blue; anon, it is intersected by a bright ruddy vein or crack of sunlight; not a sparkling, dazzling beam, but a deep glow, as of molten brass, while here and there a slanting patch of deep dim fire, a frozen sun burst, lights up the grey frozen earth, and brings out the gaunt naked forms of towering leafless trees, and shows distant roofs looming in ledges amid the broken clinging vapour, and brightens up, until they glitter like brazen mirrors—lines of lofty windows.

And London streets, each appear to lead into dim regions of the grey vapour, which swallows up the tall houses as they recede into its volumes, and folds round high steeples and pillars invisible cloaks. Smoke comes out of all chimneys; a dim dewiness, as though the glass were perspiring, puzzles gazers into cook-shop windows; fur-dealers, and ready-made clothing shops, bring out their warmest, fleeciest stores, and hardware-men sprinkle skates amongst their knives and forks.

The Parks are in their winter glory. Now have the ducks and geese in St. James's vanished; no one but the Woods and Forests people can say whither. Now are errand-boys sent on pressing messages stopped like whalers by the ice; the passage of the ornamental water, or the Serpentine, being about as difficult and uncertain as that of Behring's Straits. Now do the whole tribe of

ten minutes, that it is very cold, but quite seasonable for the
of the year.

are in St. James's Park ; it seems a grand object of attrac-

Watch the gaunt, shadowy trees, rearing themselves like
able skeletons in the mist ; see dimly, and as through a glass,
azy lines of surrounding ranges of houses. The grass is
and powdered with a dry flaky snow, through which the
evergreens burst out in sturdy, prickly jungles. The hard
esplanade, behind the Horse Guards, is thronged with
g figures, all rushing to or from the eastern Park entrance,
its sentinels in green standing at the door of their Cockney
a. There are portly, stout people, evidently walking for an
ite, and thin lads with skates, and boys with buttoned jackets
comforters, and ladies all muffs and tippets, with a strong
ion of red about their noses.

enter. Everybody leaps the slight cast-iron fence, and
s directly for the water, or rather, the ice. Frost seems to
nd the laws of the Woods and Forests, and bind up the ener-
f their ordinary officers. Lining the water's edge, there is a
ng, shifting, fringe of people, through which you see the
of moving, crossing, darting figures which shoot here and
backwards and forwards, passing and repassing, hither
ither, on the dull, bending, crackling sheet of ice. Such a
ed, ceaseless hubbub ; such endless, slippery scrambles along
rink ; such a clamour from the men with skates, who are
people's boots : and the men with drawers of brandy-balls

accompanied throughout by the low, hollow, deep-toned rumble of the ice, as the thousands it supports go careering along its scratched, scored, bending surface.

The slides are, perhaps, the greatest points of attraction. A boy might correctly be defined as a two-legged animal, who slides from choice. There go the urchins with screaming voices and purple noses, keeping the "pot a biling" with an industry and energy which never appear to tire—there are all the classes of the great family of London boys, from pale Master Frederick of the square, with his glossy hat and hare-skin bosom friend, to sturdy Bill of the alley, with his clumping half-boots, and threadbare jacket kept tight with pins up to his throat. Here and there appear juveniles who seem to have purloined the wasted leathern buckets, which they wear as shoes, from some dunghill, for the sole reason of turning them into sliding accessories. And, again, may be seen loitering about the bank—just where a thin strip of creeping water is gliding along the frozen surface—youths of hardy natures and inquiring minds, much given to ascertaining the exact thickness of the ice, by the insertion of their dingy chopped hands into the holes, through which, as a party of skaters fly past, the clean cold water comes welling and gurgling from below.

The fun goes merrily on. The Humane Society men, in their docked doublets and big boxing-like gloves, crawl backwards and forwards, with coils of rope, and hooks on poles, and ladders on wheels—nursery maids, with their young charges, catch stolen glances at the interior of the Society's tent, and see therein certain mystic chests and folded blankets, and little cot-like beds—the brandy-ball men are vociferous with their wares—legions of boys munch peppermint lozenges (sixteen a penny)—tribes of nondescript unshaven, shirtless sort of people, with dingy garments of no colour in particular, seem to start into existence from unknown sources—groups of small charity boys, going down slides with their legs apart, and their arms working like telegraphs, are run down and tumbled into a heap, by strapping fellows of formidable momentum—loungers by the bank admire the gentleman who is skating backwards, with his arms folded, and laugh at him when he tumbles over a Humane Society's rope—and men and women, boys and girls, sliders and skaters, individuals on their feet, and their backs, keep up one ceaseless, undefined murmuring gabble—the roar of a swarming enjoying multitude.

When it is broken. Hush! A dull dead throb, but distinctly

heard—a splash—a sudden, sharp, loud scream—a roaring shout from many voices—treble and bass—of “A man in!” a responding cry of “Where?”—a sudden scampering along banks and ice—a general panic and confusion.

A man in the water! He had been skating swiftly along, when all at once—with loud rustling crack his footing broke away—a huge triangular fragment of ice rose slantingly from the field—a silent gush of water—welled up in a glassy wave—there was a splash, a clinking, and jingling of broken ice—that sharp cry—and the dark figure a moment ago flying along is gone, disappeared—beneath the smooth hard expanse or amid the turbid icy water.

Drags—ladders—ropes—here they come. Back—back—everybody shouts it—yet everybody crowds around. There he is—no it is not—only his hat—back, or you will be in too—the ice can't stand so many—hark! it cracks—there is a general rush to the banks—a rapid scattering of the grouped spectators. Only the icemen and a few of the boldest stand about the gap on the overflowed field. Where did he sink—which way was he going? A dozen different replies. Ladders are shot across the breach—drags plunge into the sullen water—men fish with hooked poles amid the jingling floating ice. There—you have him—no—his clothes tore as the iron hook brought him to the surface. Below again. Ropes—drags—ladders—bring them all. Ha! Bravely done! with a line round his waist, an iceman has plunged into the surging agitated water. He dives—he is up again. He has him now—a dripping senseless mass—clap on to the rope—haul them on the solid ice—up! safe! Crash—no, the ice has given way again—they are under. Never mind—another pull—another struggle—they are out—dragged rapidly from the hole. Quick, carry him along—back there—make way—fetch the surgeon. How blue—white and pinched is his face—how fastly clenched his hands! Serve him right—why did he go so near the “dangerous” mark? Hush—hush—the man is drowned—no he is not—see, he moves—he does—he don't.

The people crowd around the tent. A man comes out. Will he live? Uncertain. In to-morrow's papers the penny-a-liners will record a “Providential escape from drowning;” or they will wind up a sadder narrative with “The vital spark had fled.”

ANGUS B. REACH.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. IV.

HOW RAYS BECAME THORNBACKS.

IN ages long, long, very long before the first Flood of which we have any nautical account—ages so long gone by, that we, in this age, have no notion how old they were exactly—we read, in the Legends we are consulting, that the larger fish of the great deep were given to tyrannizing over the small fry, or little fishes ; and that the big, hulking Flat-fish especially presumed so much upon their size as to treat the insignificant Flat-fish with contempt and injustice in many extraordinary ways—in such ingenious ways, indeed, that we shall give the particulars of one of their modes of tyrannising : Firstly, for the edification of the Liberalism of this age ; and, Secondly, for the illustration of the ancient spirit of Feudalism all over the Old World, whether wet or dry, in all times. even the earliest : for Tyranny is of very great antiquity.

According to the Legend, no sooner, it seems, did that very common but very wholesome fish called the Thornback now—the Ray then—make up its marine mind, after a hard day's rowing and paddling about, to go to bed—to cast anchor, as it were, on a nice, clean, sandy bottom, up some shallow sea-creek, in which chamber-decencies the Ray was very particular—no sooner had Ray addressed himself to sleep, than some such saucy, swaggering, swashbuckler, bully sea-Bottoms, as your Turtle, Turbot, Brill, Hake, and the like overgrown flat-fish, themselves inclined to turn in and sleep off a sea-debauch, looked out deliberately to see where the Rays had made their beds ; and, to lie soft and easy, made *their* bed, and turned and tumbled in, upon the backs of these their weak and oppressed brethren. Was there ever such luxurious effeminacy ?—But, so goes the Legend, however nice, soft, and agreeably damp, sloppy, and hydropathic this sort of bed might be to these finical fellows, this aristocratical riding and overlaying of the poor Rays caused the kept-down, burdened, flattened wretches such miserable nights, they could not get a wink of sleep ; and they complained

“ To every watery god ; ”

and not without reason, that their rest was not rest, but night-porter's work, and worse and more wakeful than watchman-ship. Did they try to turn in bed, they complained, their lubberly lodgers flapped them unmercifully over the eyes with their fins, to make them lie still, till they were so black and blue with ill-treatment, that they looked like submarine blackguards next day, and for all the world as though they had been raking about all night with some marine Marquis of Waterford or other. Did they attempt to hoist these lethargic lodgers off their aching, breaking backs, the ruffians banged them so about their heads with their tails, that they were not fit to be seen out for a week, and kept their beds all day to recover from their bruises by night. So careless of all consequences to their suffering landladies and landlords were these single gentlemen, that, not unfrequently, one or other suffered the death of Desdemona, and was actually smothered by these ruffians during the night. The solemn mockery of holding an inquest on them was gone through next day; but what sort of justice was to be expected from a jury notoriously packed, and presided over by a watery Wakley, given himself to these same sensual indulgences? You may guess. They invariably acquitted the culprits by giving in the verdict, "Accidental smotherification;" and the lordly Turbot or aldermanic Turtle swam out of court without the shadow of a stain on his character: so said the coroner.

As the Legend remarks, if Dabs and Flounders, and "such small deer," had so indulged, the intrusion, the innovation might have been borne patiently; but when a spanking Turtle made a Ray his truckle-bed for the night, the difference was all the difference, and very material. Only imagine one of these huge fellows, in his heavy cuirass, with enough soup lying latent in him to satisfy (and that is saying something) the whole Court of Aldermen and their ward-deputies—only imagine him the heavily-slumbering incumbent of a weakly Ray during a long sea-night in the short December days! No wonder that poor Ray complained all the following day of feeling as if he had undergone a frightful fit of indigestion! No wonder that he could not swim, as he used to do, anywhere across the creek! No wonder that his back ached, and he could not help thinking he had a touch of the lumbago! The great Seal, too, sometimes took it into his lubberly head to sleep at Ray's, and left such an impression of his ugly mug in the relaxed solids of his landlord, that the poor fellow got

quizzed even by his fellow-sufferers for wearing the ignoble crest of his late lodger on his surcoat—viz., a sea-calf's head *argent*, looking soft, or stupid! This was hard to bear! Even that blundergadgeon the Bottlenose sometimes turned in at Ray's; and the

“Dolphin, baring his back of gold,”

but with no loose silver about him to pay for his night's lodging; and the Porpoise, he must come, every now and then, clumsily rolling over one of these flat-chamberlains like flat-candlesticks, as recklessly as a rolling-pin goes over a dab of dough, kneading him so thinly and finely out, that poor Ray looked like an attenuated crumpet, or a light upper-crust for a large piece of pastry not yet clapped over the baking-dish. A horrible life to lead this! No wonder that the Rays groaned under it!

At length, so goes the Legend, these burdens more than they could bear—these private grievances—became so intolerable, the poor back-broken *Raiidæ* could no longer, would no longer endure them; and at a great hole-and-corner meeting (for they did not dare to assemble openly, lest their oppressors should interrupt their proceedings) they unanimously

—————“pray'd the great Jove of the Deep,
Sedge-hair'd Neptune,”

to right their wrongs, and save them from these imperious Incubi. He, god-like, listened to their petition—for it was respectfully worded—and promised to redress their grievances, which, he allowed, were too bad!

At this time, so goes the Legend, these ineffectual Rays, (now so flat, fleshy, and one of them fish enough for six pavours on a fast-day,) though broad to look at, and round as young Norval's shield,* were of no substance to speak of—were thin, flabby, flat, and flannelly as Shrove Tuesday pancakes; and no wonder, when they were so perpetually Turtle-ridden, Turbot-ridden, and Grandee-ridden, that they had no pleasure of their lives! They were so poor a fish, indeed, at this time—there was so little meat and such trifling, niggling picking upon their bones—that his Marine Majesty would not allow one of them to be put upon the Imperial table: for he swore lustily (as all marine people are apt to do) that they were not worth the bottle of Burgess's sauce which made

* See Douglas.

them passably palatable. The Nereids turned up their nice noses at a slice of Ray, and said, "No, thankye, Sir!" and preferred prawns and shrimps. The great Amphitrite said they were good for nothing, whether broiled, boiled, or fried, but to clap to the chest by way of blister-plaister for a cold. Indeed, in such contempt were they held, that the very scullions of the Imperial kitchen turned up their noses, till they looked like conches, at the very sight of a Ray, dressed or undressed; the palace dogs lifted their legs in contempt if a fried Ray was flung to them; nay, even Queen Amphitrite's favourite tabby Tom (admired for his wavy fur and the regularity of its water-mark) spit at such fish, and swelled his tail; and the very water-rats would not touch it without anchovy-sauce and plenty of melted butter, not oiled. More than these, his Marine Majesty's father-confessor—mortified man as he was, and religiously rigorous in keeping all Fridays and fish-days—swore (without mental reservation) that he would be condemned to all eternity on dry land before such a poor dish of fish should be served up to him in Lent, though accompanied with egg-sauce and parsneps *ad libitum*. Oh—and we might sighing say—ah! no wonder that these refracted Rays were rejected by such epicures! For, poor creatures, what opportunities had they to make themselves agreeable to good stomachs, when half their natural lives was passed in a sort of unnatural, uneasy, wide-awake nightmare? Expect as soon a poet to write happily whose heart is heavy with injurious poverty.

"But," so goes the Legend, "the day of retribution was at hand." His Marine Majesty, having listened with much attention (for a monarch) to their humble petition for redress of grievances, turned it over to his Ministers, who bestowed an attention almost *not* ministerial on the affair; and, accordingly, an Imperial mandate was issued, at the instance of the Neptunian Lords of the Admiralty, signed

"JOHN WILSON CUTTLEFISH, *Secretary*,"

in which "My Lords licensed and permitted His Marine Majesty's poor and oppressed subjects, natives of his seas, intituled and commonly called *Raiidæ*, or Rays, to be and to go armed *en fluke* in and about any and all of His Majesty's broad and narrow seas, creeks, harbours, and havens, for their better protection from lawless oppressors, and for the safety of the persons of these humble servants of His Majesty. And this Warrant hereby

licenses His Majesty's faithful subjects the *Raidæ* to go armed *en fluke* accordingly."

"No sooner said than done," says the Legend: for in the very same day in which My Lords issued this Imperial manifesto, the oppressed and depressed Rays felt all over they knew not how, nor how to describe the sort of new sensation which was shooting through their beridden, bedridden backs, as though they were breaking out in boils; and some such eruption did show itself, sure enough—in an hour or two came to a head, as doctors and old women say, broke, suppurated, and healed or cicatrized in two more—and this painful process being over, and their alarm appeased, the poor Rays examined each other, and found, to their great joy, that their flat, soft, smooth, unbumpy, undefended backs were as well-protected now from all jumping up behind, as the backboards of postchaises are to keep the boys off; and that every fish Jack of them was armed with half-a-hundred bony thorns, sharp-pointed as cobblers' awls, catching as fishhooks, and tearing as tenpenny nails. There were vociferous cries of "Hear, hear!" and "See, see!" and then one, loud, unanimous shout sent up by these fishy poor people, of "Death to the Tyrants!" which turned every Turtle and Turbot in those seas, far and near, as pale as Bass's pale ale—if anything, paler. Oh the congratulations—the cheers, till their mouths were all awry, the exceeding gratitude to their great god Neptune, and the roe-felt thanks to, and laudations of, all the gods besides, which were heard all that fine day among these finny fellows! The shallows and sea-creeks were all in a commotion with their lively gambolling throughout that happy day, which did not pass unobserved by their superiors, though, in their pride, they took not even the pains to inquire into it, and learn its cause. Fatal security! Imbecile indifference! No; they took no pains then, because they had their pains to take. But all in good time, and not to outrun our story. "In that memorable hour," says the Legend, "a great authority among them gave them, thus armed, the name of Thornbacks, and it has stuck to them to this day."

"They wanted little or no instruction," says the Legend, "how to use their new weapons: a new instinct taught them this in no time at all. They felt their fitness for defence at once, and felt that they were saved, and a redeemed race of *Raidæ*." As they repaired that evening to their accustomed mooring-grounds, they could not help hugging themselves with a malicious pleasure

to think how they should astonish the natives, their old lodgers, when they turned in for the night ; and get rid for ever, at an hour's warning, of a pestilent set of free fellows, more free than welcome, who never paid even a shrimp for their accommodations, and yet could not be commonly civil to their landlords and landladies. At sunset—and a glorious sunset it was, according to all accounts, as if in honour of the new order of things mundane and reform of abuses marine—the Thorneys lay down for the first night's rest they had had for many a long year, each one keeping his weather-eye wide awake to what was sure to ensue shortly. The Legend goes on to give the experiences of some scores of sufferers on this ever-memorable night ; but we shall content ourselves with the history of what happened to one, as a fair average sample of what befel the rest on that occasion.

Ray had laid himself flat on the level sandy bottom as usual—had folded his fins up carefully, for they would now be of some use to him—and waited, with one eye winking wickedly upwards, when a fine, fat, grandiose, gentlemanly Turbot, as big, burly, and bouncible as a Dutch burgomaster, comes swimming overhead, (he knew him again—he had lodged him many times before,) surveys his accommodations with the air of anybody but a fellow who paid nothing for them—hems, and hesitates, and thinks they will do—stops his paddles—goes on easy ahead a bit, then takes half-a-turn astern—hovers till he covers the chuckling Thorney as exactly as a lid covers a kettle ; and then, as gradually as a North-Country barge sinks in the subsiding waters of a Paddington Canal lock, lets and lowers himself down upon the cushiony couch he had chosen for that night's snoozing. Thorney says nothing, but he winks his roguish eye upward at my snug, smug, single gentleman as he comes down to bed, as who should say, " Now will I astonish a native ! " and lies stone still, only slightly wagging that tail of his, which makes a Thornback to this day look so like a back view of the head, with tail and ear-curls, of a fashionable man of A.D. 1780—Charles Fox, for instance.

If you are passing a fishmonger's shop, obliging Reader, look at a Thornback as he lies on the leads or hangs dangling on a hook, and you will see the resemblance immediately.

To return to Mynheer Turbot, whom we left settling down for the night. The Rays had a particular grudge against these Turbots, they had oppressed them with such Dutch gravity—such

perfect phlegm—as though they were obliging them, and doing them a great service. A fine, lively Turtle they did not mind so much, though a tyrant and hard to bear; but these great, grand, dignified, dull Turbots, “Death to them!” To return to Mynheer, whom we left going to bed. It seems that, not satisfied with his own gratuitous lodging, he has had the cool assurance to bring a friend home with him, as there is room enough for two, he knows, he has so repeatedly gone over poor Ray like a flattening-mill. Mynheer proposes to lie in German fashion—Thorney at bottom, himself in the middle, and his friend at top, like the uppermost bed at an Innspruck hotel. Or, perhaps, Mynheer means to be the slice of ham between two slices of bread and butter, Thorney the under slice, and his friend the upper? The Reader will understand the last simile the best of the two. Without saying one *Ave* or *Pater*, this indecent Turbot is about to tumble on to his bed—and he does: he gives a dive, and flings his lubberly length along, when ah, all ye watery gods! what, in the name of all their submarine divinities, what is the matter with the mattress to-night? He might as well have flung himself for a little downy rest on a sea-urchin! He is dreadfully hurt, and no wonder! He feels all over his umbilical region like a house-breaker who, in running away from the watch, has leaped upon, instead of over, a wall set with snags of glass-bottles; or like a tabby Tom who is quarrelling with a tortoiseshell Tom among tenter-hooks. He is no sooner in bed than he is out of it with the convulsive spring-up of an old lady who has squatted down on her cat! His landlord affects as much surprise as he; and, to make his lodging to his liking, gives himself a few wafts up and down, as though to shake up his feathers, and make all soft and smooth, and without lumps and bumps. Flattered by these seeming attentions to his comfort, Mynheer goes to bed again; but he is no sooner thinking of making himself comfortable than his sullen, silent landlord flings up as a mule kicks up his heels when he resents his rider as a tailor, throws him up as a cook would a pancake, and at the same time pierces and transpierces his white waistcoat through and through with half a hundred thrusts of his thorns, twice given (Total: One hundred eyelet-holes in his best doublet); and then, by way of a *coup de grace*, he gives him just such a rough rasping as a baker bestows on a French brick too brown for custom; or as a wool-comber gives a card of coarse wool in heckling it out. The operation is now over, and one of

these grand, imperious Tarquins has already got his bellyful of this despised Brutus. Look now at Mynheer Turbot, so lately the glass of flat-fish fashion and the mould of flat-fish form! Behold how his best—in fact, his only—vest is torn into a hundred shreds and ribands, and is streaked all up and down with unseemly streams of his own *ichor*! Oh sight too shocking to see!—That he roars “Murder!” and “Watch!” in the Marine language is not to be wondered at. But, out, alas! his cry is only the signal for ten thousand similar invocations, which the Sea-watch waking hear, but they are so bewildered which to run to first, that they stand stock still, and let these bawlers and callers for “Help!” come and fetch it if they want it. That the whole wishy-washy, watery neighbourhood is as much alarmed as if a fire had broken out in that uninsured sea-street (no Sun Fire Office conflagration, but a Vulcanian or a volcanian flare-up, such as sometimes affrights the Deep, but, as there is no waiting for turn-cocks, is soon got under)—this also is no wonder!

The revolution—for it is no less—is now begun. The despised *Jacquerie* are up, and being revenged: the Aristocracy are down, and being dreadfully punished. In five minutes there is not one of these *beaux gens* who has a waistcoat fit to be seen in, the ripping is so general. But, to finish with Mynheer: while he is roaring for “Help!” with his mouth all awry, like an askew arch, Thorney, that sly fellow, has put his paddles in motion, chuckling rows away as if for a wager, and is in the next submarine street in no time. The watch come scudding past him—ask what’s the matter, and where, and he tells them and directs them, and rows on rejoicing; but before they can come up to him, Mynheer, exhausted by the loss of his vital ichor, has turned over on his back, and looks like nothing so much as a spitchcocked Eel glittering in a jelly of his own making. See where he lies, white-waistcoat upwards, like a poor-law guardian after an extra-parochial dinner, drunk as any lord—that gets drunk, and lying as large as one in the gutter! They turn him over, and soon see that he is past all surgery, and *in articulo mortis*. Carried into the worshipful presence of the Dogberry of that watery ward, the fair friend whom Mynheer had brought home with him in vain essays to give some account, such as would satisfy a sea-jury, how her gallant came by his hundred wounds, each one a death; but in the opening of her evidence she swoons away—flop! She is carried out, to be recovered; and he is dead, past all recovery.

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas !
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore !"

"In all other parts of these seas and creeks," so goes the Legend, "similar scenes, wounds, outeries, and doleful tragedies, were enacted in this dreadful night. Throughout the watery realms of Old Neptune, Death swam abroad ; and there was not a tyrant, let him be Turtle, Turbot, Brill, great Plaice, or Sole enough for three, but had his own private and particular reasons for regretting that he had oppressed, till they would bear it no longer, the once harmless Rays." The statistical returns (still extant in the Neptunian State Paper Office) show that somewhere about three millions of the privileged classes who had quartered themselves on those long-suffering landlords had the umbilical parts of their persons punctured all over, as if for a waistcoat all button-holes : that slashed doublets (Spanish fashion) were "all the kick," as we say, for some time ensuing : that sea-surgery or body-tailoring and fine-drawing, was going on in all directions in all the fashionable watering-places : that there was not a Turtle or Turbot that could say with Hamlet it "knew not *seams*:" that such few of the tyrannical many as survived that rebellion learnt to respect their humble fellow-fishes ; and if they occasionally slept out, it was not effeminately, and not at other people's expense : they paid their way, and did not forget the chambermaid and boots in the morning.

According to the Neptunian Admiralty's returns of the killed and wounded in this naval engagement, it seems that in the single sea-creek where this revolutionary movement began, about thirteen thousand of these Turbots were pinked, crimped and slashed, till they turned over on their backs with their bellies full of wounds ; and, more frightful sacrifice to justice, that at the lowest computation twelve thousand Turtles, averaging full twenty quarts apiece (soup measure), fell, during this shocking slaughter—this wilful waste of Turtle-soup, which has brought woeful want of it on the world to this day. Like the French cuirassiers at Waterloo, these tyrants thought themselves thoroughly impregnable and invincible in their shells ; and so they were, till an ingenious Ray showed that they were come-at-able through their sides—under their arms, as it were. Good ! And now the gallant Rays got at them as readily as solar rays get through chinks in a wall, and ripped

their seams up, like so many tailors translating old garments into new. "All nature," so goes the Legend, "shuddered to hear such an awful cracking of callipashes and callipees ; but there was no help for it : like lobster-boiling, it must be done to do them properly, and serve them up as a dish fit for the gods." As much as Alderman Curtis would have mourned the sad necessity, if such a crime had been committed in his time, his good old Marine Majesty lamented this frightful abuse of Turtle : he was even weak enough to shed salt tears when he signed their death-warrant, for it was nothing less when he issued these letters of marque and reprisal to the Rays. He was so choked and subdued by sorrow, indeed, that he could hardly shake his trident at them, and call them the d—d sea-scoundrels they were, and he knew well they were. His good queen, too, shed tears of tender compassion ; and "these were the first pearls," so says the Legend. In that awful hour, also (according to a note in the Appendix), the then unembodied spirits, predestined to become the souls or vivifying principles of London aldermen and great guttling citizens in after-ages, and in this age, and in ages still to come, till aldermen shall be no more, and great citizens are all gone out, like sparks in a burnt sheet of paper, shuddered to see such an enormous sacrifice of soup in the wild spirit of revenge. What though these Turtles were tyrants, they urged, their tyranny would surcease as soon as they were boiled down. Birch and Bleaden would make them as gentle as a jam, and as sensitive as a jelly. Neptune heard

" Their murmurs, with sighing sent,"

and, looking as black as thunder at them, bade them hold their ghostly tongues, and go about their business : he would not hear a word more in mitigation of punishment. By his Imperial trident, threatening with it these grumblers, he swore that a terrible example should be made of the oppressors of his patient poor sea-people ; and when he swore, these ghosts of sitting aldermen thereafter hurried from his presence, perfectly ashamed of his Majesty, shaking their heads at such an example to his subjects, and wondering where he had been brought up, in what vulgar under-water Wapping, that he had learned such coarse, unkingly expressions. It is supposed, and it seems probable, psychologically considered, that to the shock they received in this contemplated sacrifice of Turtle is to be traced the sadness of spirit which sits on aldermen when on the bench, and makes them so

severe with drunken sailors, Billingsgate fishwives, and all water-men brought before them for abusing the Queen's English ; and which makes them so malecontent when at the board, that they seem never to be soup-satisfied. And this it is, it is likewise said, which renders my Lord Mayor's Show so sad a sight to see, when you can get a glimpse of it through the gloom of November ! This it is which makes the entertainment after dinner dull, though Count Skimmilkpenandink, the Dutch ambassador, is present and pleasant ! And this it is which makes the four-and-twenty aldermen, in full court assembled, so grave a deliberative body, with so little wit, that it is not worth mentioning.

"And from that time," so goes the Legend, "the Rays being armed, and a match for the tyrannical Turtles, had no more seagentry quartered upon them, as though they were the publicans and tavern-keepers of the Deep, whether they had lodgings to let or no ; and thus ended the tyranny of two in a bed. And this," says the Legend distinctly, "is the veritable origin of Rays now going to sea armed *en fluke*, and being called Thornbacks."

MORAL—

At the discretion of the ingenious Reader.

A NEW-YEAR'S SONNET.

Now, while the chimes their gladsome message ring,
Saying to lone ones who keep house with Fear,
In tones by Night and Silence made more clear,
"Rejoice ! Look upward ! It will soon be Spring !"
A quaint remainder to mine heart they bring,
That Earth, by man's distress worn grey and sere,
Hath nought more ancient than the New-born year.

New hopes, new ties, new blossoms promising !
So is Creation older than Decay :
So doth removal Ruin's spite outlast ;
Therefore, no more, O friends ! with brows o'ercast
Hang over graves fresh-opened yesterday !
Sweet vest—bright Summer—lie on yonder waste ;
Take up the load once more : go boldly on your way !

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

AN IDLER "ON IDLENESS."

IN these days, when thinkers on social organisation and multitudinous philanthropists are striving to the utmost of their ability (or inclination) to ameliorate the condition of the people, it is interesting to meet with a person, who not only denies the necessity for such amelioration, but looks upon all who attempt it as fools, or something worse. A man like this I encountered some short time since, who struck me as a very good specimen of the sceptical do-nothing class.

I was on board the "Orwell," Ipswich steam-vessel, intending to be landed at that nice little Essex watering-place, Walton-on-the-Naze. I had brought a lately-published book with me, to serve as a resource in case the voyage seemed tedious; but happening the evening before to dip into the commencement of it, I was so much interested that I resolved to resume it on board the steamer pretty early in the day's travelling. Accordingly, when breakfast was over, and we had fairly left Gravesend some distance behind us, I descended into the saloon, and seating myself in a very satisfactory sort of sofa, prepared to enjoy the good things which the author had provided for me. An elderly stout gentleman was sitting at a table close to me, with a newspaper in his hand, which he was perusing with a very uncomfortable and contemptuous expression of countenance. I had not read a dozen words of my book, when he threw down the newspaper, exclaiming loudly, "Stuff!—Gammon!—Infernal nonsense and humbug!"

I looked up in some surprise at this outbreak, not knowing exactly whether I was to consider it as addressed to myself, or as a soliloquy. The stout gentleman continued:—

"Ah, sir!—all humbug, and nothing else. Is n't it too bad, when I buy a copy of the "Times"—the "*Times*"—sir, mind me, and not one of your twopenny-halfpenny papers—is n't it too bad, I say, when I buy a paper like this, expecting to find something rational and entertaining in it, to amuse me in this confounded long, stupid voyage to Ipswich—is n't it too bad, I say again, to find it filled with debates in parliament about the 'condition of the people,' and letters from correspondents about the 'condition

of the people,' and leading articles about the 'condition of the people?' 'Curse the 'condition of the people!' It's enough to make a man sick, to be dosed with such cant!"

"You are not interested, then, sir, in the 'condition of England question,' as Carlyle calls it?" said I.

"Sir," said he, "I am interested in what concerns myself, and myself only, and I leave other people to take care of their own affairs—that's *my* way, sir. As for such a deistical, atheistical scoundrel as Carlyle, sir, I don't care a button what he says. I saw the Bishops hanging out of his window in Fleet-street; and I'd have given a trifle to have seen him himself hanged on a scaffold in the Old Bailey."

"I do not mean *Richard Carlyle*, sir," said I, smiling, in spite of decency, at this ridiculous mistake: "I mean *Thomas Carlyle*, author of 'The French Revolution,' 'Past and Present,' and other excellent works."

"Sir," said he, "I know nothing of *him* or *them*, and what's more, I don't *want* to know. If he writes humbug about 'social amelioration,' and 'elevation of the masses,' and such like stuff—as by your account I suppose he does—stirring up poor, ignorant people to be discontented with their own lot and the lot of those they see around them; why then, I say, he's no writer for me—Steward, a glass of brandy and water!"

I was so much amused by this sturdy advocate for "things as they are," that I determined to pursue the conversation, instead of reading my book or going upon deck, one or the other of which I should have done, had he been less violent and absurd.

"But surely, sir," said I, "some improvement is desirable and possible."

"All *possible* improvement will take place in due course, sir," said he; "and that without you or I troubling our heads about it. They talk of the 'people.' Sir, I know the people, and I know there is not one distressed poor man in fifty whose distress has not arisen from his own fault. Drunkenness, sir, drunkenness is the bane of the English workman—Steward, are you going to bring me that glass of brandy-and-water to-day?"

"Then you deny general distress?" said I.

"Any greater distress than is usual and inherent in every properly-constituted society I *do* deny," said he. "Sir, there is a cant of philanthropy now, as there have been other cants; but this morbid nonsense will pass away in time. I will relate an

incident that occurred to myself, not three months ago ; an incident that confirmed me more in my belief of the humbug of the ' poor man ' cry than twenty octavo volumes could have done."

" I shall be very happy to hear it, sir," said I.

" Well, sir," said he, " you must know that I reside in a snug villa of my own, not far from Ipswich. Providence has blessed me with a sufficiency, which I inherit from my father, who was one of the most celebrated merchants, sir, in the city of London. I grow my own vegetables—am never at a loss in my hothouse for grapes, melons, and such like ; and have always a bottle of good port in my cellar. So, sir, I live comfortably, owing nothing, and envying no man.

" Well, about three months ago, as I said, I was strolling about my little front garden after breakfast, when, as I happened to lean over the railings close to the high road, a dirty ragged sort of fellow, who was crawling by, stopped right before me and began to beg. There was something in the fellow's appearance I didn't like at all. He had a beard of a week's growth seemingly, was unwashed, and without a decent article of clothing upon him. Well, he began begging as I said, and I told him to go and get work, and not lead that disreputable kind of life.

" ' Work ! ' said he ; ' ah, I wish anybody would give me work.' "

" ' Do you mean to say you would work if you could ? ' said I.

" ' Ah, master, try me,' said the fellow.

" Well, a thought came into my head that I would just satisfy myself whether he really *was* of an industrious turn ; or whether, as I strongly suspected, he was only an idle vagabond, who chose rather to beg than to earn his own livelihood.

" ' Very well, I *will* try you,' said I. ' Here, just step this way.' "

" Well, I took him into a large gravel yard on one side of the house where I keep fowls.

" ' Now,' said I, ' take a spade and dig a hole on the left side of this yard. The hole must be nine feet long, four feet broad, and three feet deep. Throw all the earth, when you have dug the hole, on the right side of the yard. You shall have a shilling and your dinner for doing this.' "

" I gave him this job because I had read about their serving paupers so in the poor-houses, and I thought it was a good plan to try him.

"Well, the fellow looked very much pleased. He got the spade, pulled off his miserable coat and waistcoat in a twinkling, and set to work. I went into the house, and towards the evening, as I was sitting with a friend or two over our wine after dinner, I was told that he had finished the task. I went out to see about it, and, sure enough, the hole was dug just as I had directed, and the earth was all piled neatly up on the right side of the yard.

" 'Here 's the shilling,' said I; 'and now go into the scullery and get some bread and cheese and beer. Come to-morrow morning at ten o'clock; I shall have some more work for you.'

"Well, he was very thankful, and next morning at ten he made his appearance. I hardly knew the fellow, for he had got shaved; he had most certainly washed, and somehow his clothes did not look quite so bad as they had looked the day before.

"I took him into the yard where he had dug the hole.

" 'There,' said I, 'take a spade and fill up that hole with the earth you see piled up on one side. Strew gravel neatly on the top, and roll it hard with that garden-roller.'

"I had no sooner said this than I saw the fellow begin to look sulky. He muttered something about 'digging a hole and filling it up again,' and seemed in no hurry to begin.

" 'What!' said I, 'do you grumble at working for an honest livelihood? Do you refuse to do what I order you?'

" 'I didn't refuse,' he muttered, in a surly sort of voice.

" 'Then begin at once,' said I, 'and when you have done you shall have a shilling and your dinner, as you had yesterday.'

"Well, he didn't seem very willing, but in the course of the day he finished the job—took his shilling and dinner—and when he went away I told him to be with me again at ten the next morning, as I had more work for him.

"I didn't much expect him, I must say; but at ten, or a little after next morning, sure enough he came.

"I took him into the yard again.

" 'Now I'll tell you what I want done,' said I; 'you're getting used to it now, so it will come easy. Just dig a hole on the left side of the yard there. Let the hole be twelve feet long, two feet broad, and two feet deep. Pile the earth up nicely on the right side of the yard. When the job is finished you shall have a shilling and your dinner as usual.'

"Sir, I wish you could have seen the face of the rascal when I said this. I thought he was going to knock me down.

" 'I wont do it!' says he, 'I'll starve first!'

" 'You wont do it?' I said.

" 'No; I wont!' says he, in a voice you might have heard a mile off; 'I wont, and so I tell you! Do you think a poor man 'ant no sense of what's right and proper? You've made a fool of me once, but you wont twice.'

" 'Ah!' said I, 'so I find you're just what I thought you were, a lazy vagabond, who prefers begging to working. I've tried you and know you. Get out of my house, or I'll have you taken up for a vagrant.'

" Well, he was going to be impudent I believe, but I set my large mastiff at him, and 'gad, he was very glad to be off. Ever since that time, whenever I see or read of paupers and people in distress, and so on—I say to myself, 'would they work for a shilling and their dinner?' It's all very well for silly women to talk about destitution and the sufferings of the poor; but men of the world know its humbug—humbug, sir, and nothing else!"

Here the elderly gentleman—who seemed to have talked himself into a great heat—started up, and thrusting the newspaper into his pocket, left the saloon in much haste for the deck. I laughed a little, and resumed the perusal of my book. A. W.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

CHAPTER I.

WRECK OF THE STEAM PACKET "ENDEAVOUR," OFF THE COAST OF WALES.—
FORTY LIVES LOST.—THE RAFT.—ESCAPE OF THE REST OF
THE PASSENGERS AND CREW.

"Go below! down in the cabin! not I!" exclaimed a sturdy passenger, grasping the starboard bulwark with both hands, while the vessel, having every prospect of shipwreck on a lee shore, rolled and tossed amidst the surges. "Go below! What? among all the screaming children and ghost-faced women, fainting or falling on their knees to pray—not I, indeed! I won't do it; and it's of no use to—Why! well! If you *are* the captain of the packet, you are not *my* captain, and I won't stir from this place!"

A violent cross-wave at this moment burst against the starboard quarter of the steamer, beating in a part of the bulwark, and slant-

ing off in a long dense column, it smashed down and fairly carried away before it the whole of the paddle-box and wheel, on that side. The passenger who had just spoken, together with the captain and several others, were all driven along the deck, close to the larboard gangway ; but amidst the howling of the wind, and the voices of the captain and mates, and the cries of alarm from all sides, this one passenger's ejaculations, every now and then, broke through the dissonance around.

"Go below all of us, do you say?—Below in the crowded cabin, to be drowned in the dark, like so many blind groping things, struggling and maundering one over the other! Oh, it's of no use swearing—landsmen or not, no matter for that, here I stand! I'm *not* in your way—Here I stand! Will you, though? *Let* the sea wash me overboard! I'm *not* in your way—I say I won't go below, and it's all no use!"

Here the vessel struck against some rocks ; and the remaining paddle-wheel on the leeward side, by the concussion, was broken clean off, and the next instant it was seen tossing away upon the boiling surface of the sea, like some child's plaything.

"Force us all below, will you? Not while I have a limb left. *Let* the sea wash us overboard! better so, than be drowned groping and struggling about like blind whelps and kittens in a water-butt! I choose to stay on the deck at all risks—to look my fate in the face, and meet it like a man. I choose to have my chance—my fair chance of escape somehow. Below there is *no* chance. The sea! *Let* the sea wash us overboard, and be——"

The voice of the speaker was abruptly buried in the clattering fall of a mass of rigging and a broken topsail-yard from aloft, which knocked him flat upon the deck, together with several others who were standing near, all of whom were completely overlaid by the heavy tangled mass ; and a huge wave at the same time leaping up, like some great white-headed monster, upon the deck, the entire heap was covered over by a white running sheet of foam, and swept off, like the merest rubbish, into the sea.

This dreadful spectacle so alarmed all the other passengers who had remained upon the deck, instigated by the example and ejaculations of the man who had just vanished from their sight, that they now obeyed the orders of the first mate, and staggering and stumbling wildly across the deck, went huddling down below. It was evening. The lights in the dusky cabin flickered and flared with the fitful roll of the vessel, and often went out. The

howling of the wind and the dashing of the sea were by this time terrific.

And below in the cabin,—what a scene was there ! How can any words describe its frantic dismay—its mute agony—its varied forms of passion, or prostration of mind and body—its dreadful and overwhelming confusion ! Men and women hurrying backwards and forwards and across, like frightened animals in a cage, hither and thither, without purpose, asking hurried questions which they themselves do not understand, and not seeming even to hear their own voices ; others standing with a fixed stare and open mouths ; and some sitting with bloodless cheeks and chattering teeth, and their knees jerking up and down with the same rapidity. Here, several men very busy in getting together their valuables, which they cannot disentangle, or which they drop about and rush away from ; there, a man trying to secrete something under a table,—something to save himself with ; here, a group of women on their knees, praying aloud, and others fainting, or in fits, or uttering, every now and then, shrieks of terror at each blow of a bursting wave against the vessel's side, and at each concussion upon the rocks beneath—with the constant cry of “ Oh God, save me !—Oh God, have mercy upon me ! ” At this horrid moment the prayer is made by the utterer for himself only. The sole exceptions were a woman and her husband, who cried “ Oh God, save us ! ” and a mother, with her children clinging madly round her, who constantly cried “ Oh God, save my poor children ! ” This scene lasted a full hour.

The vessel now rose upon a huge billow, as if ascending a steep hill, and was then pitched forward upon a rock. Her bows were stove in, and the sea instantly filled the fore-cabin. The vessel, however, had a thick bulk-head of oak between the fore-cabin and the engine-room, so that she did not fill a' midships ; but the passengers in the after-cabin hearing the cry of horror that accompanied the crash, fully believed the vessel was going down instantly. A general rush was made to the ladder—nobody could ascend—the hatches were securely battened down—they struggled, and cried, and beat about in vain—all lights were extinguished in the disorder, and the scene below was one human chaos of horror and hopeless violence amidst a darkness which lent all its aid to their already frantic imaginations. But presently several of the scuttles and cabin-windows were broken and burst through, and the sea, like so many serpents from various quarters, came gurgling and

hissing in. Some of the passengers, believing the last moment had arrived, fell down insensible ; and the others ran in a wild herd over them. At this hideous crisis one man, either stronger than any of the rest, or possessing the superior power of a definite purpose, in addition to his strength, bearing also some iron instrument in his hand, made his way with wedge-like force through the dense crowd on the ladder, and with redoubling blows, each heavier than the last, smashed all the wood-work above, and let the passengers out upon the deck. He stopped to assist several of them up, and to clear the passage for the others, and then hurried away to another part of the deck, evidently with some design in his mind.

The first emotion of the passengers on emerging from their horrible condition below, was that of a gasping sense of recovered freedom and life ; and their first impulse was to rush forward somewhere to escape somehow. But the next moment a change, almost as terrible as the scene they had left, took possession of their faculties. Above, in the sky, a discoloured smoky heap of driving clouds showed intervals of a clear and lurid light through the scudding rack ; and now and then they caught a glimpse of the jagged moon, magnified and deformed by their alarmed imaginations into some high-dancing and devilish meteor,—the wind howling and rioting through and through the rocking masts, and the sea on the windward side, springing up in great spires of white and glittering foam, the points rising at the starboard quarter and running rapidly along the vessel's edge, getting higher and higher, till bending a fierce dragon-like neck they precipitated themselves across the forecastle, and plunged again into the sea on the other side. The dismayed passengers ran about wildly, sometimes coming in violent collision with the sailors, or with each other, falling upon the deck, and others stumbling over them, till presently some became breathless and still, and others clung, moaning with horror, to whatever was nearest to them. The vessel had been carried over the first ledge of rocks, and was nearing the shore. She had parted all her anchors. All heavy merchandize and packages had been thrown overboard. A cry was now raised of "The boats ! The boats !" It was found that the sailors had been getting out, and were lowering the boats. Everybody rushed to that side.

The first boat that was lowered reached the water head foremost, through hasty mismanagement—filled, and instantly sank.

The next boat was capsized in the confusion that prevailed,—several passengers jumping overboard in a state of blind excitement, while the boat was sinking, in their terror of being left behind. The boat, now lowered, which was the barge, and very broad in the beam, and strong, reached the water in safety, and was rapidly filled by a crowd, so that not another individual could possibly be admitted; but before they had succeeded in pushing her off, and while the over-crowded boat was tossing high up the vessel's side, almost to a level with the deck, and then descending as if to reach her keel, the foremast of the steamer snapped close off, and went crashing over the side! Instantly eight or ten more people leaped into the boat, upon the heads of the crowd, and as instantly the whole of them went down, before a single one had time to extricate himself from the densely-packed throng. It was the last boat they had!

And now all of those on the high-pitching deck of the doomed vessel gave themselves up for lost. Some uttered screams; others groaned, and wrung their hands; some prayed aloud on their knees; some rushed to and fro, with loud, incoherent ejaculations, or gabbling to themselves like idiots;—but the predominating and most shocking characteristic was a selfishness, which, from its utterly undisguised excess and brutality, was often frightful to behold, and took the form of ferocity rather than mere self-preservation. It was as frightful in itself as the thing it feared. Two men happened to seize the same spar, and began to lash themselves to it, and, after a few confusing tangles of their ropes, they seized upon each other, and struggled savagely, though there were plenty of other spars close at hand; others thrust themselves into positions of apparent advantage, forcing somebody else out, perhaps to immediate destruction. Even women were not exempt from this treatment; while reckless and bewildered men went trampling over the bodies of fallen parents with their children, totally disregarding them, as though they were heaps of rope-yarn or refuse. Several passengers had two, and even three life-preservers under their great coats and cloaks, (one of these life-belts being enough for anybody of ordinary weight), and other passengers were running wildly about, offering all they had in the world for such a thing—but in vain.

But let us be just to human nature. These dreadful circumstances, at the crisis, are unfair trials of humanity. The great masses of mankind, or average of human character, are not

capable, either by their original nature or intellectual and moral habits, of sustaining themselves in such scenes as these. Nevertheless, there will almost always be found some exceptions. How grandly does a man, who retains his humanity amidst the general loss of it, stand out from all the rest!—how nobly, how divinely, do women often appear, even in their passive, self-possessed resignation and feeling for others! Nor were such examples wanting upon the present occasion. The very passenger, who had been in violent altercation with the captain as to going below, just before they were washed overboard, was observed, while they were drifting away upon the sea, to help the captain upon the broken main-topsail yard, to which they both clung till out of sight;—a sailor, who was the most expert in lowering the barge into the water, was the very last man who fairly got into it; and a poor Irish emigrant, returning home from Canada, had been continually assisting somebody, though excessively frightened himself, and frequently ejaculating “Och! some good saint come down and help us, for the honour of God;” but when anybody near him wanted assistance, he instantly forgot his own alarm.

Besides these passing instances, however, there were others of yet more marked character.

On the centre of the deck, in front of the compass-box, stood a man, with a cheek ashy pale, but an erect attitude and a steady eye. He bent his gaze alternately upon the hideous tumult around him on the deck of the vessel,—upon the raging sea,—and upon the equally turbulent commotion in the sky above. His look, however, was not very observing, nor speculative as to results, nor hopeful, nor resigned to his fate. It was rather the look of one who, not seeing any present means of escape, was waiting with a certain stoical fortitude for what might happen; and, to judge by his frequent gaze over the sea, his fortitude was attended, if not assisted, by a degree of abstraction, apparently the result of an habitual high tone of thought. By his side, with one hand held in his, stood a lady of some two or three and twenty years of age, whose unruffled appearance, both in her behaviour and her attire, in comparison with that of all the other women present, betokened a very considerable degree of self-possession. Her chief solicitude seemed to be devoted to a doubled-up figure, who sat on the deck at her feet, with his head enveloped in her shawl, and who remained—whether from age and infirmity of body, or weakness of mind—quite motionless.

"Archer," said the lady, in an under tone, addressing him who held her hand. He did not hear her.

"Those flaws in the sky," murmured he to himself, "do not vouchsafe to us one faint gleam of the hope of escape. Will they give us a brief glance into regions of the world to come? No, no; we must stare down into the black abysses of the sea, which show us the actual maw of death; and all our long account of a short life has to be wound up in a moment, and in the dark! Great God! why should the Here and the Hereafter so confound us! Why were we not given minds too mean to comprehend this dreadful pinnacle of time, or else large enough to take our two lives into our own steady vision!"

"Archer," repeated the lady. He bent his head close to her face. "Do you think my father could be got down into a boat, should any come to our rescue?"

"I think not, unless I could carry him down the ship's side, the safety of which to both of us would be very doubtful."

"I shall not leave him."

"Of course not."

"But if you can save yourself you must not remain with us."

"I shall remain."

"Dear Archer, to what purpose? If you can save yourself by any means, pray leave us this instant."

Archer pressed her hand. "I shall remain with you," said he.

His eye was again bent over the sea, with a painful, yet half-abstracted gaze. From this he was presently startled by the violent fall of two men and a child close at his feet, the men being engaged in a deadly conflict. The cause appeared to be, that one of them had a life-preserver belt, which he had fastened round the body of his little girl, and was in the act of attaching himself to the child by a piece of rope, when another man rushed upon them, and tore the life-preserver away from the child. This ruffian being much the stronger of the two, had now got both father and child beneath him upon the deck, the former of whom he had grasped so fiercely by the throat with both hands, that his face was already turning black, and his eyes starting from the sockets.

"Let go your hold!" exclaimed Archer, interposing—"Wretch! let go your hold!" Saying which he dragged the uppermost man backwards by the collar of his coat; but he had scarcely done this before two other men rushed upon the prostrate child and father,

and seized the life-preserver as their prize. Archer quitted the first assailant, and sprang towards them; the first assailant rose and also sprang upon them; the father rose and sprang upon them. Each one had a hand upon the life-preserver; and amidst the howling of the wind, the dashing over of frequent billows, the pitching and thumping of the vessel upon the rocks, and the screams of the child who was trodden under foot, the life-preserver was torn in pieces.

The first assailant, with the largest fragment in his grasp, reeled backwards to the gangway, and fell headlong into the sea; and one of the other assailants, together with the father, both in a state of blind fury at the destruction of the thing that was to save their lives, seized upon Archer, and would instantly have torn him to pieces, if they had but possessed claws and fangs, so like wild beasts was their assault upon him. But a blow upon the head of each from some one standing above the struggling group, laid the two wild beasts at their length upon the deck. It was the man who had broken his way out from the cabin, and liberated the passengers some time since. He was a strong finely-formed man, of the middle height, and about eight-and-twenty years of age. His only clothes were a pair of pilot-cloth trousers tightly bound round his loins with a black silk handkerchief, and a Guernsey frock fitting close to his body and arms. In his hand he held a stout marlinspike.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the lady, looking gratefully towards the man, as Archer rose from the deck, apparently little injured by the wild scuffle. Archer nodded his head expressively towards him in recognition of the service. The man looked alternately from the lady to Archer, and from Archer to the lady, and then at the muffled-up figure sitting upon the deck at her feet. "I think," said he, "I can manage to take you all into my party, and get you ashore somehow."

"What party!" said Archer hastily, "and how ashore? The boats are all lost!"

The man paused a second or two, and then said, in rather an under tone, "I have been making a raft—a good strong one, considering the time and other things. I meant it to carry ten or eleven, and I have picked out the best for it—men who behave like men, and not like sheep, nor wild beasts. And those ten are now sitting on the raft to guard it, while I came aft to see if I could find another or two, in which case I shall add another spar

or plank—and then launch her—so come this way—shall I carry the old man?” So saying, he approached the recumbent figure, and stooped over him with extended arms, to lift him up.

“Stop!” said Archer, “we are most grateful to you for this offer of help; but as your raft is made of pieces of timber fastened together, which may burst asunder, so is this vessel made of still more pieces of timber bound together far more strongly, and is therefore the safest thing of the two—at present.”

“That is true,” said the man, “but with such a sea and wind as this, and the vessel pitching and grinding upon the rocks, as she has been doing this hour, she may go to pieces suddenly, or with too little warning to give us time to launch the raft.”

“Then launch your raft and make it fast by ropes to the vessel, so that we may take to it at a minute’s notice.”

The man shook his head. “It would be dashed to pieces against the vessel, or torn asunder by the sea, even if the ropes would hold it. No—when the raft’s once launched, away she must go to leeward, with all upon her.”

“But surely,” exclaimed Archer energetically, “ten or twelve good men, acting upon excitement, could launch half an acre of raft, if previously placed in the most favourable position at a ship’s side!”

“Well—Perhaps you’re right! Come for’ard with me.” He stooped, and catching up the old man in his arms, hurried along the heaving deck, drily muttering, “My raft is certainly not half an acre.”

A few fathoms abaft the stump of the broken foremast, sat a group of detached figures, looking like old bundles of clothes, in the dismal, stormy darkness. Silent, immovable, their heads hunched up in jackets and cloaks, each one clung fast to his place on the raft, at once its occupant and its guard, riding up and down, as the deck rose and fell, and receiving every now and then the shock of a bursting wave rushing athwart the vessel. A piece of rope-lashing was wound round the left arm of each of them. Three of these dusky figures appeared to be women, and the rest were not all sailors.

CHAPTER II.

ESCAPE ON THE RAFT.—WELSH HOSPITALITY.—THE TWO SISTERS.—A HOT
BREAKFAST AFTER SHIPWRECK.—WALK TO A FARM.—

TALK BY THE WAY.

To those who retain their self-possession after a protracted period of personal peril, however great, in which the final blow of fate is continually threatened, yet not struck, there comes at last a sort of carelessness, or callous incredulity of the imagination, and a general hardening of the mind,—in fact, a fortitude which is very much the result of exhausted and deadened sensibility. All those who had taken up their post on the raft, remained there throughout this most dreadful night without much demonstration of apprehension or emotion. The wind howled, and the vessel pitched and tossed, and every now and then grated or thumped upon the rocks ; but it had been doing this for hours, and had not yet gone to pieces; it might not therefore go to pieces for some hours more. All the fore-cabin was full of water, and the engine-room was half full ; when it was quite full she would go down, but probably not before. The sea frequently dashed right over them ; still none of them had been washed overboard as yet, and of course they must continue to be watchful and hold fast. A great many lives had already been lost ; they, on the raft, could not help that. As for the remainder of the passengers in the afterpart of the vessel, fainting or dying, or rushing wildly about the deck, or clambering up the rigging, or uttering cries of horror and despair,—they, on the raft, could not help it. They only wished they might be able to help *themselves* when the moment came. What they felt most, was the wet and cold ; almost the sole object of their thoughts was daybreak, and hopes of some abatement in the storm, so that they might launch their raft and get ashore somewhere. Several of them dozed as they sat, and one man fell across a beam and snored in a dead exhausted sleep. The wind had shifted, but only to blow with almost equal strength from another quarter.

While all the party belonging to the raft were thus maintaining their position, the man who had brought Archer and his friends there, was standing at a little distance, earnestly examining the appearance of the scudding clouds. He presently returned, " You were right," said he, addressing Archer, " to

advise us to wait before we launched the raft. I think the storm will abate as the morning comes on."

"I told you it would, Harding," murmured the hoarse voice of an old sailor who sat doubled up on the raft.

"In that case," said Archer "some boats will probably be able to put off from the shore to us?"

Harding shook his head. "I don't think we can wait for that chance; the sea will not go down with the wind. There will be a tremendous swell for some time after. This vessel will go to pieces before twelve o'clock—perhaps sooner."

With the close of this brief colloquy all the party on the raft relapsed into their state of dogged endurance and comparative apathy to their situation. Their heads were again tucked down under their collars, and they took a fresh hold of the spars on which they sat. Those who had previously dozed, dozed again.

"This is a dreadful scene, Mary," said Archer, in an under tone, to the lady at his side. "Do you feel very much exhausted?"

"Yes," replied she, in a faint but perfectly steady voice, "I do; but it is of no use to think of that. We have much more to go through. I wish my father was not with us. He has not spoken this half-hour. His pulse is very low—I am holding his hands in mine."

Their friend in the Guernsey frock, whose name appeared to be Harding, now drew from underneath two or three folds of tarpaulin, a large cape, and a thick dreadnought coat, with which he closely enveloped both father and daughter, and then silently took his place upon the raft. In this state they all remained till the dismal dawn of morning.

The sun rose, it is true, but it seemed to creep up the gusty heavens like a dingy saffron ball, as if by the mere necessity of a physical law, rather than by those bright internal energies whereby that luminary habitually seems to exalt itself. Dull and oppressed with muddy driving vapours, it was frequently obscured altogether by the careering clouds. The wind gradually sank, and the bursting of the billows ceased; the swell, however, of the sea was prodigious, so that fresh lashings were requisite to keep the raft from sliding heavily from side to side, with the roll of the wrecked vessel. She had been again lifted clear off the rocks, and was now reeling about, like a dying top, within a few hundred fathoms of the shore.

The shore, notwithstanding the spray, was quite visible, and people were soon observed running down to the beach. There they stood, watching the wreck, but appearing not to know what to do, or not to be able to render assistance. The numbers of the group continued to increase ; still they did nothing but look. Signals of distress were repeated from all parts of the rigging on the two remaining masts. The people on the shore, however, did nothing but stand looking. It was maddening to see them. Fresh lookers-on continually joined them—but there were no signs of putting off a boat. Perhaps they had no boat? Perhaps there was no fishing station for miles distant, and no chance of a boat in time to save those upon the wreck?

The state of suspense soon became quite intolerable, and even the stoics upon the raft were unable to maintain their posts, but rose up and shouted wildly, and waved things in the air. At last those on the wreck descried a boat, which was hurried down the shelving beach by a group of men. The appearance was instantly greeted with one loud and screaming shout. The boat was speedily followed by a second, and both of them were safely launched, though not without great difficulty. As they approached the wreck, a general rush was made to the gangway, and to the vessel's side. Every one struggled, and pushed, and fought for the foremost places—everybody felt that the first boat which arrived was the one for him—that, in fact, it was coming on purpose for him, and a few more. The consequence of this was, that while the first boat was riding up and down at the vessel's side, the men who had brought it were quite unable to give any assistance to those who came floundering down ; and several fell overboard between the boat and the ship, and were carried away by the roll of the sea. These accidents, however, did not at all quell the tumult, or prevent others from leaping down in the same reckless manner.

The first person who recovered himself amidst this scene of confusion, was Harding. Clapping his hands upon the shoulders of two men, who together with himself were pressing forward to the gangway with an eye to the second boat—"Shame upon all this!" shouted he ; "back, boys, to our raft—the first boat will never do for us, and we could not make our way to the second, without pushing some of these people overboard—back to the raft—collect the rest of our party—such as choose to come, while I go and cut away the lashings of the raft, and make ready to launch her." Away forward ran Harding ; but what was his surprise to

find Archer already there, and standing with very much the same air of forlorn philosophy which he had displayed at an early period of the night. The lady and her father were both seated at his feet. "I ran with the rest," said Archer, "and made my way into the crowd, but finding every body mad, I returned as quickly as possible, bringing my friends with me. I hope you will find enough to join us, so that we may launch your raft and take our chance upon it in preference to the boats."

"Yes, yes," said Harding, impatiently, while with his knife he was already at work in cutting the lashing that made fast the raft on the deck. He had not completed this operation before he was joined by three sailors; and presently afterwards by the poor Irish emigrant, who had volunteered to escort two women, one of whom had a child in her arms. Lastly, there came two more men, passengers, who had previously been of the party, and the whole of them, by dint of great efforts, raised and launched the raft upon the heaving and rolling waves. The sailors all got down first; and then, by the aid of Harding, who had lashed himself in the fore-chains, the women and passengers were helped down the side, with all the care and precision that could be given in such circumstances, and were deposited in different positions on the raft, so as to attain something like a balance of weights. The women and the old gentleman were all seated in the middle upon a heap of coats and jackets.

Swooping up and down with the rise and fall of the huge waves, the raft swung upon the sea by a single rope beneath the leeward beam of the wreck—now dashing up at the beaten-in bows, now plunging down aslant beneath the beam—very much in the same desperate way as a shark, who has the hook in his jaws, dashes and plunges up and down from side to side when drawn close under a ship, his fury and obduracy being somewhat aggravated by several musket balls fired into his flat head. The rope was now cut by Harding, and away rode the broad raft upon the high rolling sea. It whirled round several times, and then took its course rapidly towards the shore. Once or twice it struck against rocks, and again whirled round, and several times the waves dashed over, but every one being lashed to a spar, no harm came of it. They were soon among the breakers, close in shore. And now wave after wave burst over them—and the raft rose and pitched—and swung round—and voices were shouting amidst the spray. Harding and the sailors had leaped off into the sea; and seven or eight

men from the shore had rushed among the breakers to their aid; and amidst the confusion of voices, and the foaming of the waves, and the rushing up and down of the surge, and the sheets of spray, the raft was dragged several fathoms closer in shore, and all those upon it were then lifted off, and helped, hurried, and, when need were, fairly dragged through the surf till safely landed upon the beach. At the same moment a third boat was being impelled downwards to the sea to give further aid to those who were still upon the wreck; and amidst the noise and confusion of all this, several of the raft party sank down upon their knees, and remained looking up to heaven with clasped hands, unable to articulate a word. They were then taken up to some fishermen's huts, about a stone's throw from the beach.

Archer, with the lady and her father, the latter having been carried in the arms of Harding, entered one of these little dwellings, and a young woman, very plainly attired, but with the manner and address of a lady, advanced to receive them. "I have heard of your distress since daybreak," said she, looking at Archer, and taking the lady at his side by the hand at the same time;—"My sister and I reside at a cottage, only a few fields distant; I therefore hastened here, while my sister made such preparations as our little home enables us to effect. Pray come at once. You are the first party who have reached the shore. The boats are still tossing about on their way. You are all wet, and exhausted, so pray come with me."

Archer briefly thanked the young lady, and Miss Walton (for that was the lady's name, who with her father accompanied Archer), looked in her face with a grateful expression. The old gentleman had by this time emerged from his coverings of coats and shawls, and after staring about him a few seconds, declared in a faint voice that he was much better, now that the danger was all over, and he was sure he could walk with a little help. Archer accordingly took Mr. Walton under the arm on one side, and Harding supported him on the other; and in this way the three slowly followed the hospitable young lady and Miss Walton.

They turned down a little pathway at the back of the fishermen's huts, that led towards the foot of a high hill, behind which a range of brown heath-covered mountains rose at no great distance, with still more lofty mountains of a grey tone far beyond. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun shone brightly on all around. The wet and weary passengers from the

wreck took no sort of notice of the scenery, but they felt its genial effects, if one might judge by the smile that passed over their faces. Archer looked up at the clouds; Miss Walton gazed earnestly at the mountains with the light upon them; Harding waved one hand in the air, as if in triumph at the good success of his raft, which had reached the beach safer and sooner than the boats; and the old gentleman, after inquiring if it would be possible to have a bed warmed and then a cup of hot coffee, and being assured in the affirmative, ejaculated, "Blankets and breakfast—Heaven be praised!" in a tone so devout, yet so equally divided between the ethereal and the sublunary, that everybody laughed outright—in which he himself joined.

"It is pretty plain, sir," said Harding, eyeing Mr. Walton with the shrewd pleasantry of one who has just made a humorous discovery, "that you have all along been more frightened than hurt."

"And a very preferable thing, too," answered the old gentleman, with a smile.

"The same may be said, I think, of every one of us," remarked Miss Walton; "since nobody is hurt, and we have certainly been all, more or less, frightened."

"Not without reason," observed Harding; "but I never saw women behave better than those who were on the raft. It is a double pleasure to save those who—". He hesitated.

"Those who show a proper confidence in their preservers," interposed Miss Walton.

"Our friend was about to forestal gratitude by his compliments," said Archer, smiling. "The raft was a capital idea, thoroughly worked out."

"But it would have been a mistake," added Harding, modestly, "if you had not prevented my launching it prematurely. I made the thing, but you foresaw the consequences."

"Hot coff—" began the murmuring voice of the now almost fainting old gentleman; but fortunately they had made the turn round the hill, and the cottage of the sisters was just before them.

Entering at once, they found a bright fire, and a table spread for them with a hot breakfast.

Oh, what a comfortable vision, the very romance of real life, is a blazing fire and a covered table, after long endurance of fatigue in the cold and rain! Let nobody, however strong and

hardy, venture to despise a delightfully warm room and an easy chair; let nobody, however truly refined and ethereal, presume to undervalue eating and drinking! Heroes of romance seldom eat, and still less do we hear of such carnal needs in the finest lyric poetry (though much wine-bibbing is commonly indulged in); but the honest fact must always be admitted, that not only is there a most satisfactory delight in giving free scope to a mortal appetite, and drying your wet clothes, after much exhaustion, excitement, and exposure to storms and dangers, but the very sight and anticipation of these domestic blessings has an exhilarating effect upon all the animal spirits, and upon the soul itself of man, be that soul ever so lofty! In addition to all this, on the present occasion, there was the rapturous sense of perfect safety and peace, and the vaguely happy prospects of their future lives—lives that, but an hour or two ago, they had given up for lost.

They all sat down to breakfast in a trice. There was very little conversation, it may be supposed, so far as the guests were concerned; nor was the busy taciturnity at all interrupted by the sisters, both of whom moved quietly round the table, attending to their famished charge, with a frequent smile and an amused expression of face, during the whole time. At length, everybody was satisfied;—Archer seemed disposed to commence a train of thought; Miss Walton began to look very pensive, and overcome with weariness; old Walton sank back in his chair, with his eyes turning up towards the ceiling; and Harding, striking one hand upon the table, not loudly, but with a sort of firm and quiet satisfaction at all things, ejaculated—"Thank God!"

The two sisters now led away Miss Walton and her father to their respective rooms, with exhortations that they should sleep till the afternoon; and Archer and Harding departed on their way to a farm-house behind the next hill, where they were informed they would be kindly received. There was not room for them at the cottage. The younger of the sisters, however, who had conducted them from the shore, followed them to the wicket-gate, and apologising to Archer for the smallness of their cottage, begged he and his companion would rejoin them in the evening at supper, if sufficiently rested from their fatigue. With this they took their leave.

"What good people there are in the world!" observed Harding, as they walked slowly towards the foot of the hill they were to ascend. "How much *better* people really are than one finds in books!"

"The contrary opinion is more commonly held," replied Archer, musing.

"Very likely; and I ought not to name such a thing as a book, so few as I have read, boy and man—only it *has* seemed to me, when I did read any history or story books, or poetry and romances, that the writers only knew of those sort of characters who are too good for this life, or else so bad as not to be fit to live."

"I do not agree with you," said Archer, taking a fresh look at his companion. "But go on."

"What I meant to say, was, that the natural working part of benevolence is better than one finds in those history or fiction books—indeed, the writers of both do not seem to go about enough in life to obtain any experience of such things. They only deal with large effects of men's doings—they know nothing of the common-place bits of human heart; nor of what men need who get into trying scrapes and mean troubles."

"Good—very true," (again Archer cast a look of increased interest at his hard-handed companion). "We have every reason to be grateful for the reception we have found here; and, for my part, I shall only be too glad to exchange my wet clothes for a warm bed at the little farm-house I see yonder. Yet—I cannot forget—I never can—the intense selfishness and brutality we witnessed during the night of horrors we have passed, and throughout the dawn. The exceptions only make the majority the more shocking to my memory."

"I know all this, sir; still there were a number of good-natured things done, too. And that is a comfortable thought, as well as the farm-house before us."

"I do indeed rejoice at the sight of it, and the prospect of rest. But observe, now, how elate we have become by our recent escape and present good fortune! We do not trouble ourselves as to how our fellow-sufferers have fared in the boats—we do not think of how many have been lost in the course of this frightful shipwreck. Their agonies of mind, and sudden death, have gone out of our heads—at least we had forgotten them till this moment."

"Oh, we can only help those within our reach. I do not trouble myself with the woes that have the ocean running between. The world is too wide for any one man's hand."

"But not for man's mind."

"I think I know what you mean, sir; but I am only a man who works with his hands."

"You care nothing about slavery in America, for instance? It is too far off—out of reach of our hands."

"I could easily *say* I did—but in truth, I don't. I care about slavery in England and Ireland, though."

"How long have you been a sailor?"

"I never was a sailor; but I was able to work my passage over in the vessel we were cast away in, by having learnt all such matters in short trips along the coast of England, before I crossed over to Newfoundland."

"What was your occupation in England?"

"A shipwright. I worked in Plymouth dockyards."

By this time they had reached the little farm-house, and were met at the door by David Williams, the farmer, who shook them heartily by the hand; and congratulating them upon their escape, ushered them in to his wife and daughters with a gleeful expression of alacrity and good-nature, and a bustling self-complacency, as if he had himself just pulled them out of the water.

New Books.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MEN OF GENIUS; a Series of Biographical, Historical, and Critical Essays. Selected, by permission, chiefly from the "*North American Review*." 2 vols. post 8vo. Chapman's Catholic Series. CHAPMAN, BROTHERS.

THE "*North American Review*" has long been known as the depository of the essays of the most esteemed scholars of the United States; and ranks there in the same literary grade as our Edinburgh and Quarterly reviews. The fashion established here of republishing those portions of the writings of the celebrated critics of the day, contained in these influential periodicals, has led to the like process with regard to the dissertations of our great transatlantic contemporary. The title, we must think, would have been in better taste if it had thus specified what the book really is. The world is now sufficiently enlightened not to take the dictum of any review as oracular; but we should recollect that only one poetical St. George triumphed in his onset with one of the great dragons of the literary realm; and that, doubtless, others of equal genius suffered severely from the arrogance and ignorance of those firing *from the authoritative* but masqued battery. Lord Byron, undoubtedly,

first opened the eyes of the reading public to the fallibility of the decisions of these self-elected judges, and introduced a very wholesome credulity as to the purity of their motives, and their competency of judging upon all subjects. The reliance on the judgment of the Blue and Yellow deity, with regard to poetry, was entirely destroyed by its brutish attack on Wordsworth's sonnets; and that of the "Quarterly" on its murderous onslaught upon Keats. Doubtless, they have each had, since that period, very noble and powerful essays on poetry, and individuals of the highest literary capacity of the age have contributed to their pages; but still they can only be received as indicating individual opinions, and relied upon accordingly. Thus it is with the present collection. We have not the same means of knowing as we have with our own periodicals the political, religious, or social prejudices that may guide the writer. It behoves us, therefore, to be more especially upon our guard, and to listen to the song of the siren, or rather the pleadings of the advocate, with a reserved judgment; and remember that we are perusing a periodical review; probably representing a party, and, at all events, having some distinct principles to disseminate. With this necessary caution all may derive considerable pleasure and advantage from their perusal, as they certainly contain some essays of great power and interest.

Mr. John Chapman, in a very able preface, points out their various merits with a seeming impartiality, and certainly with very great acumen reviews the reviewers. We do not, however, think faith, hope, and charity so eradicable from our nature as he does. Books, after all, are but faint demonstrations of millions of human beings, and the grand characteristics of our being are not easily obliterated. Perhaps we are passing out of a literary age, and the exorbitant influx of books will, of itself, lead men to other guides and simpler instructors.

The volumes contain essays on Gregory the 7th, Loyola, Pascal, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, the German poets, Michael Angelo, Canova, Macchiavelli, Louis the 9th, and Peter the Great. Being by different writers they, of course, somewhat vary in style; though there is a remarkable similarity created by composing for an established work, probably each writing unconsciously up to a certain standard. In freedom of opinion, and, occasionally, in catholicity of judgment, they are superior to our own periodical essayists; but we think there is less brilliancy and point in them, though, on that very account, there is perhaps greater impartiality and justice. We do not pretend to have perused the whole of them; but such as we have, fully rewarded us for the time so expended. The article on Peter the Great is exceedingly interesting, and written with sound views and just perceptions of the value of autocrat civilisation. From the very able summary of his character we take the following:—

"But while we admire the concentration of purpose which sustained him throughout his labours, we cannot help deploring the great and fundamental

mistake which made them all comparatively worthless. A despot by birth, education, and temperament, he had never the most glimmering notion of the existence of a people. In Russia, then and at this day, there is not even the fiction of a people. Peter had a correct idea of the proper sources of civilisation ; he knew where and how to collect the seeds ; but he forgot that there was nobody to civilise. A people may be humanised, cultivated, brought to any degree of perfection in arts, and arms, and sciences ; but he undertook to civilise a state in which there was but one man, and that man himself. The root must grow, before the branches and the foliage. Of this the autocrat had no idea. He had already annihilated the only class which was not composed of slaves. With one stroke of his sceptre he had demolished the feudal nobility, or what corresponded in a degree to the feudal nobility of Europe, and had made all social rank throughout his empire to depend upon service to himself. What was accomplished at a later day in Western Europe, in the midst of long convulsions and struggles, by the upheaving of the democracy, was effected by the autocrat at a blow. This was a fatal error. There were slaves enough before. It was unnecessary to degrade the nobles. But the more closely we analyse Peter's character, the more cogently we are compelled to conclude, that his actuating motive was rather his own fame than the good of his country. A great peculiarity of his ambition was, that, though possessed of eminent military talents and highly successful in his campaigns, he seems to have cared but little for the *certainis gaudia* ; to have taken but small delight in battles and victories for themselves ; to have cared little for conquest, beyond what he required for his settled purpose. Conquering, he never aspires to be a conqueror ; victorious over the greatest general of the age, he is ready to sheathe his sword as soon as the object of the contest is attained. His ambition was to be a founder, and he never, in victory or defeat, was once turned aside from his purpose. He was determined to advance his empire to the ocean, to create a new capital, and to implant there and throughout his empire the elements of European civilisation. If his ambition had flown a little higher, had he determined to regenerate his people, the real civilisation of his empire would have followed sooner than it is now likely to do. Of this he probably never dreamed. He was a despot throughout. He might have found other matters in England worthy of his attention, other institutions as intimately connected with civilisation as the English naval architecture ; but he appears to have been completely indifferent to the great spectacle presented to an autocrat by a constitutional kingdom. 'Are these all lawyers?' said he, one day, when visiting the courts at Westminster. 'What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back.' He certainly might as well have hung them both ; a country without law has very little need of lawyers.

"It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception ; but we regret to see so much elephantine labour thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labour he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do everything himself, and he did everything. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral ;

with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle ; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison ; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties,—wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church,—models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand,—regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shop-keepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilisation, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details ; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription ; but his glory would have been greater if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labour of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder. Even now, his successors avert their eyes from the West. The city of his love is already in danger from more potent elements than water. New and dangerous ideas fly through that magnificent western gateway. When the portal is closed, the keys thrown into the Baltic, and the discarded Moscow again embraced, how much fruit will be left from the foreign seeds transplanted ? When the Byzantine empire is restored, perhaps we shall see their ripened development ; the Russians of the lower empire will be a match for the Greeks who preceded them."

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF PSALMS, intended to illustrate their Poetical and Moral Structure : to which are added, Dissertations on the word SELAH, and on the Authorship, Order, Titles, and Poetical Features of the Psalms. By the Rev. JOHN JEBB, A.M. 2 vols. 8vo. London: LONGMAN & Co.

THE motto taken by the learned author will explain the principal purport of his publication, but by no means reveal the masterly way in which it is accomplished. Quoting from Hooker, he says : " I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst." Proceeding on this principle, the author, after a very excellent preface, (with the exception of a few extreme prejudices against the German theologians and philosophers, whom he condemns, confessing that he knows little or nothing of them), gives a literal but metrical translation of the hundred and fifty Psalms and the Song of Habakkuk. They are divided into five portions, each part having notes

appended to it. It was with extreme gratification we read this simple but beautiful translation of these sublime productions. Discarding the tinsel of rhyme, and even the shackles of modern blank verse, the reverend author has translated, in many cases *verbatim*, the original Hebrew, and produced thereby a measured utterance that is grand and sufficing from its very simplicity. We rejoice to find our theory of poetry evolved by so profoundly learned and so competent a commentator. Nature is uniform in all her proceedings: there is metre in the roll of the thunder, in the howlings of the storm, and in the roar of the sea; birds have a natural melody, and, doubtless, melody of utterance is natural to man. Poetry is an inspiration in the most primitive sense of the word, and, doubtless, its expiration is the external harmony that corresponds with its internal nature. Any perfectly conceived idea or sentiment has a measure to it, and all passionate oratory a melodious utterance. Nature is perfect in all her works; and when the idea is perfect its expression is equally so. If the reason (so great and so small in many of its effects) interferes and the conception is broken by an attempted adaptation to a previous idea, we then find a disjointed utterance. Men with the petty mechanical ideas that pervade those more intellectual than spiritual, have endeavoured to create a mechanism as a substitute for inspiration, and invented a Procrustean process for producing poetry. And many other men with great and swelling thoughts, and many of the qualities of poets, have so artfully and ingeniously used these devices, that they have contrived to give their productions even an air of spontaneity. But the hard ratiocinative process has always been perceptible to those of delicate apprehension. Such are all the rules of verse, in our opinion, which are nothing more than a mechanical substitute for a *spirituel* process, and has no more real affinity to poetry than a statue made by mathematical measurement would have to the *Venus de Medici*. The divine delicacy of utterance is gone, and a piece of hard machinery substituted. Every great poet has a metre of his own, and makes the law by which he is to be tested.

In all the greatest poetry the reader never thinks of the measure—the vehicle is not present to his consciousness. This is particularly the case in the grandest of all poetry—the Hebrew: and next to that, in the most unlearned of poets—Shakespeare. Here we have “thoughts that breathe and words that burn;” but in every variety of measure—long or short lines, flowing or curt, as the thought directs. In the mechanical and logical school all is art; and we are pompously reminded, at every tenth syllable, that we are reading poetry. As, however, more persons can count their fingers, than by their ears perceive the gentle flux and reflux of genuine verse, the mechanical system has prevailed, and is likely to do so. We think, however, such translations and dissertations as Mr. Jebb’s will do much to restore the natural system. And, indeed, our old rhythmical translation of the *Scriptures* ought long ago to have introduced better notions of poetry to

the many : with its grand flowing passages, its solemn pauses, and its even mellifluous flow of language. We cannot better enforce our notions than by referring to some very able and interesting remarks by this author on the subject. And as the connection of the argument cannot be broken, we must give it at some length :—

"The style of sacred poetry being of that simple kind which enunciates each proposition singly, without parentheses or involutions, and clearness and regularity of thought being its evident characteristics, it must follow that in many instances there will be but three members in a sentence. To use the language of logic, these will sometimes consist of the subject, the predicate, and the copula ; in other words, of the noun which precedes the verb, of the verb itself, and of the noun or adjective which follows the verb. But as either the first or second member of the sentence often requires some epithet or adjunct, some qualifying addition, the sentence will frequently consist of four words. And as each line in Hebrew is a clause in itself, very rarely running into the line which follows, a large proportion of the verses of the Psalms consists of three or four words. The reader must bear in mind, that a large proportion of the copulatives, and prepositions, and the possessive pronouns, form, in Hebrew, a part of the word with which they are connected, like the enclitic "que" in Latin, and the terminations and arguments both in that language and in Greek. To this general rule there are many exceptions: very numerous even in the Psalms: while in the Lamentations of Jeremiah in particular, the lines are much longer.

"Let us examine the opening of the first Lamentation: the boundary of each line being unquestionably fixed for us by the acrostical arrangement: each line in each stanza beginning with the same letter of the alphabet. The number of words in the original is marked, and each word divided from the others by a line.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
How	doth she sit	solitary,	the city	that was great	with people ;
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	
She is become	as a widow,	that was great	among	the nations.	
1.	2.	3.	4.		
The Princess	among the provinces,	she is become	tributary.		
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
With weeping	she weepeth	in the night,	and her tears	are on	her cheeks :
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	
There is none	for her	as a comforter	among all	her lovers ;	
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	7.
All	her friends	are treacherous	to her ;	they are become	to her as enemies.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	
A captive	is Judah,	under affliction,	and in great	servitude.	
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
She	is dwelling	among the heathen ;	she doth not	find	rest.
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	
All	her persecutors	overtook her	between	the straits.	

"Who does not see that the style of thought is very different from that of the Psalms; more diffused, more circumstantial, more strictly elegiac! Hence the different lengths of the lines. And here may be remarked the truth of what has been advanced above, namely, that their length varies according to the paucity or frequency of epithets or adjuncts.

"A tolerably attentive examination, in short, of the original text will show, that this greater length arises from the nature of the sentiment, and that in no instance is there the slightest trace of the thoughts having been either curtailed or extended by any Procrustean process, in order to be commensurate with the metre; a circumstance which must have been clearly observable, had syllabic symmetry been the rule of construction. The sentiments uniformly flow in their natural channel: no elisions or verbal licences are made, except what are equally found in prose, and these are very rare: no transposition of words is made, but what the parallelism and the laws of epanodos require. The theory of the metre of words is simply met by the fact, that regularity and precision of thought produce in the Hebrew poetry a corresponding regularity of diction.

"But this regularity of diction will also produce, to a considerable extent, a regularity of rhythm. This obtains, more or less, in every language. Some instances, doubtless undesigned, occur, in which thoughts placed in parallelism, or in exact antithesis, could not be disturbed without disturbing the metre: in other words, the metre of thoughts and of syllables, the accordance that speaks to the intellect and to the ear, are coincident. Take that remarkable instance of the lines attributed to Virgil:—

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves;
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes:
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves."

This quatrain is remarkable for being not only constructed in regular Latin metre, but for being in rhyme, and in alternate parallelism, almost perfect; the only defect in this latter respect being the transposition of the two words 'fertis aratra,' which the prosody required. If the poet had intended to express these thoughts in the mere *soluta oratio*, he must of necessity have fallen into this metrical arrangement; that is, supposing him to have recognised the laws of parallelism as the rule of construction. Of course, of these laws he was unconscious: some epigrammatic arrangement, however, was intended; and it is quite credible that he perceived in this instance the nice coincidence of sentiment with metre. Now the converse of this must frequently happen in Hebrew poetry: as will be presently shown when we come to explain the occurrence of rhythm by the fact of the extreme regularity of the language.

"Meantime to give a few more instances.

"Ebertus, in his treatise on Hebrew poetry, among other instances of accidental metrical lines in the original of the New Testament, brings forward the following:—

αἰτέτε, καὶ δοθήσεται·
 ζητέτε, καὶ εὕρησεται,

which is a regular dimeter iambic couplet. The metre is accidental, but arises from the strict parallelism of the words. In our own language,

instances similar, but not so close, may be found. In that great master of rhythm, Shakspeare, for instance; the following passages owe their melody chiefly to the parallelism of the sentiment :—

' If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,' &c.

"And again in the tragedy of Richard II., which contains, perhaps, more variety of harmonious and lofty diction than any of his compositions :—

' This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in a silver sea, . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,'" &c.

The foregoing remarks are from the fourth dissertation in the second volume, which contains five Dissertations of great power and interest, and a style of profound inquiry and criticism which is only paralleled by that of the Graduate of Oxford in the kindred art of painting. The first two are more philological than æsthetical; but the three last on "The Order and Connection," "The Metrical Construction," and "The Poetical Imagery of the Psalms," develop the principles of metre and poetry in the most able and interesting manner. In order to give some idea of his mode of treating the subject we subjoin the following extracts, premising that in order to compress it within our confined limits we have been obliged to take detached paragraphs :—

"But before proceeding further, it may be well to remark upon another though subordinate advantage in the use of simple images, consisting of single words, of ideas unaccompanied with circumstances. The healthy exercise of the imagination is thus most effectually cherished. It is not put in leading-strings, and compelled to follow servilely the tracks of another, or to listen to those wearying details which its guide importunately points out, and upon the comparative beauty of which minds the most refined and cultivated may frequently differ; since the varieties in the intellectual taste are innumerable. Such redundant particularity of description is common with secular poets, and from this vice a great genius of our generation, Walter Scott, is not altogether free. But in sacred poetry the imagination is given

certain noble and simple images, either sublime or beautiful, which by their very appearance vindicate their own inherent dignity, requiring no satellites to give them a factitious importance. On the one hand we are not diverted from the great features of resemblance intended to be shown, as may frequently happen in dwelling upon the beautiful particulars in the Homeric pictures; and on the other, the mind is led to associate moral truths with the simple and magnificent objects of nature in such a way, as to promote pure and unsophisticated contemplation.

"Thus, the sun and the moon, whenever introduced in Scripture, are unaccompanied with epithets, but create as great an impression on the mind as if the poet had sought to rival, by his ample details, the colours of Claude or Wilson. And hence it is that there is something so exquisitely beautiful in Homer's comparison of the child in his mother's arms, "like to a fair star," ἀλγικιον ἄστερι καλῷ, whatever be the exact point of resemblance,—whether it be the bright eye, or the smile of infancy, or a general notion of something pure and joyous, certainly this simile has the effect of exalting and purifying the imagination, by associating the most delightful object in this lower world, a beautiful and innocent infant, with the glories of the heaven above. But surely here the very generality of the image is more expressive to the understanding than the most laboured description could be.

"Of a like kind are two passages in Wordsworth, where the same simple image is employed.

'And like a star, that from a sombre cloud
Of pine tree foliage, pois'd in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The cloud that did its loveliness enshroud,
She smiled.'

"Again,

'A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky.'

"The intermixture of the moral and the physical does indeed obtain occasionally in secular poetry. It is an observation of Dr. Warton's, in his Essay on Pope, that 'it is one of the greatest and most pleasing arts of descriptive poetry to introduce moral sentences and instructions, in an oblique and indirect manner, in places where we naturally expect only painting and amusement. We have Virtue, as Pope remarks, put upon us by surprise, and are pleased to find a thing where we should never have looked to meet with it.' To the same purpose are the excellent remarks of a living writer, in his critique on the poetry of Wordsworth. 'His sense of the beauty of external nature is seldom merely passive; the activities of his intellect are excited by it rather than merged in it, and his poetry is not often purely descriptive.' He quotes his sonnet descriptive of the plain between Namur and Liege, in which 'the effect of nature's tranquillity is heightened by allusions to the frequent warfare of which that plain has been the theatre;' adding, 'This seems pure description, yet what a serious satire is expressed in one word,—"War's favourite playground."' In this however, and other passages, the moral is not blended with the descriptive, by the same close intermixture which characterises sacred poetry. These rare and occasional excellences of secular composition are an essential

feature of that which is inspired. Virtue is not 'put upon us' now and then 'by surprise;' she is always present; and at every step we take she is at hand to remind us that the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

"The ends, indeed, of religion, might apparently have been answered, had the ornamental parts, although illustrative of moral truth, been yet kept a little apart from it, in order that the image might be distinctly presented in its full and proper features. But were such a separation allowed, a risk would be incurred of the wayward mind of man dwelling on the illustration to the exclusion of the truth; and in exploring the world of nature, even though it be the handiwork of God, we might be led to forget the world of spirits, and Him in whom all live and move, and have their being.

"Thus in the 8th Psalm, the moon and the stars, and the whole creation, which fill that extensive canvass, are associated with religious sentiments of the deepest kind. 'I will consider them:' the moon and the stars, '*which thou hast ordained.*' 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' So the personifications in the 18th Psalm, upon which observations will presently be made. In the 23rd, the green pastures are associated with the moral thought implied in the waters of comfort: and mere physical impressions are hindered by the mention of the conversion of the soul and the paths of righteousness. Such also is the 'wine of astonishment' in the 60th Psalm, and the description of the vale of misery in the 84th, and of the reapers and mowers, and the other pastoral images, in the 126th and 129th.

"Now in this respect the general method of Homer (whom I of course select as the most genuine type of original secular poetry) is completely different. His pictures, (and all his similes and descriptions are such,) are painted with the most vivid accuracy, but stand distinct from the objects of their comparison. And the consequence is, that while we continually recur to the simile, we forget altogether, or do not care to remember, the reality thus symbolised. This would be sufficient to show the wisdom of the Scriptural method, in which it is impossible to retain the image, without retaining the moral truth besides. There are instances, indeed, even in Homer, of such blending; but these are so occasional as to form exceptions to the rule. Thus in the celebrated description of Jupiter, the most sublime passage in the *Iliad*,

'Thus; and the Thunderer bent his sable brows:
The ambrosial curls were mov'd upon the King's
Immortal head; and great Olympus shook,'—

it may at first appear that this is pure description of the most perfect kind. And certainly so it is: the poet has given both outline and colouring in these few words. The dark eyebrows, reflecting the variable light (which the word *κλαβεος* would seem to express), and the waving line of beauty expressed by the movement of his locks, &c. But a moral epithet is interposed, which no painting could express, and yet which immeasurably heightens the effect on the mind: 'his immortal head.'

"An instance somewhat similar may be found in the address of Æneas to Pandarus: 'Pandarus, where is thy bow, and thy winged arrows, and thy glory!'

"But in the great poet of our nation, Shakspeare, this intermixture is very common, not indeed to the same extent as in the sacred poets, but still beyond that of any other secular writer. He has few similes, speaking

mostly in metaphors, and hardly any purely descriptive passages. The moral, or intellectual, or invisible, continually breaks in, and he always makes his imagery subservient to religion or philosophy. The mixture and redundancy of his metaphors were doubtless encouraged by the spirit of his age, in which a figurative and artificial style prevailed : and hence he is frequently betrayed into turgidity and forced language. But I am sure that the prevalence of this apparent indistinctness is more owing to the philosophical constitution of his mind. What Dr. Johnson has remarked of his imagery, with apparent censure, is real praise. ' You can show no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral motives, which produced such an effect.'

" Thus in his celebrated accumulation of metaphors :—

' Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, *in a spleen*, unfolds both earth and heaven,
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.'

Here personality and feelings are attributed to the night and to darkness, that disturb the integrity of the picture. And here too, by the way, we may remark on the anagogical tendency of Shakspeare's imagery. He forms a climax to his impassioned metaphors by bringing the mind upward to heaven, as he does yet more remarkably in his exquisite night scene, where he introduces the music of the angels, and draws a moral lesson from every observation of nature which is made. But that I may not dwell too long on a very enticing digression, in his historical play of Henry V., which abounds more than others with descriptions, not one of them is purely artistical. The most striking is that of the eve before the battle : when in the midst of minute description we are told of the soldiers, who,

' Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit *patiently*, and *inly* ruminate
The morning's danger.' "

We must conclude our unusually lengthened notice by earnestly recommending the work to all those who can apprehend true poetry. It will be imagined we are sincere, when we say the reverend author introduces many sentiments which are politically opposed to ours : the commencement and the conclusion of his work abounding in what we consider narrow and exclusive doctrines. But he is a ripe scholar, a writer of great discrimination and taste, and profoundly acquainted with his noble subject.

DOULGAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER III.

PRESENT COMFORT AND PAST PERILS.—THE RUINED WATER-MILL.—COTTAGE EXTERIOR.—A LOVER'S OPPORTUNITY.—A COTTAGE INTERIOR.—THE TRUEST BEAUTY NOT COSTLY.—BOOKS AND COVERS.—MOMENTS OF DELIGHT.

ARCHER and Harding having been installed in comfortable beds, by the round-faced, rosy-cheeked wife of David Williams, rested their weary limbs in a profound slumber, during the rest of the day. They did not, in fact, awake till evening, when each one admitted to himself, that he had been more tired than he knew of, and with this wise discovery, took another turn in bed, by way of revolving the late events in his mind, which ended in the usual abstraction, and consumed two hours more. By the time they both made their appearance down stairs, it was too late to go to the cottage of the Miss Lloyds, and as the farmer and his family were just commencing supper, David Williams recommended they should take a walk round his field, by way of a refresher, and then return, and have supper with them;—they could go to the cottage next morning to breakfast;—Miss Lloyd had sent over to inquire after them, while they were asleep; so all this matter was arranged.

They took a bright moonlight walk round the farmer's field, discoursing of the events of last night. They stood in front of a great haystack, and as they looked at its long, black, motionless shadow, Archer reverted, by force of contrast, to the dark ship,

* Continued from page 86, Vol. V.

leaping up and down in the stormy sea. They returned to the farmer's house, congratulating themselves at every step of the way, as the cheerful blaze of his fire shone from the doors and windows. They all sat down to supper, and, when it was over, Archer had to recount to the farmer all the particulars of the shipwreck, while his wife, daughters, and son, and a great turnip-headed nephew, sat with their mouths wide open, and their eyes as round as curtain-rings.

"What an eye you must have!" said Harding, when he had finished; "it is all exact, in the main, but I did not see half of what you tell, nor a quarter; and how you can recollect it all, I can't think." This remark inspired David Williams to insist upon Harding giving his account of the wreck. His story was told in a workmanlike manner, and soon done. It showed how they had got into a dense fog—then into a gale that lasted four-and-twenty hours—how they were partly driven out of their course, and partly were out of their reckoning—how in passing between St. Tudwall's Islands, they had striven in vain to keep nearer to the eastern island, but had been driven upon a ledge of rocks running N. E. some fifty fathoms length from the north end of the west island—how the vessel had had the worst thump upon a rock, three or four cables' distance S.E. by E. from the eastern-most of these stupid, do-nothing, little islands—how he had gone down into the after-cabin to secure the windows—how he had been kept below with the rest, and had broke his way out—and how he had got out the requisite booms and spars for the manufacture of his raft, and the pains he had taken in finding what he called the best behaved people, to place upon it. This gave great satisfaction; but the farmer and all his family declared they would like to hear it over again, so that Archer had a second time to go through the whole story. After this, they all went to bed.

Next morning, Archer rose at sunrise, and finding that Harding had already risen, and sallied forth, he began to stroll leisurely towards the cottage of the two sisters, and was not sorry to find himself alone, as he felt much disposed to indulge in a musing vein, after the recent excitements. As he turned round the last swelling mound of brown heath, he looked down upon the cottage, in this pretty Welsh vale, with feelings of peaceful delight. The ruins of an old water-mill stood upon the margin of a stream, which flowed a little to the right of the cottage. And hither he

first bent his way. The stream, which appeared to have been once broad, had dwindled away to a tangled maze of silver rivulets, with intervals of fine red gravel, and sandbanks, small islets of white pebbles, with here and there a few straggling large stones, or a stump of a black post with bulrushes at one side. The ruined water-mill was very old, and falling to decay. It had no roof; the sides had fallen away in gaps, so that the blue sky could be seen through them, and the black spokes and fans of the broken water-wheel, stood up in their last attitude of threatening the water, but appearing, in reality, to beg for pity on their forlorn mutilation. But ivy had grown over a part of the old mill, and a branch of wild honeysuckle hung in a festoon over the blackened remains of the wheel. The stream ran broadly round the mill, and was apparently deep in some places. Beautiful colonies of white water-lilies lay upon the surface. Archer stood silently contemplating the scene. " 'Tis long since that wheel moved," mused he. "The fields once sent their produce to it. It had power, and turned it to good use. Now, it is a thing of the past, and may be said to take its place among the by-gone actions of human agents, with credit to itself, and a good name. How much more respectable to the mind, than a feudal lord, with his corn and his castle, his revels and his rack!" He turned his gaze towards the cottage, a little lower down in the vale.

The cottage was only partially visible, in consequence of three walnut-trees in front, and a weeping birch, that stood, or rather seemed to hang over the little green lawn. The roof was a thick thatch, very dark in some places, with age, but having one or two patches of tawney yellow where it had been repaired, and one large bright green patch of thick moss upon which stood a large hillock of house-leek, in flower. One side of the roof was overhung by the bough of a large mulberry-tree. A small structure of brick was attached to the cottage, having a tall chimney with a pear-tree climbing round it; and, adjoining this, a wooden shed, apparently for a cow or poney, or for both, if a proper understanding existed between them. The cottage had little gothic windows, with clematis and Virginia-creepers climbing round, and a covered porch, completely overhung with roses and jasmine, as though it were a little harbour. He thought the two sisters must be very happy in such a pretty place. He wondered which room Mary Walton had slept in—if she had quite recovered from her late exhaustion. What a fine expression of face she often

of Corelli and Purcell upon the pages, lay open against the frame, and close to the book stood a glass vase with flowers. On the other side was a little mahogany work-table, upon which lay the "Anthems" of Eliza Flower, and upon the title-page was placed a large white shell, its mouth filled with green moss, heath-bells, and bits of hanging fern.

Archer advanced into the room with a feeling of peaceful delight and surprise, followed by Harding, on tiptoe, and holding his breath. Why was this? There was certainly nothing in the least approaching to costliness, nor to conventional elegance, which might induce a traveller in no very unexceptionable condition of attire to pause with a certain delicate circumspection. The whole contents of the room, if they had been put up to auction, would scarcely have produced five pounds. Something beyond all this was felt to be there. It was a refinement and grace pervading every object, that gave a spirit of beauty and sweetness to the whole.

"Pretty place enough," said Harding, recovering his first impression. "This seems to lead into the garden." He stepped down into the recess, and walked out.

In front of the window stood a small table with writing materials, and the model of a water-mill upon it, and having a cover of faded violet hanging in folds to the floor. The carpet was of a moss-pattern. A few wicker-work chairs with gothic backs, and a book-case, completed the entire furniture. It was a hanging book-case, with three shelves, containing rows of half-bound and unbound books, and was suspended against the wall, apparently by two large wreaths of ivy which were twined round the cords. With a smile of earnest pleasure, Archer noticed a variety of old friends upon the shelves—voyages and travels, and Keats, and Shelley, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Selections from Wordsworth, and Goethe's Ballads and Songs—and Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn-burial*—and Nicolo Pasquali, on *Thorough-bass*—and broad-backed old copies of Milton and Spenser flanking at each side, like martello-towers, a variety of modern works in boards, the works in French having merely paper covers—and small dictionaries of French and Italian, and a German one almost tumbling to pieces, its leaves being tied round with a piece of bast-mat to keep them together. As Archer's eye wandered thoughtfully along the shelves, the back of one small book, placed between Goethe and Southey, attracted his attention. He took it down. On opening the first page, the

colour rose in his cheek. He glanced rapidly around him, and replaced it with an expression of inward pleasure.

"I wish Mary were here!" thought he. His heart beat as he stood listening, fancying he heard her coming down stairs. An Æolian harp, in the window, which he had never noticed, now sent forth a lovely strain of its dim cathedral-like echoes. A light step was approaching. "It is Mary!" He had never felt so much love for her as at this moment. He was mistaken, however, as to her step. It was the younger of the two sisters—Ellen Lloyd. She approached Archer with a sweet smile, so that his look of disappointment soon vanished.

"Miss Walton will be down immediately. Ah! you have been looking at our poor old books. They are in a sad state. But we have no society in these remote vales, and we don't care about the covers for ourselves."

"Book-covers are for visitors, you mean?" said Archer, laughing.

"Yes, are they not? They are dressed for company. But even if we could afford it, there are no book-binders within ten miles of us."

"At all events, shipwrecked visitors must not be exacting in such matters."

Miss Walton now entered the room, and Archer, forgetting the presence of his fair hostess, in his delight at seeing Mary again after all they had gone through, folded her in his arms and hurried her into the recess, and thence into the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

STROLL THROUGH THE VALLEYS.—THE WELSH PONT.—TRIFLING TROUBLES.—SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.—THE IRISH EMIGRANT.—PIC-NIC.—DIALOGUE ON EQUALITY.

BREAKFAST being concluded,—various arrangements made by the visitors for their future movements,—and letters written to friends, narrating their late shipwreck and present needs,—the Miss Lloyds proposed a stroll through the adjacent valleys, and everybody prepared for the excursion. Mr. Walton declared that he could not walk the distance he foresaw they contemplated, or which would somehow "happen;" nevertheless he wanted to accompany

them, especially as he was quite out of snuff. Miss Lloyd, therefore, sent to borrow David Williams's pony, her own and her sister's being both too small to carry the old gentleman.

Presently David Williams arrived upon his pony. He dismounted by means of a strange and heavy fling of one leg up in the air, which passed over the pony's head, and the farmer immediately appeared, standing with his back towards the little animal—a performance which David Williams evidently intended as a pleasant display of agility. The pony was a strong little creature, with very short thick legs. Though it was the finest October weather, he had already got on his winter coat, and looked more like a bear than a pony. He made some resistance as the farmer led him forward towards Mr. Walton, and bent his rough head down, while one eye looked up through the brown bush all round it.

Very much after the manner in which a sack of meal is laid across a market-horse, Mr. Walton, by the aid of Harding and Archer, was laid upon the pony's back; his body being then turned by one leg as a lever, and the lever then allowed to drop on the other side, his face was raised from the pony's mane, and he was considered to be mounted, and ready for the field. Mr. Walton was by no means a very large and portly man; he was helpless from inaptitude of muscles, and habitual inactivity of limb, besides being subject to gout and lumbago.

Off went the party, the pony choosing to walk last of them all. Mary Walton and Archer attempted several times to walk by the side of Mr. Walton; but the pony became so perverse and lagging in his pace, that they were at length obliged to go on, and allow the obstinate little bear to have his way, David Williams having evidently determined to give himself no trouble in the matter.

The two Miss Lloyds, with David Williams bearing a wallet at his back, led the way. Close after them came a small black terrier, who had reddish-brown spots on his knowing little face—a sort of pet of Ellen Lloyd's; then came Harding, with David Williams's daughter Jane. Archer, with Miss Walton on his arm, followed next; and at some distance behind came plodding after them the pony, with Mr. Walton on his back. Every now and then Mary turned round to look after her father, or Archer would turn to say something to him: the pony always stopped when they did so. When they moved on, he slowly followed as before.

We will not detain the reader with any description of Welsh

scenery ; it is generally very pretty, and sometimes more than that, being beautiful, and perhaps even grand at times in North Wales. Archer greatly admired the head of Cader Idris, rising up through clouds ; and Mary was much pleased with the commodious rusticity of the little farm-houses. A pale golden light was upon one side of the mountains, which faded by gradations into purple and dusky shade on the other, while the distant hills were all of misty brown or blue, with a clear grey sky behind them.

The party were now advancing along a winding road at the foot of a hill ; there was a hedge on one side of the road, and some marsh land and small pools of water on the other. Towards these pools the pony often turned aside, and then arose loud calls and shouts from Mr. Walton, causing three or four of the party to hurry back, seize the bridle, and lead the unwilling bear back again into the road.

Soon after this, as the foremost of the party were approaching a turn in the road, a strange halloo of wild and discordant hilarity met their ears. It sounded yet more strange in its varied echoes among the hills and valleys, habitually so peaceful and silent. The boisterous glee sounded yet louder, and round the corner came rattling a fisherman's cart, the horse at full gallop, and the cart full of drunken sailors. Each had a pipe in his hand or his mouth ; and several of them had a pipe on each side of the mouth. They were some of the shipwrecked crew of the " Endeavour," making their way to the nearest town, and thence on to Caernarvon or Bangor, in hopes of getting a ship. Nine or ten had stowed themselves in this cart. As the noisy crew passed the pedestrians, and approached Mr. Walton, the pony, in deliberate defiance of all his exhortations and endeavours, turned aside, and walking at his usual pace towards the hedge, entered it as far as he could—that is to say, thrust his head and shoulders into it—by which means Mr. Walton, who had " the presence of mind," as he afterwards said, to pull his hat over his eyes, was brought with his face close to the twigs and thorns of the hedge. In this picturesque and heroic attitude they remained fixed, while the cart rattled by ; and as it did so, the sailors set up a roar of laughter, and every man, as if by one impulse, hurled his pipe at the old gentleman's back, so that a shower of white pipe fragments and smoking morsels of tobacco fell on each side of him. Their yells of merriment continued as long as the cart remained in sight.

All the party came running to the assistance of Mr. Walton.

However, he had suffered no injury—laughed at the absurd insult he had just endured—and refused to dismount. Archer wished to persuade him, but he still refused, saying it was not likely he should meet such another careful of shipwrecked tars; and even if it were so, he would rather run the risk of more tobacco pipes, than walk.

David Williams here interposed. "My conscience!" said he, "this is a pony, look you, of the sort of mind that does not go well without arguments—I mean spurs. I did not make attempts to put them on to Mr. Walton's heels, when I saw his method of mounting. Now, my cootness! one sees it to be needful."

"You never intend to fasten those things upon Mr. Walton's heels!" exclaimed Archer, seeing David Williams produce from his pocket a pair of old-fashioned rusty spurs, with rowels as large as a sixpence. The farmer paused, holding the spurs with both hands.

"Well, now, I did intend; the pony will be quite another creature with them."

"I shouldn't wonder," observed Harding, drily.

"Ay," proceeded David Williams, "upon my truth and honour he will; and all these loiterings and laggings behind will be transformed, as I am a man and a sinner."

"Buckle on the spurs," said Mr. Walton, extending one foot towards the farmer, with what he intended for rather a dignified air; "let me have a transformed creature; he cannot be changed for the worse."

Forward went they all again, and in a few minutes it was found that the pony had made up his mind to take the lead. Whatever the nature of the road—and sometimes it was full of impediments—the active, sure-footed, indefatigable little fellow was always first. It was quite a pleasure to see such a pony; what must it be to ride him? So thought Mr. Walton; and his face, previously full of lines of care and apprehension, was now all smiles and roundness of outline.

They had by this time arrived at the valley of Llan-y-pool, so called long since, though at present the valley appears to have no name at all. They had scarcely entered the vale, when they observed a solitary man, in a tattered coat and hat, sitting on a patch of green turf at the foot of a tree. His back was towards them, and he sat looking up the valley with a sort of forlorn air of

peaceful enjoyment. As the party approached, he slowly turned his head, and Harding and Archer at once recognised him as the poor Irish emigrant who had so kindly busied himself in helping various individuals on the wreck, and who had got ashore with them upon the raft. He rose humbly on perceiving them approach; but when he saw them smile in recognition, his face lighted up with joy. He was invited to join them, and accepted it with characteristic alacrity, and a gleeful readiness to do some service in return.

It was not long before the service of somebody was needed for Mr. Walton. The pony had evidently got a new idea in his head, and was no longer contented with merely being foremost. He appeared desirous of leaving the party at some distance behind, so that it had required a constant effort on the part of his rider to restrain his advances. Under these circumstances, Miss Lloyd suggested that the pony should be led. The exile from Erin instantly volunteered "to do that same;" and running forwards, almost on tiptoe, to the side of the pony, lightly touched the reins, and looked up in the face of the rider.

"What is your name, sir?" asked Mr. Walton, with an expression of grave pleasantry.

"Rody MacMahon, plase yer honner's ravarince."

"I am not a reverend, nor a ravarince either; and you must not call me so."

"I must not, then, yer honner," echoed the docile Rody.

This was clearly a great improvement in the social arrangements of the party, which now kept all together, and they shortly arrived at the prettiest spot in the vale, where they determined to pause and refresh themselves. They collected a quantity of dry leaves for seats, and under the direction of Miss Lloyd the contents of the wallet were commodiously distributed upon the grass by Jane Williams; while Ellen Lloyd, accompanied by Archer and Mary Walton, went with jugs to fetch some water from a spring near at hand. Harding attended to Mr. Walton, and David Williams was most obligingly tormented by the confusing assistance of Rody in taking off the pony's saddle and bridle, and tethering him to the stump of a bush. All preparations being completed, down the party sat in one circle—though it was with great difficulty that Mary Walton, assisted by the cordial encouragements of Miss Lloyd, could prevail upon Rody MacMahon to take his seat in the circle. He said it was not for a poor Irish emigrant

like him—returning to his poor country, himself poorer than when he left it—to take a sate among the comforts of the earth. However, he was made to sit down.

As soon as this pic-nic dinner was concluded, Ellen Lloyd proposed to show Archer and Mary Walton some of the scenery of the valley, which she said was beautiful all round them. They gladly acceded, and were also accompanied by Harding. The elder Miss Lloyd preferred to sit still, while Jane Williams collected things to be repacked in the basket and wallet; and Mr. Walton, David Williams, and Rody proceeded to amuse themselves with a “circling cup” of the finest Welsh ale, which the farmer had brought in a large stone bottle.

“How happy our poor Irish emigrant seems to be!” said Mary, as they walked through a narrow rocky pass, overhung with rich autumnal foliage, so that they seemed to be passing through a lengthened arbour with the soft light of a pool glimmering at the remotest extremity. “I suspect that his poor peasant countrymen only want a little kind treatment, to be the most contented and happy people on the face of the earth.”

“And it is this very *virtue* of being easily contented and happy,” said Archer, “even without any kind treatment, so that they had just enough potatoes to keep soul and body together, which has been one of the chief causes that have led to their present miserable and dependent condition.”

“I have often heard it said, sir,” observed Harding, “that Irishmen fight best, and work best, *out* of their own country. I think it must be true; for if they did either one or the other half as well at home, as they do abroad, or anywhere else, they would never have got into such a scrape.”

“The mere fact,” replied Archer, “of eight hundred thousand protestants holding all the church wealth of the country, in quiet defiance of seven millions of catholics, is in itself a sufficient proof of their comparative helplessness at home. The reason why they are so much more energetic and practical abroad, is because they are more free. Not feeling equally so at home, they never put out, for any length of time, their full and undivided force. There has always been some drawback. When they fought on their own ground, they did not feel quite sure if they were doing right (except in a few extreme cases), especially as so many of their own countrymen were fighting against them; and when they work at home, it is never so much for themselves as for their

absentee landlords and masters. Always they have a sense of insecurity at home. Abroad, it is different."

"The poor fellow we have just left," said Mary, "seemed to feel the degradation of his country. It was a great difficulty to make him venture to sit down and enjoy himself, happy as he has already become."

"Ah! Miss Walton," said Harding, "there is another reason for that. It is the difference of station, the difference of condition—of education, of dress, of dialect, of manners: that is what he also felt, and what all of the working classes must feel. It is the feeling of inequality. I feel it myself; not but what you are all very obliging to me, and I am not naturally a shy man; still, I feel the inequality of my station to yours."

"But you should not," exclaimed Mary; "and you cannot mean that you feel any such thing with us, to whom you have rendered services so great."

"Why, yes, Miss Walton, I certainly do."

"Not, I hope," said Archer, "from anything in our behaviour to you?"

"No, sir, no; nothing of that; but my own sense tells me that we are not upon equal grounds. My thoughts, my knowledge, my experience, the whole framework and fitting up of my mind are unlike yours. My eyes force me to know, if nothing else did, that this blue jacket, smutched with tar, and these rough pilot-cloth trousers—not that I am ashamed of them—belong to one of a different class from yours. Neither am I ashamed of my large hard hands."

"To which," interposed Mary, "we probably owe our lives."

"But when I look at them," proceeded Harding, with a smile, "can I doubt that their owner's station in life is beneath yours? Hands like mine bear the marks of work done for hands like yours. The worst of all this is, that it does not teach me humility."

"Nor ought it," said Archer, pausing.—"Let us all sit upon this bank.—The inequality is not in nature, but merely in circumstances."

"True, sir; but what a word that is—circumstances! Why, it includes birth and breeding, and school-rooms, and the teachers, and good or bad examples,—your knowledge and personal appearance, your build and cargo, ballast, trim, and rate of sailing; your inside and outside."

"These facts," observed Archer, "are not all on one side—and that side the sunny one opposite to your shade. The working-man's birth and breeding may be of the poorest; yet it may carry with it hereditary health, and hereditary strength of body, and a manly form. His schooling is his every-day work, and his knowledge is his practical experience, both of his labour and skill, and of the characters of mankind. His build, if not so fine, is more substantial; the same may be said of his mind's cargo. There is no essential inequality between his class and those above him—only a conventional difference. As for his ballast and trim, if you mean by that to express steadiness and a well-balanced character, where shall we find better instances of this than among the working classes? Day by day, year by year, they present a constant example of perseverance and fortitude, and this for the poorest of all rewards—the mere means of existence. As for rate of sailing, it may be quite as fast, according to his station, as that of the smartest-rigged vessel."

"No, sir. That last, at all events, will not do. For if a working-man sails fast, it is not likely he will sail far without coming head-foremost upon a rock or a quicksand. A working-man has no sea-room. But—to leave comparisons with a sea-life, which I should never think of following, because it is still narrower in its good chances for a working-man than a land-life—I have scarcely ever heard of the best ploughman having the largest field to plough, and at last ploughing his way into possession. Whereas it is the commonest fact in the world, that the worst ploughman, being born to a trifle of money, owns the field, and hires his betters to plough it."

"Ah! There you open up a furrow that goes right through the world—from one end to the other of the earth, and across. The theories of political economists would have us believe that all this subjugation of the *producers* of wealth to the arbitrary, and often misdirecting power, which merely represents wealth—I mean money—is not only a good order of things, but the best order of things, for both the producers of capital and the capitalists. To my thinking it is quite ridiculous. The capitalists would call me a theorist—visionary—dreamer; and I should say to them in return, Why do you insult the human understanding? In accumulating wealth you forget distribution; and while you talk of the wisdom of political economy, you are quietly taking the lion's share."

"Now, sir, you are speaking what I have been thinking, or trying to think out clearly for myself these several years past. When I have heard great people sometimes give orders about the building of a ship, I have almost always wondered that they did not look quite ashamed of the ignorance they betrayed at every third word. But at last I came to see that mankind have a preference for those who can best play at make-believe."

"We must not," said Archer, "confound worldly success and prosperity, or their opposites, with the relative value of men. In one sense there is a decided inequality in nature. Men are not born equal, in a spiritual, any more than in a physical sense. There are tall minds, and short ones—narrow minds, and wide ones—born so, and unalterable. But the best men are not put in the best places. I speak of individual ability. Speaking generally, and in a social sense, all men, of course, are equal in nature. You should not, then, speak of inequality as I have heard you do. On the contrary, when you say an incapable hand hires a good one to do his work, you show at once your conviction of the superiority being on the side of the working-man. It is not what a man has *got* that renders him truly superior, but what he can *make*, that establishes his position in nature, and his actual importance to society. It does not command station in society proportionate to this value and importance, because civilisation is not as yet in a rational state. I mean that civilisation has not yet availed itself of more than half the positive knowledge it possesses. Its knowledge is *not* power. It may be an abstract power, but it cannot be more, unless we declare that civilisation is practically wise at the same time that it is half insane in its imbecility of action."

"The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the good labourer, I think, sir, generally gets it—health, and strength, and years, and patience, permitting. But his best success can scarcely procure him a mind at ease for the future—for his old age—or for his family, if he has one, after his death. He works hard, and dies poor. Still, as I said before, I do really feel a spirit of independence in me; and am proud, according to a workman's notion of pride."

"To *have*," said Archer, "is seldom any certain mark of deserving; to *be* something noble, and to *do* something great,—these are true nobility. This is in the power of a working man, according to his position. I justify your honest pride; you ought

not to feel humiliated before any of the upper classes, since you are their equal in nature, and may be—according to your good works—of equal value to society.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Harding, as he rose from the bank; his chest expanding, and his eyes brightening—“thank you, sir. Men who can work, never want anything but fair play.”

CHAPTER V.

THE WELSH HARPER.—THE PONY AND THE POND.—CONVERSATION AT SUPPER.
—DEPARTURE OF HARDING.

THEY returned to the rest of the party; and, as they approached, they heard the jangling sounds of an old harp, and presently a voice singing. Ellen Lloyd's little terrier, Shenkin, gave a quick bark, and suddenly ran on before them. They perceived it was an aged Welsh harper, with white hair and a white beard, who sat upon a three-legged stool, twangling the triple strings, to the evident delight of Mr. Walton, David Williams, and Rody MacMahon; the last of whom was drinking the harper's health in a glass of ale. An empty ale-mug, and a plate filled with bones of cold duck, were visible at the harper's feet. The advancing party heard these words chanted from the lips of the modern bard of Cambria:

—“Her was—the prettiest—fellow—
At football—or at cricket;—
At football chase,
Or Prisoner's Base,—
Cot splutter! her could kick it.”

To this fine fragment of one of the matchless productions of a poetical descendant of the ancient Britons, the voices of Mr. Walton, David Williams, and Rody, joined chorus with the last line, till the valley echoed with “Cot splutter! her could kick it;” the echoes, however, being a little confused by Rody's *ad libitum* version of “Bee Jazes! she could nick it.”

While this was going on, the little terrier had remained with sharpened ears, and bristling back, and his little black eye staring up into the face of the bard. With the termination of the chorus, Shenkin had evidently finished his problem, to his own entire satisfaction. He accordingly darted at the harper's foot, and bit

his toe. "Dear heart alive!" cried the bard, drawing up his foot with a sudden jerk. While this foot was uplifted, the terrier instantly seized upon the toe of the other. "Dear heart alive, I say!" again cried the bard, lifting up the other leg in the same manner, and keeping them both suspended at each side of his harp. His legs were excessively long—the terrier ran from one to the other, leaping up at each foot, which had thus to keep up an uncouth pedal performance in the air, on each side of his beloved instrument, until with the effort of keeping out of reach of the dog, a string was heard to crack. His white beard fell from his chin, among the strings of his harp, and a white wig falling upon the ground behind, became the immediate prey of Shenkin, who ran away, tossing it in token of his success; and the head of the bard now appeared to be of a pale carrot colour.

"Name o' coodness!" ejaculated David Williams, sinking back upon the grass, with one leg raised stiffly in the air; "Name o' coodness! it is William Morgan, the tinker of Dolgelley!"

William Morgan rose in considerable confusion, and gathering together his harp, and his hat, and an old green baize bag, and his beard, made a precipitate retreat up the valley, followed by the excessive laughter of the whole party. "My coodness!" exclaimed David Williams, "what a crate rogue is William Morgan! It is William Morgan, I can swear!"

"What matter for his name?" said Rody: "What matter for his name, if we liked his music? Come back, sir!"

This produced a fresh burst of laughter.

"Come back, Misther Morgan!" repeated the Irishman; "here's another leg of cold duck!—cot sputter, he could pick it!" But Mr. Morgan having no further prospect of that kind, nor of strong ale, continued his retreat, without once looking behind him, or even giving chase to Shenkin to recover his venerable wig.

Ellen Lloyd now proposed to Archer that they should return by a different route, something shorter than the one by which they came, and of yet more romantic scenery. To this he, and all the rest of the party, acceded. They left the valley by a narrow walk through wild shrubs, Ellen Lloyd, with Shenkin, leading the way, followed by Mary and Archer, hand in hand. They were soon, however, superseded in their position as leaders, by Mr. Walton hastily brushing by, manifestly because the pony chose to do so; and Rody MacMahon, either influenced by ambition, or

strong ale, or more probably, being unable to prevent the animal's advance, affected to attend him obsequiously. The brisk walk of the now leading group, soon became a brisk trot, and all the rest of the party were left behind. They trotted round the corner of a pathway, through a little straggling grove, leading out towards a large pool, and were lost to sight.

The path by which the party were to proceed homeward, ran deviously by one side of the borders of this pool, and as they emerged from the grove, they were speculating as to how far round Mr. Walton had trotted ahead of them; but what was their surprise, to see the group steadily advancing into the pool, evidently with the intent to go straight across.

"My cootness!" exclaimed David Williams, with a shout, "it is too deep!—it is too deep in the middle, I tell you!"

Everybody uttered a cry, and ran forwards to the edge of the pool.

"The reins are broken!" exclaimed David Williams.

"Sirrah!" cried Archer, to the Irishman, "Where are you leading the pony?"

"He lades *me* yer honner," bawled Rody.

"My father is sinking upon the Irishman's shoulder!" ejaculated Mary.

"He is fainting!" cried the elder Miss Lloyd.

"The tail-crupper is broken," observed Harding, "and Mr. Walton feels the saddle slipping forwards."

"Pull the pony's nose round!" shouted David Williams.

"He bites!" cried Rody—"his teeth are too close to his nose."

"Come back! come back!" shouted three or four voices together.

Meantime, the pony had steadily, and with manifest caution, advanced into the middle of the pool, the water being within a few inches of the saddle-seat; he then stopped—slowly turned his head round—and looked at them! Mr. Walton now lifted himself up from his recumbent position on Rody's shoulder, and pointing to the head of the said attendant, shouted out, "Welsh ale! Strong ale!" Rody, almost before the words were out of Mr. Walton's mouth, pointed to the pony's head, and bawled out, "He's been aiting strange grass!"

It was pretty clear that the pool was by no means so deep as David Williams had intimated, and that the pony knew very well what he was about. Everybody proposed something different to

the other—Harding had thrown off his shoes and jacket—the pony, however, settled the difficulty, by moving in an oblique direction towards the opposite side. He reached it in safety, and stood still. It was a desolate spot, with a short bit of heath, bounded by high hills.

“The pony knows his way home,” said David Williams. “The pony, look you, has often been to these spots before.”

But the pony’s knowledge was a thing from which no benefit could be derived in this case, as he displayed the greatest unwillingness to go any way at all; so that the group continued to describe an irregular circle upon the heath, with no apparent prospect of progression. And now signs were made from those on the margin of the pool—there was shouting of voices—pointing of hands, in order to convey a correct notion of the direction to be taken. On the heath opposite, a conflict of opinions, and efforts, and a different understanding of the voices and signals, prevailed—and the perverse, and absurd irregular circle, was again described by the group—and flights of rooks passed over their heads—and goats came to the tops of the hills, with astonished horns—and a donkey was heard to bray—and three cows came half-way down the remotest hill, and looked on—and a shepherd’s dog came and barked at the group, and then retreated at full speed. At length a Welsh mountaineer made his appearance, and approached them. A short dialogue appeared to ensue, which very quickly was carried on by gesticulations only, between Rody and the mountaineer, while Mr. Walton sat wringing his hands.

“The shepherd,” said Ellen Lloyd, “cannot speak a word of English.”

“But,” said David Williams, “he is telling them in coot Welsh.”

“And Rody!” exclaimed Archer, “is no doubt answering in good Irish.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Mary, “how very distressing this is!”

The conference terminated by the whole group setting forward in the wrong direction. Harding, without more ado, rushed into the water, and waded straight across.

He immediately took the pony by the nose—turned his head in the direction that had been so repeatedly and hopelessly indicated—and the pony-party made their way homeward between the hills, while those on the other side of the pool returned by the route originally intended.

The Lloyd-party arrived at the cottage about dark; Mr. Wal-

ton and his companions, however, were nearly three quarters of an hour after the others. They met merrily on the subject of the events of their walk; and David Williams mounting his pony directly Mr. Walton was rolled off, proceeded towards the farm with his daughter on one side, and Rody on the other, all of them talking at the same time. The rest entered the cottage; Mr. Walton changed his wet clothes for a suit that had belonged to the Miss Lloyds' grandfather; and forthwith they all sat down to supper.

Everybody was in capital spirits. Mr. Walton was the first to make merry over his recent abduction, in which the others were not slow to join. "I am not destined to become a salt fish, nor a fresh fish!" exclaimed he, "nor the food of either."

"You had, however, a narrow escape," said Archer, "from the Welsh bandit of the mountains. He evidently intended to inveigle you away to his cave."

"And you, Sir Archer, might then have written a poem in forty cantos, of how I behaved under my new circumstances—how I ingratiated myself with the bold bandits—the Forty Welshmen of Llan-y-pool—so that my life was spared—how the whole band idolised me—how I became their captain—and made *you*, my good man," (turning to Harding) "my lieutenant—and how at length, being taken by the police, with booty upon me, I was proved, by my able counsel, never to have left my own domestic fireside—and how I retired into private life, and became a pattern of all Christian virtues."

"You forget," said Archer, "that your poet is not your lawyer; and he might give the gallant captain's biography rather a tragical turn at the close—to say nothing of the epitaph."

"I think, said Ellen Lloyd, "that your epitaph would at all events be gentle and soothing to the Memory of Mr. Walton. Whatever harshness the muse of history might have indulged in, the spirit of the departed captain might still appear to you, whispering a line from Spenser,—'Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be.'"

"A line from Calcraft," laughed Mr. Walton.

"*Nec virtus obscuritatem petit*," added Archer. "But I really think, sir, that some of your performances to-day, both when we left you, and when you left us, are the sort of things that might have been heard of in *Gil Blas*,—if the author had only once had the good fortune to be cast away upon the coast of Wales."

"As it is," said Mary, "the record of the Welsh harper will be sufficient. Poor man—I'm sure he will never forget us."

"He was a good illustration," said Archer, "of an old Greek proverb, that 'a long beard does not make a philosopher.' Still, the harper may have been wiser than we know. The Homeric heroes, it is true, all wore large beards, but by the time of Alexander the Great, the march of intellect in this respect had taught the heroes to shave, because, as Plutarch assures us, they pulled each other's beards in battle. It was a tempting opportunity, no doubt. So that I think it possible the harper, foreseeing a desperate contest with the heroic Shenkin, adopted a summary process with his beard, as an act of policy in war."

"How very fond Chaucer is of a good beard!" observed Ellen Lloyd. "Most of his principal or favourite characters wear beards; the favourite heroes of Spenser seem to shave, or to have all such rough incumbrances taken away by a charm."

"Mr. Harding," said the elder Miss Lloyd, "will you let me give you another slice of beef? You have not made at all a good supper."

"Thank you, ma'am, I have done very well indeed. The truth is, I am anxious to take my leave, because I heard, as we came along, that a vessel was now lying off Bangor, on its way to Portsmouth."

"But you surely do not think of setting off to-night!" exclaimed Archer. Mary and Mr. Walton both rose from their seats.

"That vessel," proceeded Harding, "would just suit me; and if I walk across the country to-night, or by daybreak to-morrow morning, to the next town, I should probably be able to catch her before she sailed—thank you all the same. And I thank these ladies for the great kindness they have shown me—and you, also, Miss Walton, and everybody else."

"Do not go to-night," said Mary; in which she was joined by all in the room.

"Thank you," said Harding, "but I had much better go at once. I have been very happy here—the time has flown with me as it never did before—I only wish I could rightly stay among you all, and that I was better fitted to do so. But I must go to my work. I wish you all good night, and God bless you."

Everybody crowded round Harding, and shook him by the hand. He passed hastily out of the cottage, and through the wicket gate; and, as they stood silent with the door still open, they heard his stalwart paces echo fainter and fainter upon the road, till lost upon the grass and heath at the base of the nearest hill.

"WE CAN DO NOTHING BECAUSE WE ARE POOR."

A WORKING MAN'S REPLY ON BEING TOLD IT WAS IN HIS POWER TO DO SOMETHING TO BENEFIT THE CONDITION OF HIMSELF AND CLASS.

"Poor men can do nothing!" is that what you say?

Oh! surely you never can mean it at all;—

Reflect for one moment, then tell me, I pray,

If "the poor" are not rich, the world's "*Great*" very small,

Was Franklin a rich man? Was Jenner? Was Watt?

Galileo? Columbus? Can any one tell

The wealth or estates our great Newton had got?

Was Washington rich? Joan of Arc? William Tell?

Of poets and sages, now pray tell me which

Was the wealthiest man; blind Homer of Old,

Our Shakespeare, John Milton? Were these over-rich,

Did their wealth consist in mere silver or gold?

Was Herschell, was Davy a great millionaire?

Was Burns very wealthy, or even Tom Hood?

Had Goldsmith a banker, and if so, pray where?

No names these for bills, yet the *men* are all good.

Now these all did *something* I think for their kind,

Each one in his own grand particular range;

But it never occurred to these rich ones in mind,

To inquire if their names would go down upon "Change."

Be firm, and in Truth's cause unflinchingly stern,

If called on to suffer, *then* calmly endure,

Be but true to yourselves, and you'll very soon learn

That you can do something although you are poor.

R. V. HAYDAY.

JOHN BULL AND HIS BULLOCKS.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, in his "Adventures of Monsieur Violet"—a book which, if it contains little of the true, is extremely rich in the marvellous—narrates the terrific effect of a flight of terrified buffaloes across an American prairie. On goes the flying herd, trampling all beneath, crushing down all before them, tumbling over rocks, filling up ravines, dashing into rivers—an infuriated mass of roaring, bellowing life. The description was a stirring and highly-wrought one; and I dare say many a fireside reader put down the book, and hugged himself in his dressing-gown, upon the happy fact of his being a quiet Londoner, and in no way likely to advance—his "shooting-iron" in his hand, and his camp-kettle on his back—a pioneer into the deserts which stretch eastward from the Rocky Mountains. No fear, here, either of buffalo or bison—no fear of gazing at the glare of the blazing prairie grass, and listening for the low thunder of the coming herd—no fear of standing, for a moment, powerless, paralysed before the tremendous charge, watching the tide of tossing horns and trampling feet, and then of being dashed down, driven in a moment into a mangled pulp, hardly to be recognised, after the herd has passed, from the trampled clods which they have mashed in their flight. Thank Heaven! no fear of such a terrible catastrophe in this good, civilised, lighted, watered, and police-watched town of London.

So I shall suppose our friend to soliloquise, as, with his head full of Mr. Violet's adventures in the far west, he trudges along somewhere in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. Let him not whoop until he be out of the wood. A sudden burst of uproar rings through the street. The mingled voices of men, women, oxen, and bullocks, arise in one grand unmusical festival. Drovers whoop, ladies scream, gentlemen shout—a sudden panic seizes the passengers, a grand rush sweeps along the pavements; windows fly open in a trice, lucky individuals jump into omnibuses, boys clamber up lamp-posts, and our friend has just time to note the

advancing charge of Smithfield with all its bullockry, when, amid the roar of quadrupeds and drovers, he is jerked into the air from the tips of a pair of Durham short-horns, and sent spinning through the plate-glass windows of the unfortunate linen-draper opposite.

Next day the paper records a "melancholy accident," coupled with a hundred-and-ninety-ninth recommendation to the authorities to abate the "Smithfield nuisance." It is needless to say that the hundred-and-ninety-ninth hint receives just as much attention from the considerate authorities, as did the hundred-and-ninety-eighth. The system goes on. Smithfield is guarded as jealously as though it had been Eden. As on the banks of the Ganges, so on the banks of the Thames, the cow (including the male members of the family) appears to be a sacred animal. Old ladies are run over; unlucky Toms and Bills make short and forced aerial excursions; every now and then a bull prances into a china shop, or a stot displays its taste for the productions of the looms of India, by wreathing round its horns a fifty guinea Cashmere. The pens of those indefatigable contemporary historians, the penny-a-liners, announce how the neighbourhood was thrown into a "state of the utmost consternation"—and so the affair ends. The old ladies have been carried home on shutters, Tom and Bill have furnished material either for the doctor or the coroner—probably for both, another shawl displays its beauties by the door-posts whence hung the maltreated Cashmere, and the curtain has finally dropped upon the performance—only to be raised for its repetition every market-day, "until further notice."

Oh! the force—the destiny-like power—in this civilised land, of the words "old use and wont." We reverence much the dust of gold, but still more the dust of time. The voices which rule our world rise from coffins. Because it was so once it is so now; and—could a not inconsiderable party prevail—it would be so ever more!

Once, ages ago, when London was a little town,—when a pleasant quarter-of-an-hour's walk, or it may be a still shorter journey, brought the citizen from his warehouse to the green fields,—when a comparatively small supply of chops, steaks, rumps and sirloins sufficed for London's appetite,—when neither cabs nor omnibuses made more narrow the narrowness of the public way,—when its foot-passengers were few and its horsemen still fewer; at that far-off time was Smithfield—then, perhaps, literally a field, at all events,

compared with the City, a wide and open space—made a market for cattle. And it probably answered its purposes very well. It was on the outskirts of the town. But the city gradually closed round it. The point on the circumference is now the point which marks the centre. The suburban field has become an opening in the most populous part of the most populous city in the world. In Miltonic phrase, it is the “very navel of the world.” Narrow streets and swarming lanes branch from it like the threads from the central hold of a spider. To attain Smithfield from any suburban point you must traverse half London.

Thus, then, the local characteristics which probably induced our forefathers to buy and sell their oxen in Smithfield, have gradually not only disappeared, but have actually become reversed. Smithfield is not only not what it once was, but it is the very opposite of what it once was. All the reasons which operated to turn it into a cattle-market, and successfully, now operate to turn it out of a cattle-market, and unsuccessfully. Verily, our ancestors were wiser, in this instance at least, than ourselves. They took council, guarded by circumstances; we take the same council, in the midst of opposite circumstances. We nominally profess to follow our forefathers’ example. We do so to the letter, but not in the spirit of the law.

Now is there one man in London who will deny that Smithfield is a nuisance? that a cattle-market established in the heart of a great city is a public eyesore—a public misfortune—a generator of accidents—a breeder of pestilence—a minister of death? I apprehend not one. Then, why is it suffered to remain, year after year, to fill the adjacent hospitals and swell the bills of mortality?

The magic words, “vested interests,”—a breeches-pocket rendering of “old use and wont”—contain the reply. Certain parties have “vested their interests” in the continuance of the Smithfield nuisance, and there the nuisance continues. Typhus broods in adjacent streets—the ghastly monarch of crowded cellars and squalid lodging-houses—for heaps of reeking offal have

“Stified the air, till the dead wind stank;”

the whole filth of a mass of brute animal life is garnered in the midst of human dwellings—a very abiding-place and a home for pestilence—herds of infuriated beasts are goaded through swarming thoroughfares—life and limbs are any day sacrificed—coroners

and "respectable juries" are every day kept in full employment—and finally, the meat which we see any day on our tables—the scrag of Lazarus and the haunch of Dives—have alike been cut from the fevered and unwholesome flesh of a maddened and over-driven brute. There may be ills and aches in every morsel; but London shall be poisoned in its air and in its food—London shall be frightened from its prosperity—London shall run all risks—sustain all damages, because in these aches, pains—poisons—risks and damages,—certain people possess "vested interests."

There seems to be but one antidote to the venom of "vested interests"—and that is agitation. It is with no little pleasure, then, that we see the Smithfield nuisance likely to become the victim of a crusade arrayed by common justice, common honesty, and common sense. Surely there is no need elaborately and seriously to recapitulate the reasons why Smithfield should be turned into anything but a cattle-market. Just think of the career of the fated bullock, from the time it enters London, until its flesh feeds one man and its offal poisons another. See it first terrified—bewildered—stupefied. Mark it goaded and driven on by blows and wounds—observe its stupor gradually giving place to movements prompted by wild fear or savage fury. Think of defenceless passengers—trampled or gored—life and property, both lost ere the unhappy brute arrive at its pen. See it there—fevered—over-driven—its tongue lolling out, in the agonies of thirst. See it driven back again—mark the repetition of its former gambols in the narrow streets—follow it to the slaughter-house—watch its death by the bungling process employed by our bungling butchers. See the filth—the reeking horrors of the slaughter-house. Look around on the crowded neighbourhood—the courts and alleys through which the steaming odours of fetid flesh and clotting blood exhale in fumes which breed putrid fever in the veins. Think of all these horrors—all these monstrous anomalies existing at our doors—making unwholesome our food—cutting short our lives; and say, reader, whether in your sphere you will not join in the Anti-Smithfield League?

Establish *Abattoirs* in the outskirts of London. Place them under strict rule. Take care that the animals to be slaughtered are—until the last moment—furnished with all which can be demanded by their natural wants, and which is necessary to make their flesh wholesome. Introduce the method of killing which physiological science demonstrates to be the quickest and the most

painless. Suppress private killing-places as you would suppress private stills. The public health requires it—the public safety calls for it—common humanity demands it. We are making anxious experiments in order to ascertain the best modes of feeding cattle, and the exact breed which is most cheaply and effectually fattened. Why stultify ourselves by taking so much care of the animals in one stage of their existence, only to undo our work in another? Why try to bring their flesh into the finest condition, and then eat it fevered and congested?

We are happy to think that this state of things is now, apparently, drawing rapidly to a close. The name of Smithfield has been connected with many a sad tragedy—with many a blot upon our history and our people. There the axe has fallen on human spines—the fire has shrivelled human flesh. These things have passed away and are gone. May we hope that the march of reform has not yet called a halt, and that the day is not distant, when we shall no more dream of looking in Smithfield for a pen to hold a bullock, than we do now for a pile to burn a martyr.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

NO. II.—SLAGG'S PATENTS.

THERE'S nothing more puzzling to the young—no, truly, and to such of the middle-aged, as are somewhat “weak in the upper story,” (who, by the way, I have heard defined by the Reverend Mr. Scrupler, as persons wanting a reason for everything), than the laws and limitations of Enthusiasm. It is agreed, I suppose, by every one who has studied human affairs; that, in all great movements, changes, enlightenments, discoveries, and the like, a vast number of minute existences—of the obscure, and the feeble, and the small, must be destroyed:—

“These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:”

To this we all must needs acquiesce—some with a sigh over the suffering they cannot help—some with a paean to the great-

ness of their favourite heroes (a rather fanatical sort of jubilation, it seems to me),—some with a glance towards a Millennium of impossible equality, reciprocal considerateness and enjoyment, in which “dark shall be light and wrong come right” for every one. But, in spite of our acquiescence, it is hard to look upon human happiness gratuitously ploughed up, or trodden down,—to mark the conscientious mistrusted, and the faithful denounced as cold-hearted and worldly—to see those who weigh subjects, and those who retard progress, perpetually confounded—to watch the process of absorption and self-sacrifice going on (not voluntarily, but as a case of necessity)—whenever some great good is to be done—some great end achieved. Nor does this only apply to your Philanthropist on the colossal scale : trace the turnings and windings of private life : watch the means of triumph employed by Success,—count up its purchase-money ; and an amount of effacement—if not more positive suffering—will often reveal itself difficult to be contemplated, save by one who has the nerves of a surgeon, without wincing. Once a week, as we came home from church, past Mr. Slagg’s great gates, and I used to wonder whether we should ever see them swinging open—my Mrs. Bell used to scold me for being “too fond of looking into things.” So, I dare say, I am :—but, just now, as these are the days of minute observation, and morbid anatomy—and as I am anything but “the fashion,” (Haleyon Row, I am told, being sentenced as having “gone down,” since it was known that “one of those writers” was living there)—I may as well say my say, and tell my tale, for the benefit of such as fancy that all is gold that glitters, and that Energy must needs, of itself, attest, not merely the rectitude of its motive, but the lawfulness of its means.

We were at Mr. Slagg’s great gates : just at the corner where the Row turns and narrows into Pymlett Lane. Great wooden gates they are ; and before a great gloomy house—and set in a great high wall ; with four great, smoky elm-trees looking over it. There is a lawn within, such an one, at least, as we are able to keep up so near our chimneys—where, in early spring, the grim earth is cheered by a daffodil or two, which, of course, turns black ere its flower has been out for a day. The house itself, is large and roomy—old without being ancient ; comfortable without that particular look of invitation which I have seen in places far homelier (at my Mrs. Bell’s request I instance our own back parlour :) Though sufficiently furnished for every purpose of life

and hospitality there was a bareness—an unchanging aspect—quite different from the look of the well-known corner—which, though it is always the same, is yet perpetually beautified by some little new token of taste or remembrance. No drawings—no flowers—very few books—not a trace of an animal about the house; save an empty bird-cage which had hung in the Venetian window of the dining-room ever since any of us had known it—“the good rooms at the Slaggs,” which our ladies of the Row were perpetually citing, whenever they wished to impress any one with the gentility of the quarter—had, to me, an anxious, weary aspect. It made me long for some fine day, when all the windows should be thrown open, and the steps and the voices cease—and the mansion, like its dwellers, undergo a thorough refreshment and a few weeks of summer rest. The Slaggs never left home—never went to the sea-side, nor to the lakes, nor to Derbyshire. The mother of the family was wont to say, with a faint smile, “that they were sad fixtures; too thoroughly habituated to their own comforts ever to wish to stir;” and all the members of her family echoed the assertion: but, though true,—as often happens with the facts most resolutely *stuck into one*—this was not all the truth.

Now, any one who suspects that he is to be entrapped into a thrice-told tale—into another illustration of the Dabley discipline, because of the quality of scene described above—is entirely mistaken; as may all your *taking-for-granted* people perpetually prove! The Slaggs were an united and attached family—devoted to one another: above all, to the father of the house: beloved by their servants, who never seemed to quit their service, or to grow older in it—earnest, wise, or kindly—as far as they could be—among the poor. They were not cheerful, it is true—but that their depression was ascribable to one master-influence, never, I am sure, occurred to them. “Men of business” (so appeared to run the articles of their faith) “could not—*ought not* to be laughing, and dancing, and holiday-making like a parcel of Merry Andrews. Work was work; and duty was duty: and people were not sent into the world to hunt after amusement.”

True, again; yet not all the truth. I shall never be suspected by any one that knows me, to encourage idling. Miss Le Grand is perpetually telling me that “I make her ache by my ways of always doing something;” and these scraps and scrawls of mine, jotted down after a day’s book-keeping, are a witness, that when

I am cut off, it won't be for lack of occupation to keep me in this world. And if there be a sight I hate, and breed up my boys to hate, it is the Man of Business who affects the Man of Pleasure. No red-coat should ever lounge into counting-house of mine, were I master and not clerk ; and young sparks who go a-coursing and leave the morning's letters unanswered, are on the way to courses that don't suit me. Late hours, again, at night—by way of a custom—for those who want the use of their heads betimes in the morning, seem to me well-nigh as foolish (I won't say wicked) as dram-drinking is for any one whose trade requires a steady hand. And I suppose, we *may* all live too well, and dress too smart now-a-days ! though the Jeremiahs, who threaten the middle classes for making a show beyond their means, such as their forefathers never dreamed of, don't sufficiently take into account how different are present prices from what they were—that a Pine-apple (as Mrs. Pratt could have told), is not the world's wonder or the housewife's ruin it used to be—and that the Silk Gowns of no given gentlewoman are longer worth fighting for—as poor old Mrs. Lovelady's were on her decease (the combatants, a niece and a half-sister)—because, being less stiff and substantial, they cost less. But—leaving these matters of economy and expenditure to be touched on by your friend, Sir, Mrs. Blackadder, who, they tell me, is about to publish her notes on the “ Unsettled Female Supremacy Question ”—inasmuch as I know work to be healthy and honourable ; and no life worth speaking of which does not include it, in some form or other—so, I cannot believe that, by any,—save, perhaps, the very highest Intellects in the world, so rare that they *must* needs dispense with rest—ought work to imply utter renunciation of relaxation—or such grinding and perpetual care as gradually shuts out the light of cheerfulness.

Nor will it ever do so ; save under the conditions of immediate misfortune, or when something is amiss with the heart. The cloud which rested on Mr. Slagg's house was not the pressure of Labour, but those threatenings of Ruin, which too often appear—“ like the man's hand rising from the sea ”—on the horizon of the Projector. His business, though not brilliant, was sufficient to have ensured fair means of living to his family—liberal education—a small surplus for pleasure ; and some moderate provisions for the future : and had he thrown into it all his energy, foresight, and interest, it might, doubtless, have been bettered. There is a wide difference, as all the world knows, betwixt “ keeping alive ” and

"feeding." But Mr. Slagg had been born with the spirit of an alchemist, and the temperament of a gambler; and had never dreamed that alchemy might become an unlawful study—and that gambling could exist independently of the dice-box, or the betting-book (which, indeed, Sir, and not the innocent, gay pack of cards, ought I think to be called THE ——'s Volume!). He would have stared, had you told him, that a man who paid his bills, and ate and drank within his means—who enjoyed none of those secret vices in dark corners which drain too many reputable men's coffers, to an extent that the world little dreams of—might still be reckless and profligate in his need of money. It was tacitly determined by him, that no one "should trace his operations," that what he was about "should never get wind"—but that was part of his triumphant and self-approving wisdom, not of his sensitive conscience—one of the many elements in his too-common destiny, which justified him, he thought, in attitudinising before his family—as a much-tried and Fortune-spited man.

And thus he let out his "wild blood" in speculation—and satisfied his enthusiasm in inventions, with all the fervour which your Poets take into tragedy-making, and much the same joyful result. It was his boast, that no one was the worse for his hopes and fears—for his "ups and downs"—for the vicissitudes and vigils which were to, and, at last, *did* make his fortune—who knows not SLAGG'S PATENTS? At last!—but after what an interim! And his boast, I must say, was about as justifiable as the mood of an old simple acquaintance of mine, fitter by nature to manage a sheep-walk than a Bank; who, upon the failure of the latter, and a discreditable exposition of withdrawal of capital, want of conduct, etc., etc., being consoled with, replied, "I cannot express my indignation at what has happened." Long live delusions, but for Poets—not men of business! A most desperate, blind delusion was Mr. Slagg's boast, that he had made nobody suffer—because neither Poor House, nor Jail, nor Hospital, was filled that his projects and patents might be brought to bear.

His plan was, to lay hands on every attainable sixpence, for the furtherance of his inventions. Machines which turned out failures after they had cost thousands of pounds, had to be remodelled; or some accident happened to them—chemical combinations which were to cost nothing and yet supersede more expensive preparations—managed, somehow or other, to absorb enormous sums in "keeping up the fire;" while the cheap article, though for ever as

near answering as the Gold-Maker's newest Projection—never quite answered. Rivals in the field were to be bought up (Mr. Slagg was a generous man: liberal to his rivals); confidential persons to be employed at high salaries (Mr. Slagg now can recount how so entire was his ascendancy, that no one employed by him over his discoveries ever once broke confidence). There was a ceaseless drain going on, which had to be fed from the hoards and the purses of all accessible persons. The family were put on a course of privation, for some twenty years; more grinding, I will venture to assert, than the partial want of meat, clothes, and fire:—a minute, daily, hourly, economy—consistent with keeping up of the great house within the great gates; a sacrifice of the smallest grace or indulgence which made no show. The wife, who loved her husband dearly, and was too loving to compare her lot with any other merchant's or manufacturer's wife of her acquaintance—the husband's sister, their inmate, who never crossed the threshold for fifteen years of her life—the son, who, unfit for business, as early appeared, was to be brought up for college—were each and all laid under contribution: and the willingness with which this was paid, seems to me, to double the cruelty of the levy.

Arden Slagg, the son, was, as I have said, a Poet—in his way a speculator—and a projector—like his father: delicate in frame—delicate in nature. To prepare him for College, he was sent to a large school, where rich men's sons only went. But, unnatural as it may sound—Mr. Slagg's filial affection allowed no margin for pocket-money. And the boy—with the spirit of a gentleman and the name of one—was compelled to run the gauntlet of youth, through a career of mockery and humiliation, which knew no intermission. Your Schoolboy, Sir, out of very thoughtlessness—out of ignorance of what is possible and impossible—can be the cruelest animal under the sun. Every dunce could flout Arden Slagg with his bright half-crown—or the talk of yesterday's treat, or to-morrow's pony ride. It was a favourite torment (and found too efficacious not to be repeated perpetually, when the victim was the head of his class) to pretend to borrow money of him—that the red shame might be seen, rising to the very roots of the sensitive boy's hair, when the truth was excruciated out—that he had no money to lend—that day; nor expected any next week. But enough. Do you wonder that the youth—early initiated into the honour of keeping school secrets, and fancying his misery his own fault, became shy, silent, dispirited—lost his

health, and wore out his spirit with strugglings to rise quicker than Nature and Chance willed? that, breaking down under a failure, (for your Scholar is as little always a Porson, as your Poet proves to be a Tennyson,) sunk to a depth beyond the power of rally and recovery? He was sent to College, under the same blessed conditions: with his school-day habits of mind upon him. Do you wonder that he fell into the hands of the Rome-ward bound—the Fadgett faction?—that, with all his hereditary enthusiasm, he went further than his spiritual guides and authorities. It is a thorn in the side of Mr. Slagg, to recollect that his eldest is now a monk; has given up his very name, for some of their *Eustatius-es* or *Ambrosius-es*: and I fancy, occasionally, that I see pain in his eye, if he happens to meet me when my boy is with me.—But who is to blame?

Then there was his sister, the invalid: a brave-hearted woman, if ever there was one—though so delicate, that a change of wind in the night made her cough—whence, as I said, she passed some fifteen years within the eight walls of two rooms, heated by a stove, and looking on that cheerful court-yard;—with a mind as serene, and a temper as free from bitterness, as ever Saint could boast. How could any one guess the truth?—that she had been worth an independent fortune—some five hundred a year of her own; that her physicians had told her that she could only exist in our harsh Lancashire climate on the conditions above described—whereas two winters in the South might possibly establish her in sound, if not strong health? It was so; and she had resolved to do her part in educating her poet-nephew, by giving him this foreign journey. Evil was the day, when she arrived in Halcyon Row, to broach her plan. It was her doom. My Mrs. Bell never has any patience with her—calls her “a fool,” and the like; but she does not know, I suspect, how it was all done;—the mysterious consciousness that some care was in the house—the bit-by-bit explanation—the probable statement that “the money was only wanted for a month—two months—that it was for her own utmost advantage”—the strong appeal to her feelings,—strong in proportion as it was indirect—the solemn assurances (made, I doubt not, in solemn sincerity—the fact, only, being overlooked, that there were no *certainties* whereon to build them)—the sacrifice of her journey for a few months—the signature! Can you wonder that when men are wrong enough to undermine the independence of women, for their own purposes, (let me speak plain—to get their money to gamble

with), women should not be strong enough to say "*Nay*"—to examine argument by argument—point by point—detail by detail—that, after mistrusting disinclination as obstinacy—they should yield, to their own ruin? Ere the winter was out, Winifred Slagg had seen enough of her Brother—heard enough of his fireside talk—tested enough of his prophecies by their non-fulfilment—to be aware of what she had done. She lived fifteen years an inmate in her Brother's house: and was steady-hearted enough, I have reason to know, never once to upbraid him,—nor to say, in the hearing of living *woman*, "He ought not to have got my money from me!"

These were but two among ten cases. True it is, that Triumph came at last—that Slagg's Patents, at last, are making a fortune for Slagg—that the great gates are swinging open, that the lady of the mansion may travel where she will—has wintered at Rome, to be near her son—that Mr. Slagg is to have a piece of plate, as one whose Genius has cast a halo round Halcyon Row; that there will be dinners, and speeches, and newspaper reports—and men of science from London—and a Knighthood, perhaps, (Miss Le Grand hopes no Baronetcy)—that Mr. Slagg is to build a church,—and to stand for a neighbouring town,—that young men are brought to him, eager to listen to his stories, to lay their heads in the lap of his wisdom, and dream dreams; that his portrait is to be hung in The Mechanics' Institute; that he can buy pictures now—has thrown poor Winifred's two rooms into one; which he has made a handsome library. But I shall never forget the look on his own and his wife's face, the first day we were there, to admire and to congratulate; when a blunderer of the party (Mrs. Bell desires me to say not her husband, of whose remarks out of season you may possibly have heard) said, "Among your curious books, Mr. Slagg,—I wonder you have not a *Missal*!"—And I thought, that if I must look as they two did, I would rather not be the Proprietor of Slagg's Patents.

A word ere we part. It is of consequence to my peace of mind, (Mrs. Bell says, perhaps, to my keeping my place) that I should explain, that I meditate no treason against your Railway Kings: no slander of the Strutts, no anger at the Arkwrights, nor petulance with the Peels, who build up fortunes and families, by those brilliant strokes of invention, which qualify some men to be Naval

Commanders, and some Kings of Colonies—and *one* in a World's life-time, to be Shakspeare. Clerk as I am, I honour an enterprising spirit: Gladstone and Greatness, Ewart and Economy, are always, somehow or other, closely connected in my mind. If I were Her Majesty—which, God be thanked! I am not: a private family being enough for any poor Bell to manage!—I would make Mr. Brunel a Peer, and Mr. Stephenson another: and Mr. Locke a Baronet at the least: since each, it seems to me, has done greater things for the world than influencing votes, presenting addresses, etc., etc.: and it is our union of force and imagination, of bull-dog perseverance and eagle-wingedness (excuse the last figure being French) which has made us what we are among the nations! But it is a mistaken idea, that purpose in great aims excuses dereliction from duty in small things. Great purpose is *self-sacrificing*; cares not how it shall stand with the world from hour to hour—secure that, at last, it *shall win*, if life last. Mr. Slagg should have had two pieces of plate—not one—with my goodwill, had I seen him willing to conform to his real circumstances, during the years when he was wringing, draining, grinding his family for the means to enable him to prosecute his schemes—had he left the great House with the great gates and confined the amount of risk within its smallest possible limits—had he stepped down, (or aside) for a while, in society: virtually saying to the world, "*Trust me for a while: Resurgam:*" instead of keeping that unbroken appearance—that mocking of his child with a costly education; that encouraging of him in every aristocratic association; while the humiliating nakedness and scantiness had to be hidden by as close and continuous a system of watchfulness, as that of the Spaniard naked to the waist, save for the last relic of his hidalgo days,—the velvet cloak. It matters not that Slagg is a well-preserved, handsome man—that now, when the wine goes round, he charms listening youth, and bores his fine friends who must endure his histories in the hope of "being put into some *good spec*," by fighting over his battles again—recounting "how he had all but failed"—"how he was within half a year of throwing up everything in despair"—and "how" (looking down the while on his superb diamond ring) "he is at last rewarded by a success of which he feels himself utterly unworthy." I can never get rid, in that house, of the sight of a shaven crown—symbol in our days of a morbid or dispirited man;—nor of the sound of a short hacking cough, and a drawing of an arm-chair across the floor,

which told of Captivity in an upper chamber. And as I wonder whether the Head of the Family sees and hears these things (his Wife does, I am positive), a Voice keeps saying to me, again and again, as clearly, I am confident, as the Bow Bells prompted the Projector who had no one's happiness to risk save that of himself and Cat,—“ *Was this rightly done ?* ”

THE ARCADIA OF THIS AGE.

ABOUT two-thirds of the population of Great Britain,—not of Ireland, which, on this point as on others, differs from the rest of the empire—are now closely packed in towns. At the beginning of this century, the proportions of the town and rural population were reversed, and then two-thirds of the whole gambolled at large over the country. The eight millions added to the population of our island between 1800 and 1841, the addition being nearly twice as great in amount as the whole population of England in the reign of the Virgin Queen, are all dwellers in our crowded, ill-ventilated, ill-drained, ill-built towns. Within that period, the rural population has, on the whole, scarcely augmented if it have not positively decreased, except in Ireland, and the character of the people there, does not inspire great hopes of permanent improvement from a large increase anywhere in the number of bog-trotters and clodhoppers. If we may with unerring certainty infer the future from the past, in the course of the next fifty years the inhabitants of our towns will be more than doubled and four times as numerous as the tillers of the ground. For our successors there seems no other prospect than to be more closely pressed together than we are. This, or decay is inevitable ; continual prosperity and a continual increase of people are identical. Town then will be added to town, street to street, house to house, till the whole island becomes one vast metropolis. Railways must pass amidst rows of buildings ; such is almost our lot, such will undoubtedly be the lot of our successors. Densely-peopled cities constitute the Arcadia of the living generation, and still more densely-peopled cities must be the Arcadia of the next generation. Can we and they reconcile ourselves to such a fate ? Can we so prepare the future for them, and them for the future, as to make

it bearable. Nay, more, as they must live in such a condition, can we hope that this summer-tide, or autumn-tide, or whatever tide it may be—for that is only darkly conjectured—of the earth's existence, will be as delightful to them as was its green spring-tide to its young inhabitants?

First, let us look on what art has done, is doing, and may yet do to make the surface of the earth as a mere spectacle,—gratifying the eye, kindling the imagination, and filling the heart with poetry, kindness, and love,—as agreeable to the future as to the past generations. Sunny glades, and shady lanes, green fields, and purling streams, a land carpeted with flowers, the air filled with music, balmy breezes and a clear sky,—all the poetic delights of our fathers and grandfathers—must be, it is assumed, unknown to our successors. A little examination of the subject may teach us a different and a more correct conclusion. Town-born arts, the steam-horse and the steam-ship, carry us in a short time, at a small expense and very often with great enjoyment while travelling, whithersoever we will. It is an undoubted fact, that the present town-bred population are better acquainted with the beauties and wonders of the country than were the most happy Arcadians of a former age, when confined within the limited spaces they could travel over on their own legs, or the legs not so easily tired of their dromedaries, or their horses.

To no inconsiderable part of our population, the beauties of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy are familiar. Many of them are acquainted with the charms of Greece and the Holy Land. An almost countless number disport themselves in the fine season, on our rolling or sporting streams, wander with delight over the pebbly beach and admire the magnificent ocean lulled in calm repose or roused by the storm into uncontrollable fury. To great multitudes, the soft downs of the South, the still lakes of Cumberland, with their hills softer than those of Italy, the mountains of Wales, Alps in grandeur but not in danger; the majestic hills and lakes of Scotland, and all the visible beauties of ever verdant Ireland, are accessible and are objects of delight and love. The sooty and fluffy denizens of our towns are habitually transported, though not nearly so frequently as enjoyment and health demand, into rural scenes unsurpassed for beauty. To their many natural charms many imparted by art, are added. The eye is refreshed by many splendid flowers, and the air is made fragrant by plants imported from abroad, and quite unknown to the dull and less

quicken people of former ages. It is to be anticipated that a similar condition will be enjoyed by our successors. They will make even a greater progress. They will have more facilities of conveyance and a still larger sphere of rural enjoyments than has been reached by us. Looking at the earth merely as a spectacle, the town population derive more enjoyment from it and have more reason to love the visible signs of universal goodness teeming from its surface, than the rural population of former ages.

Town-born arts, too, have done much even to improve the appearance of the earth. They have hemmed in the torrent, and converted its wide-spread arid bed into the green and fertile borders of a clear and rushing stream. They have bridged it over, and while they have made it safe, have added beauties of their own. They have divided its power, led it away in trundling rills, and have turned its devastation into teeming fertility. Town-bred arts, too, have built the safe mole on the rocky shore of the stormy ocean, making of great sea walls and lofty lighthouses, which give safety to the mariner, picturesque objects. Even our railroads, so decried by the lovers of rural beauty for their barren banks, their deep cuttings, their dark tunnels, are beginning to assume very different characteristics. On them, as on all other great works, the useful must first be gained, the agreeable is won at leisure. After they are constructed, we can think of adorning them. Some of their great viaducts and their bridges lend even now a majesty to Nature herself. The shapeless heaps of earth at the sides of railways, the steep arid banks of the cuttings, are in many places, and probably may be, and in time will be in all, laid out in shrubberies or gardens, and will smile with blossoms, and rejoice us with fruits. Though our successors will be pent up in towns, we cannot agree with those who, living only in the sunshine of the past, being poorly gifted with hope, and wanting confidence in Nature, imagine the unknown future to be all clouds and storms. The prospects of succeeding generations, as seen in our telescope, are not so murky as the admirers of a country life and a rural population represent.

For the Fine Arts and for Artists the prospect is still more cheering. Their native place and their home is the city. The subjects of art are found sparingly in the rural wilderness, abundantly in the heart of civilization. History is written of men, not of mountains. Sculpture preserves the forms of heroes *and of citizens* more than of boors and farmers. Poetry is too often

descriptive dulness when limited to the country, though Cowper contrasts that as God-made with the man-made town. Nature herself, as in the half-deserted countries of the East, seems to stagnate, or run into wild disorder, where there is wanting a brisk and active population. Ireland abounds with rural beauties; and the rural population, living amidst their own swine—when they have any—are picturesque with rags and dirt; but the unvaried hovel, or varied only by the slated house, and a people all nearly in a similar condition of poverty, offer far fewer objects to the pencil of the artist, than the many-formed mansions and the varied buildings of the town-enriched population of England. When one dull clodhopper—one porsy, stalwart, bragging farmer—one beautifully limbed ox has been seen and painted, the subjects of art in the country are half exhausted. The endless succession of beings in towns, each curious in himself, and continual changes in the multitude, supply endless subjects for the pen and the pencil. Art, too, suggests and creates art. The sculptor and the painter—both inhabitants of towns—embody the inspirations of the poet, and the poet catches new inspiration from pictures and statues. History, which supplies to these artists so large a proportion of their subjects, is *made* in cities and amongst congregations of men. The rural population are the heavy ballast which steadies, rather than the bellying flapping sails which impel society. Progress begins amongst the multitude in towns, and he who would catch the dawn of improvement, must watch for its rising tints in crowded cities. Considered as our solace, the sources of enjoyment, after the bread of life has been gained and the day's work done, the Fine Arts will flourish more probably in the crowded hereafter than at present, and more than in any former ages.

The necessities of the present, and still more the necessities of the future, are now, happily, awakening attention to the condition of our towns, and compelling us to cleanse, enlarge, and beautify them. The accommodation designed for thousands has become hopelessly inadequate for millions. Our streets are nearly all too narrow for the busy streams which flow through them. Our towns must occupy more and more of the surface of the monopolised soil; and our food must come more and more from the yet unmonopolised soil of the new world. In comparison with the unadorned and unimproved wilderness our towns are already beautiful; but now that we have obtained room to enlarge them, by obtaining a free access to other countries for subsistence, imagina-

tion can scarcely conceive what they will become, and what they must be made. Opened, ventilated, drained, filled with habitations at once comfortable and magnificent, and adorned with all that creative art can supply, they must be made worthy of intelligent beings. Compelled as we are to live compressed together, and compelled as we know future generations must be to live still more compressed, by their ever increasing numbers, it is not less an imperative duty to our descendants than to ourselves, to provide not only for the immediate but for the future improvement of the towns in which we and they must dwell.

It is pleasant to add that we are now likely to have the means of performing this duty. The people must first of all be fed and well fed. To have an assured command over the means of subsistence is essential to physical and moral well-being. The dread of starvation is incompatible with health of body and ease of mind ; without which no great works can be done. When there is a general plenty, a large proportion of the most energetic minds being freed from the cares of providing subsistence, will diligently apply themselves to pioneering ways of improvement. All the obstacles interposed by the legislature between the people and abundance, being now removed, or destined in the course of a few months to rot away, we may rely with confidence on the unimpeded energies of commerce to procure an ample supply. We may be equally sure when the population are relieved from apprehensions of dearth and famine, that they will have time and thoughts for the improvement of their dwellings. We may now anticipate, therefore, that the very lowest classes will second the exertions of their benevolent leaders, and that improvement will be as great and as rapid as it is desirable.

Let the present and future generations, then, cease those vain murmurs we sometimes hear over the growth of towns, and the loss of green fields and sunny streams. For them the over-arched and almost hidden stream, that, dye-discoloured, serves a thousand factories, should be more endeared than the brightest rill that gurgles waste and unimpeded through the daisiest of meadows. Wheat fields and thick-sown turnips should be more agreeable to us than the fat wild pastures on which fed the venison of our ancestors. Boars, and oak forests in which they fattened, were naturally the delight of those who were scantily supplied with any other description of meat, but we can rejoice in the stall-fed ox and the pen-fed sheep. The shepherd's pipe might be charming

music to those who lazily reclining had only to watch their browsing sheep or grunting herds of swine, but to a town population, whose life is unbroken activity, the rush of the steam boat, or the whirl of the locomotive—even the scream of the railway whistle, which might perhaps be made more musical, and not less startling, should be more delightful than the sweetest toned flageolet. They are all the evidences of man's power. From all the circumstances connected with a crowded population we and our posterity cannot escape ; let us try to enjoy them. Let the weaver as he plys his loom—and, if his labours be peculiarly irksome, let us hope that he will soon be better rewarded—think of its gorgeous products, which fascinate the fair and the stranger, and let him draw streams of delight from his own transcendent skill. Let the smith, as his hammer rings on the anvil and the sweat streams from his swarthy brow, remember that the meanest of his strokes contributes to the perfection of some one of the mighty machines that have made man the Lord of the Earth. And, not to multiply examples, which will readily occur to the reader, let the compositor, blackened with the ink of his well-used types, and the writer whose copy he is setting-up, complain no more of their town occupations, or envy those who work in the free air. Let them reflect that each in his sphere is performing his allotted task of keeping up communication and sympathy amongst all the other industrious classes, making the distant wine or cotton grower aware of the peaceful labours of the distant smith or weaver, that are carrying on for his advantage, diffusing amongst all the knowledge that must first be acquired by one, smoothing the asperities of each, and fusing the whole into one homogeneous kindly mass firmly cemented by interest and love, to the exclusion of terror and the gallows. Brief and few are the examples we quote as illustrations of the principle we desire to inculcate. Men must resolve to love the circumstances in which they are placed, and honour the work they are called upon to do. So will they make the crowded towns, in which future generations must live, a happier Arcadia than ever yet was known in the world.

THE SEA-MAID'S RING.

"DIVER, bold diver, what hast thou brought me
Up from the sea?"

"Starry and golden, a ring, O damsel,
I have brought thee;
A ring that fell from a sea-maid's finger,
Right fair to see.

"In the deep sea-caves, damsel, she caught me,
By my long hair.

'Tarry, O diver, tarry and love me!'
So sang she there:

'Love me, Oh! love me!' but fiercely I mocked her,
And her soft prayer.

"'Foul scorn, O sea-maid, give I unto thee—
Love give I none;

Eyes that are brighter, cheeks that are softer,
Mine heart have won,—

On the rocks waiteth me my betrothed maiden,
Earth's fairest one.'

"Straight in my palm her starry ring dropped she,
With a dark smile;

Unwound her snowy arms, gazed at me mutely
For a brief while;

Then through the coral caves echoing her laughter,
The maid did flee;

And with this gift of hers, shedding light round it,
Wondrous to see,

Through the wild water, damsel beloved,
Came I to thee."

On the rocks stood they, o'erhanging the billow—
Sunset was nigh;

Darkly one cloud did float dimming the splendour
Of the sweet sky,

And on the maiden's face brooded its shadow,
All bodingly.

In the youth's hand her own placed she full fondly,
Yet timidly.
Soon on her finger gleamed the small circlet,
Bright as could be ;
But when from love's embrace, from its close clasping
She was set free,
With a wierd cry of wild misery leaped she
Into the sea !

Down through the billow, through the cleft billow,
In his despair,
Swift sank the diver, with straining eyeballs,
Seeking her there.
But alas ! never more shall he behold her,
That maiden fair.

Never more, never more,—life ebbeth from him,
Life's hope doth fail,
And from the coral caves plainly he heareth
A mocking wail,
Whereat his heart doth grow fainter within him,
His cheek more pale.

Terrible phantasies, shifting for ever,
His sense beguile ;
Shapes flit around him in the wild water,
Loathly and vile ;
And in his dying eyes glareth the sea-maid,
With her dark smile.

T. WESTWOOD.

THE VILLAGE WITHOUT BREAD.

A TALE OF THE DEAR YEARS.

THE aspect of the country at the present moment may be said to afford certain points of resemblance with that discernible on the face of affairs almost half a century ago. I mean in the autumn and winter of the years 1801-2, periods cherished in the remembrance of all old enough to look back on them, as the "Dear years." Many who were children then retain a vivid recollection, not of the events passing around, at least of the effect exerted by them upon the comfort of their homes. Complaints aroused by

the two shilling quartern loaf, and the consequent distressed state of the poor, are still remembered by persons who heard of or witnessed these things, and they are compelled involuntarily to acknowledge the justice of drawing a parallel—an unwelcome one though it be—not exactly with what is at the present moment enacting, but with what might have come to pass had the scarcity, impending over the country so short a time ago, in reality spread.

I am now arrived at a very advanced period of life. My children are grown into men and women, and in their hair those silver threads are traceable, which Time weaves into it as we advance in his company towards eternity. I retain a vivid recollection of the scene I am about to describe, though five-and-forty years have elapsed since the incident occurred. One reason, perhaps, why these events are stamped so indelibly upon my otherwise worn-out memory is, that all my feelings, as the mother and sole protector of two infant children, were enlisted on the occasion.

I was a widow, residing on a small competence in the village of —. One year had passed drearily away since my husband's death, when rumours of the disturbed state of the country, of the fall in wages, the dearth of bread, the discontented state of the poor, the tardy efforts of the government to ameliorate their condition, began to reach me in my retirement. I did not, however, being occupied with my household duties, and attending to my family, reflect deeply on passing events. Relying on my competence, I never, in fact, expected the scarcity to reach my door; foolish expectation it was true, since, while bread was gradually rising to two shillings the quartern loaf in price, it was an utter impossibility that I should not suffer along with my children, did things continue in the same state.

I generally made it a rule to purchase flour about a sack at a time, which was conveyed from a mill a long way from the village at stated intervals, according to the wants of the inhabitants. Thus I mostly contrived to have a ready and plentiful supply for my family. The day on which the miller was expected to pay us a visit came round. My flour had run very low, for I had lent a peck to my next-door neighbour, Mrs. Dobbins, which she intended to repay me as soon as it lay in her power. I used up the last that lay in the bin, and the bread thus made was exhausted on the morning of the miller's anticipated arrival. I did not concern myself much, fully expecting to be replenished in the course of the *day, which, however, wore gradually on, and no miller's cart made*

its appearance. My children understood the state of the case ; but being ever accustomed to have their wants supplied, if possible, even before the need came, they seemed to trust implicitly in the advent of the flour, and to trouble themselves little about the matter. With this I felt pleased, as it was far easier for me to suffer my anxiety alone than to have them for sharers in it. As the day advanced, however, they also began to entertain apprehensions, and as often as the rumbling of wheels sounded through the village, one or the other of them would dart to the door and cry out, " Here he comes, mother ! " Such sentences as " I think that must be the baker, now ; " " I heard a cart stop at the top of the village ; " " Oh, no, it 's only the farmer come home ! " " Shall I go and see if he 's coming ? " sounded all the day long in my ears, while I busied myself in domestic cares ; and, having given the children a meal of potatoes and broth, the only food remaining in the house, sat down at the window to work, scarcely less anxious than my little ones at the non-arrival of the miller. As evening approached the cheerful voices of the children became, I fancied, slightly sharpened in their tones, and a few disconsolate grumbings arose from the corner where they had gone to converse over this strange order of events. I was alone ; I had no one to whom I could confide my thoughts. My neighbours were good, homely sort of persons. I associated, however, but slightly with them, for I had lived in almost total seclusion since my husband's death, which took off from my feelings all relish for any sort of society. The advice of any friend was not, to be sure, exactly needed on the present occasion ; but sympathy always enables us to bear any affliction, however slight, with greater calmness. I therefore buried in my own bosom the fears that beset me, having no friends from whom I could seek consolation. The miller's absence on this day was not, to be sure, of such extraordinary importance, had it been wholly disconnected, in my mind, with the scarcity in all food that was rapidly spreading over the country. An undefineable feeling of apprehension stole over me, for a mother's heart is more prone than others to conjure up imaginings and forebodings of evil, which develop themselves more strongly in proportion to the responsibility of her situation. A widowed mother has no stay to fall back upon. Famine, I thought, had already commenced its ravages, and how soon they might extend to our little village I knew not.

The early twilight of a cold March evening was deepening over

the country. I wondered at the quiet desertion of the streets, accustomed, as I was, especially at this time, to the merry voices of children playing around. I closed the shutters, threw a little more turf on the fire, and by its light set about diverting the children, in order to drive away from their minds the thoughts of unwanted gloom that oppressed them. My efforts were not responded to with the accustomed cheerfulness. An undefined fear had chilled the little spirits of my hearth, clouded their sunny brows, and imparted a half-reproachful expression to their bright eyes when their gaze almost instantaneously met mine. Hunger had in reality begun to make itself felt; and my face flushed with excitement, as, turning to a corner of the room where my youngest little Harry was sitting, I saw the light of the fire reflected in a big round tear, that stole from underneath his dark eyelashes. My mother's heart could stand this no longer. Starting up and snatching down hastily my cloak and bonnet, I commended my boy to his sister Mary's care, and kissing them, prepared to set forth on my search after food. My determination caused a sudden reaction in their hearts, and smiles again decorated those youthful faces, on which God never intended gloom long to dwell. I closed the door behind me, and sallied forth on my errand. Whether it was that my own mind was full of forebodings, I cannot tell, but certain it is that a strange melancholy and silence seemed to pervade the whole village, and the air seemed charged with unnatural heaviness. Scarcely any one was to be seen in the long straggling street that constituted our straggling village. I hurried on to the baker's shop at the corner, and entered without looking to the right or to the left; but when once inside the door I started at the strange appearance presented to my gaze. The shop was there, but nothing beside several rows of empty shelves welcomed me. Not a trace of bread, flour, cake, or biscuit, was to be seen. A faint sickness stole over my heart as I remembered my little ones at home. Mrs. Handy responded to the tinkle of the bell. She guessed my errand, and shook her head.

"We have no bread," she said.

"No bread in the bakehouse!" I cried.

"Not a bit: the last was sold an hour ago."

"Haven't you a little meal, or flour, enough to make a loaf?"

"Not a morsel, I assure you. My husband is gone to try and get some—he won't be back yet awhile."

I didn't wait any longer, but left the shop. Some of my neigh-

bours perchance, I thought, are better provided, and they will surely assist me on the present occasion; and a consciousness stole over me, in the pride of my heart, that often and often I had assisted them in various ways, and had asked and hoped for no return. The inhabitants of the village were by no means rich; petty shopkeepers, workmen, and agricultural labourers, composed its population. Many boasted of comparative comfort, and to them I resolved to apply. My first visit was to a cottage where resided a man and his wife in tolerable circumstances. They were past the prime of life, and had around them a large family of young children. A light glimmered in the little honeysucked window. I could have entered had I chosen, for the door was partly ajar, but a sort of presentiment prompted me to peep through the lattice before doing so. The scene was infinitely worse than I could have anticipated. Here was real want, not created by a day, but in the slow progress of weeks, mingled with sickness and suffering. The wife was pacing the room, humming snatches of an old song to hush an infant to rest. The father was lying on a mattress drawn close to the fire, and his face was buried in his hands. It was only too apparent that he had been weeping. The children were assembled one and all round the little table in the centre, dividing between them what seemed to be a basin of gruel. The sound of stifled sobs sent me quickly away—I could not intrude there!

I next directed my steps to some friends in better circumstances. They were engaged in dividing a loaf: all they could obtain for love or money. I offered an extravagant price for half, and was refused! I cannot detail all the heart-rending scenes I witnessed that night. How many a child sobbed itself to sleep in "The Village without Bread!" How many a mother suffered the pangs of witnessing her offspring starve! How many a tear stole down the face of men whose cheeks had never perhaps been moistened for years! One little incident I shall never forget.

In a little hovel, or hut, at one end of the village, resided an aged pair, supported solely by the exertions of an only daughter, who stitched away from morning to night until the period of scarcity came, and left the people no time to think of adorning themselves. Well, the good girl spent the savings she had hoarded, and managed to provide her aged parents with the comforts to which they had been accustomed, until at last nearly all was gone. On the night in question I turned aside from the road,

being unacquainted with the present state of the case, with the intention of borrowing some kind of food from this honest hard-working girl. I saw her hurrying before me, in her little scarlet cloak and flannel petticoat, and followed instinctively. As she opened the latched door I came up, but in her eagerness I was unnoticed. The old man sat fronting his aged partner, with folded arms, both looking meek and resigned, but still melancholy. The cheerful entrance of young Jenny aroused them from their reverie.

"Here I am, father! I've got something, though it isn't much."

And she drew forth a little loaf—once to be procured, at most, for two-pence, but for which she had doubtless paid an exorbitant price.

Breaking it in two she gave one part to each of her parents.

"I was so hungry," she said, "I ate a piece in coming along—so I don't want any now," she continued, turning away.

I saw through the guiltless untruth, and murmuring to myself "May God reward you!" hurried forward. What was I to do? There was no bread in the village; and how could I return and face my children with nothing to give them! An idea flashed across me, and I lost no time in putting it in practice. Walking with a speed which, when I look back and remember the distance, seems almost incredible, if I forget to couple it with the mother's energy that accompanied it, to the Post Inn, I boldly adventured in, and agreed for a mule. Everything was dear. I paid of course accordingly, and thus procured what I desired, tightened my cloak around me, and mounting my beast prepared to set forth on a little journey. About four or five miles from the town stood, in the heart of a wood the picturesque old mill, whence the villagers usually fetched their flour. To this I resolved to proceed, as a last resource; scarcely daring to hope that even then this would prove successful. It was now very late in the night. As I passed round the churchyard, and at the end of the village, eleven o'clock pealed from the old belfry. The cold was intense; but I ascertained this fact, not from my own feelings—for my thoughts kept me warm—but the hand that held the bridle was numbed and stiff before I had got half-way on my journey. The moon traced itself a passage through patches of cloudlets, now fleecy, now dark, and then rolled freely over intervals of clear blue sky until it encountered another stream of clouds coursing

over the heavens. All nature was distinctly revealed by its clear light. On my right, the sea stretched its broad expanse, and, rolling towards the shore, dashed up against the beetling cliffs. The monotonous and regular tramp of my four-footed companion was the only sound, besides the ceaseless murmuring of the waves as they broke against the rocks, which disturbed the silence of the night. On the hedges a sharp hoar-frost was setting, threading the branches with little icicles, and making the boughs resemble strings of pearls, on which the moon's rays glittered and sparkled brightly. My imagination, reverting from the scenes of misery I had just quitted, seemed delighted to dwell upon the charms which nature unfolded around. The calm peaceful beauty of the landscape harmonised admirably with the melancholy cast of my thoughts. The stillness that reigned over all, the perfect hush that pervaded the whole flood of clear bracing air, scarcely ruffled by the slightest night-breeze, left me at perfect liberty to indulge uninterrupted in my reverie. Before me rose the dark mass formed by the wood, within whose precincts stood the mill. The trees, though leafless, presented nevertheless a dense impenetrable barrier to further view. An undulating line marked where the scene was bounded by a range of hills. I now approached the greatest difficulty of my journey, formed by the stream, which I was compelled to cross before I could possibly gain the wood. This obstacle, indeed, as all others, had wholly escaped my memory. The waters were swollen by the winter rains, and flowed sullenly down between steep banks. As I reached the brink I remember that I paused for a moment, struck even then with the rich beauty of the scenery with which it was surrounded in its passage. The trees, willows, and brambles grew on the top of the bank, and bending forward on either side almost met at the top, and formed archways and arbours all up the stream, and these the rays of the moon threaded through and through, shedding little patches of silver light, and disclosing the wild weeds and mosses and lichens that grew all down the bank and dipped into the waters as they rolled restlessly on. Here a dark stump of a willow tree, shorn of its branches, projected far into the stream, and, seen by the ghostly light of the moon, resembled, to my disturbed imagination, the dark outline of a man, bending over and striving to peer into the hidden secrets of the stream. The spot most adapted for a crossing was situated much lower down than where I first halted; so descending from my patient mule, I led

her along without the tall hedge of willows and brambles that darkened the stream, and fancying as I advanced all kinds of strange adventures and impending dangers. Looking back, I have since felt inclined to wonder that without any thought I ventured alone in a spot which had frequently been the scene of crime. Not far from where I then stood was situated the pit, down which Morris Jones had thrown a young creature for whom he had once professed attachment; and in the waters of that same purling stream a pedlar had been found, pale and cold, murdered by ruffians, in the dead of the night, for a little gold he possessed. But, whenever I felt my courage sinking, I sent my thoughts back to that little room where those who called me mother were awaiting my return with food.

I now reached the spot where I was to cross. The stepping-stones were covered by the swollen waters. I paused, but only for an instant. Taking off my shoes and stockings, and gathering up my clothes round me, I prepared, still leading my dumb companion, to step into the stream. The cold of the waters struck through my heated frame, and I shuddered involuntarily, but a little voice seemed suddenly to echo from some neighbouring nook, whispering softly, "Mother." So I waded through and reached the opposite bank in safety. I now remounted my mule, and proceeded on over a pathway towards the wood, which lay at no great distance. Very soon I had entered its precincts, and was riding up a path between rows of every description of tall trees, with their branches interlacing each other above and disclosing between their leafless boughs the blue heavens over head. The narrow road was winding. Once, as I turned an abrupt corner, I caught a glimpse of the desired haven seen in the full broad glare of the moon's rays. Then, again, it was lost to view. My heart beat quickly and more quickly at each slow step of my tardy but sure-footed beast. At length, emerging upon an open glade, I heard the rippling of the gushing waters that turned the wheel, and saw the dear old mill with a bright light burning in its window as if to welcome me at my approach. The recollection of the joy I experienced at that moment has never been effaced from my memory by many subsequent periods of happiness. It was pure, intense delight, which I have often sought, but never succeeded in tasting again—at least, in the excitement of the moment, so it seemed. Once within sight of the mill, all apprehension of its not containing what *I desired* vanished. I felt perfectly secure, and accordingly sought

to hasten the motions of my mule. Poor creature ! it appeared to understand my impatience, and actually, as I imagined, seemed to quicken its pace to a trot, and at length I indeed stood close under shelter of the mill, and bounding to the ground prepared to open the wicker gate. The sound of my mule's hoofs had already notified our approach, for the light disappeared from the upper window, and emerging again below, at the little door, revealed the portly dimensions of the miller, whom I could have embraced as he stood, his garments white with the traces of what I had come to seek.

He professed, as well he might, considerable astonishment at my visit ; but, as may be supposed, I tarried little to exchange compliments or words. Accordingly, having provided myself with a bushel or two of flour—all he could be induced to spare me—with a bag of meal, which, after extorting an extravagant price for it, he assisted me to place on the mule, I prepared to find my way back again to the village. The journey home, so great was my impatience to be there, appeared infinitely longer than that from the village to the mill, so much quicker did my imagination carry me than my mule, to where I had left my little ones hungering. And now all manner of probabilities and improbabilities began to flash across my mind. I fancied what might have occurred, what dangers might not have come upon them during my protracted stay. Of these the principal was fire. I felt my cheek flush with a deeper hue as I began to fancy the cottage smoking and flames bursting forth from our windows ; but I will not continue the picture. With such presentiments and forebodings I continued to torture myself, until I nearly reached the village, where I began to feel somewhat reassured by the peace reigning around, exactly the same as when I left it. The night was very far advanced, and I hurried on through the silent and deserted hamlet to our little cottage. Not a sound came from within, not a voice was heard. I paused—I listened and could not detect a movement. Suddenly lifting the latch, I peeped in, almost afraid to advance ; a few embers dying in the bottom of the grate cast a faint glare through the apartment, and disclosed my two poor children stretched fast asleep, side by side on the floor. My first impulse was to waken them up, but I restrained myself, and after having bent softly over them to kiss their calm brows, and listen to their gentle breathing, set about preparing them some cakes. The fire soon blazed cheerfully, and I was not long in dashing up something which I knew would *prove* acceptable to my children after their

long fast. When smoking hot, they were placed on the table. I gently awakened the sleepers; and well do I remember the intense relish with which the supper, moistened by a little milk, was devoured. But amid my plenty I thought of some that were starving; so, gathering up two portions of flour along with a little meal, I again set forth to give a part to those who were suffering so near me. I need not dwell on their burst of gratitude for this unexpected deliverance from starvation; I need not repeat their thanksgivings. They are cherished in my bosom along with the recollection of every, the most trifling incident, which occurred during my ramble through "Our Village Without Bread."

PROSPECTS OF BRITISH COMMERCE IN JAPAN.

THOUGH in what relates to the progress of commerce, this country has, for centuries, taken the lead of all others, it happens that in the project of throwing open the Japanese market to the civilised world, several other nations have outstripped us. Accident may, in part, account for this; Sir John Davis, Governor of Hong Kong, whether acting under instructions from home or guided simply by his own discretion, intended after delivering up Chusan to the Chinese, to proceed straight to Jeddo, to renew, if possible, our trade with the insular Empire. He was prevented from carrying out this design by the occurrence of the Canton riots, which, requiring his immediate attention, detained him in the Chinese waters till all chance of taking precedence in negotiations was lost.

Commodore Biddle in the "Columbus," eighty-gun ship, and Captain Palling in the "Vincennes," have proceeded to Japan on the part of the United States, together with Rear-Admiral Cecile in the "Cleopatre," on the part of France. What success has attended the American Envoy has not yet transpired*, but a report

* We have since learned, that, though the American Commodore was treated with much politeness, he was refused permission to trade. At the same time, it was quite evident, from the language and manner of the authorities, that they would have been much better pleased had the answer of the *Cour* been altogether different.

has reached Europe that the French negotiator has completely failed and quitted the field of his enterprise in dudgeon. The fact, should it prove to be so, would excite no surprise in us, because though the Japanese Government may be kept tolerably well-informed respecting the relative power and importance of the European nations by the Dutch prisoners in Dezimâ, it would hardly be likely to show any great deference for France, from the fact of its having little trade and no settlements in the East. Even the Americans, we fancy, will find it difficult to render their pretensions intelligible. For, although in reality they carry on a considerable traffic at Canton, and often traverse the great Northern Pacific, they have appeared much too recently in the further East to have made any deep impression on the minds of a people who look with so much reverence on antiquity and the long traditions of empire.

Events, the import of which cannot be misunderstood, have rendered the Japanese familiar with the name of Great Britain. From their ocean-girt fastnesses they watched with no small degree of anxiety the progress of our contest with the Chinese, and, no doubt, fully expected that, as soon as it should be brought to a conclusion, they would themselves be honoured with a visit by the British squadron. When, instead of pushing our advantages in that direction, and making our success in one country a lever with which to lift its next-door neighbour out of the circle of its ancient policy, they beheld us turn our faces westward and retire contented towards India, they must surely have appreciated our forbearance, and been convinced that we were very little disposed to extend our commercial influence through the terror of our arms.

Nevertheless, considering the character of the Japanese government, and the exclusive foreign policy to which it has been a slave for centuries, we might have been judged excusable had we converted our success in the Chinese war into a diplomatic argument at Jeddo. The happiness and prosperity of political communities depend almost entirely on mutual intercourse, and where nations are brought in contact by circumstances, intercourse there must be, friendly or unfriendly. Hitherto the condition of the world has been such as to permit the Japanese quietly to enjoy their solitude; their custom has not been wanted by the rest of mankind.

But the case is different now; and it will speedily appear that nothing can preserve the exclusion of the Japanese isles but the

most triumphant success in a contest with the civilised world. Now, as this is not to be looked for, it may without much temerity be predicted, that the exclusive system of the Japanese must speedily be abandoned; and at the instance of no nation is it so likely to be readily given up as at that of the English. They see us daily drawing nearer and nearer to them, multiplying our points of contact with the Chinese Empire, establishing fresh colonies in the great Southern Pacific, obtaining a firm footing in the Indian Archipelago, and even compelling the Dutch, by the enlightened liberality of our own proceedings, to relinquish their narrow policy and range themselves among the partisans of free trade. These things they cannot but see, and being an acute and logical people they must draw the right inferences from them. How, in fact, are the tendencies of commerce to be checked? A mercantile navy will spring up in the Eastern seas, which, spreading its operations rapidly, will in a short time be precipitated upon Japan, without the guarantee of treaties, without the checks imposed by the formalities of diplomacy, and, what is much more, without the superintendence of British residents or consuls, whose interposition is so constantly necessary between our daring and somewhat lawless commercial adventurers and the half-civilised races of Asia.

In all respects, therefore, it appears to us highly desirable that a commercial mission should at once be sent to Japan. We are of course aware that governments move slowly, and that we are now advocating a course, the entering upon which would bespeak unusual vigour. The resolution will be necessary not merely to make progress but to abandon the usual route and move within an entirely new circle. It happens, moreover, that all other maritime communities have already shown a disposition to look with extreme jealousy on our proceedings in that quarter; in some instances because they have failed themselves, in others because our immense prosperity gives them umbrage.

It was contended, when the idea of the mission first made its appearance in the English journals, that we possessed no right whatsoever to interfere with the trade of Japan, which long possession had caused the Dutch to regard as a sort of patrimony: but the notion of right is exceedingly imperfect in some men; they appear to persuade themselves, when they happen to have enjoyed, surreptitiously or otherwise, any kind of advantage whatsoever, that it belongs to them of right, and look upon all those as interlopers

who betray any inclination to become their rivals. Thus a kind of manifesto was put forward by the Dutch government, through the German papers, in reply to the articles of the *Morning Chronicle*, contending that it would be for the interest of Holland to oppose us in Japan with all the arts and influence in her power. These documents were easily met and refuted on this side of the channel; upon which a new course of reasoning was adopted. Affecting to fall in completely with our views, the Dutch advocates, who had now received fresh instructions, informed the world that Holland had anticipated the wishes of Great Britain, and began as early as 1843 to use its best efforts for the subversion of the exclusive system in Japan. In that year, it is affirmed, before the conclusion of our peace with China, the King of the Netherlands wrote a letter to the Sovereign of Japan, touching briefly on the hereditary policy of the empire, alluding to the causes in which it originated, and dwelling at length on the circumstances which now, in the nineteenth century, convinced the Dutch monarch that perseverance in that policy was at once unwise and impracticable.

This epistle, it is said, having been conveyed to Nangasaki, was translated by the proper interpreters into the Japanese language, and in due time laid before the sovereign. The Dutch, however, little respected anywhere, are held in supreme contempt by the Japanese, who keep them cooped up in *Dezimà* like baboons, and wantonly expose them, for their own sport, to all kinds of indignities and insults. It was scarcely, therefore, on the occasion in question, to be expected that the Dutch king's letter should meet with speedy or much attention, no importance being attached to any communication from that people or its rulers. Accordingly it was thrown aside for two years, partly, perhaps, because it was considered impertinent in the prince of a petty state to venture upon advising so great an emperor, and partly because the counsel itself was unpalatable. His Netherlands Majesty, reviewing the whole aspect of passing events, invited the Japanese Emperor to come with him to the conclusion, that the exclusive system was no longer politic or safe; that Great Britain, having Hong Kong and Chusan in its possession, and projecting much of its maritime strength eastward, would, in all likelihood, soon come in contact with the last—in a geographical sense—of the Asiatic nations, and force it, *volens volens*, into intercourse.

Many things concur to give this extraordinary epistle an

apocryphal air. Hitherto the Dutch, we know, have always shown themselves most reluctant to offend, in any way, the prejudices of their Japanese patrons, who would appear to tolerate them merely on account of their superior meanness and timidity. It does not agree at all with the proceedings of a sordid nation, thus voluntarily to place itself in a condition to suffer loss, since, supposing their suggestions to be unwelcome, the probability was that it would lead to their immediate exclusion with the rest. Consequently we must either believe that the letter was never sent, or that, in being translated into Japanese, it underwent so many modifications, that it could no longer be said to have emanated from Holland. Throughout the East interpreters are actuated by one spirit, which is to give, on all occasions, satisfaction to their principal employers, particularly when these happen to be princes. They will convert a present into tribute, and a mere compliment into an act of political submission. By these means the Emperor of China was kept during the whole war in ignorance of our views and propositions, as well as of the means at our command for enforcing compliance with them. He thought we asked something extremely unreasonable, and that we were but a weak and contemptible handful of barbarians, whom a few spirited proclamations, interlarded plentifully with abuse, would send back to their obscure haunts in the west. The same course, no doubt, is pursued in Japan, particularly towards persons so helpless as the Dutch, who can only infer from the replies they receive which of their papers reach the royal hands, and how much of them has been fairly represented. Supposing the Dutch prince, therefore, to have written a letter, there are a thousand chances to one against its having reached its destination, at least in anything like its original form. But they who invented the application—provided it was invented—were equally capable of inventing a reply; and accordingly the Emperor of Japan, having applied himself during two whole years to the study of the Dutch king's communication, returned precisely such an answer as might have been from the first anticipated. He reminded the Hollanders of the humble permission they enjoyed to carry on a limited trade with his country, and hinted that they had better be content with that. With regard to the general question, the imperial logician maintained, that in order to promote the peace and prosperity of any country, there is nothing so efficacious as the exclusion of foreigners, or, in other words, that commerce

between state and state is a thing to be most sedulously avoided. Referring to the case of China, he contended that, had the English never been suffered to trade there, and settle in great numbers at Canton, quarrels could never have happened; and if they had, that our countrymen could not have been in possession of the force necessary to carry out their schemes of aggrandisement and ambition.

We greatly doubt the soundness of this reasoning, and are of opinion that the future history of Japan will not go to confirm it. People always reason incorrectly when they perceive but a small part of the case under review, and seek pedantically to apply the maxims of the past to new times and altered circumstances. Japan could very well maintain its contemptuous isolation, when it lay enveloped almost in the mists of fable, and was forgotten by the rest of mankind when making up their commercial or political speculations. It seemed like a floating empire, which drifted away as people endeavoured to approach it, and had no stability or powerful attraction. A solitary navigator, once or twice in a century, caught a glimpse, perhaps, of its disforested hills, or blue towering volcanic peaks, appearing through clouds and vapours, and invested with much of the beauty and shadowiness of a dream. Commerce with such a place was hardly thought of. Rumour represented the people as fierce and inhospitable, intent on accomplishing the designs of their government, and either too poor to support a lucrative trade, or too savage to render it practicable.

Henceforward the case will be altogether different. The seas by which the Japanese isles are encircled have already been visited by so many British vessels, that their numbers inspire the government with terror, and set it about fortifying its ports and all accessible approaches. Year after year our whalers and merchantmen are driven in increasing multitudes, by stress of weather or lack of provisions, on the shores of Japan; and these accidents, already alarming to a timid court, will annually be further multiplied, until, out of this class of circumstances alone, the necessity of intercourse will arise, or the pretext for hostile collision. The logic, therefore, attributed to the Japanese emperor deserves but little credit for conclusiveness, and we advise his Majesty to reconsider it, before events change his comedy into tragedy. Nothing can prevent the passage of merchantmen through those seas. English, American, French, Danes, and others, attracted by com-

mercial enterprise, will perpetually visit the neighbouring coasts and islands; and Japanese hospitality will be taxed, perhaps beyond its powers of endurance, by these promiscuous hordes of visitors, who, till their proceedings shall be placed under the control of regular law and authority, will often conduct themselves little better than pirates.

It is not of course any portion of our duty to give lessons of political economy to the Japanese, and teach them how they are to meet the wants of their increasing population. But society is there regulated by the same laws as everywhere else, and their operation, whether understood or not, will be the same. Already has the necessity been felt of having recourse to artificial means for equalising labour and subsistence, or, in other words, it is only by murder that the increase of the people can be restrained within the limits prescribed by the productiveness of the soil. This is clearly an unnatural state of things. The industrious classes are not wanting in energy and enterprise, and would be able, if not obstructed by their government, to provide amply for the children they bring into the world. But they find their exertions limited by law. Children are born to them, and they are well acquainted with the means by which they might maintain them in happiness and comfort. Around them lie scattered in profusion the elements of foreign commerce, which, if permitted to be touched by the hand of art, would immediately be transmuted into riches, and might be stored up as an unfailing resource, both for individuals and the state. Owing, however, to most unsound maxims of policy, they are compelled to re-enact the fable of Tantalus: to behold abundance in various forms surrounding and tempting them, but always escaping their grasp; to feel the waters of plenty surging upwards to their lips, but still never to be tasted by them or their families. Under the pressure of circumstances they may be said almost to have exhausted the resources of an isolated people, forbidden to derive aid from others, or to call into their assistance the multiplied resources of civilisation. They have made experimentally, and at their own cost, the discovery that it is not good for a nation to stand alone, because, in addition to the other evils which must flow inevitably from such a position, it is deprived of the impulse of emulation, one of the most powerful principles by which an individual or society can be influenced.

Unfortunately, none of those who have hitherto enjoyed the advantage of contemplating Japanese society on the spot have pos-

sessed the intelligence to comprehend it. Travellers find it much easier, as well as more conducive to popularity, to delineate the oddities of a country, to dwell on its grotesqueness, on its extravagance, on its strange practices, on its wild and incoherent beliefs, than to explain the principles on which its system of civilisation reposes, and bare to view those hidden springs which, moving all classes alike, produce whatever changes or improvements are witnessed in the nation. Even Kœmpfer, in other respects a judicious man, was wholly incapable of executing this task. Of politics, properly so called, he understood little, and his successors, much less excusably, have been still more ignorant in this respect than he. It is, accordingly, very far from certain that we are acquainted with the genuine character of Japanese society, though many of its peculiarities we, of course, know. This want of familiarity with the internal structure of the national mind must, to a certain extent, disqualify us for drawing correct inferences respecting the conduct of its government or people in certain circumstances; but of thus much we are sure, that interest there, as elsewhere, predominates upon the whole, and that what men believe to be for their good they will do.

Now when experience has shown that the existing fields of industry are inadequate to the support of the population, the government, however callous or despotic, must sooner or later be forced to open up others. Internal trade may almost be said to have been tried to the utmost; in all branches of agriculture great progress has been made; the seas, lakes, and rivers of the country have been resorted to for the provisions they supply, and yet there are more mouths than means, in consequence of which intense dissatisfaction prevails universally. The people feel that a grievous injustice is done them. They are not ignorant that all the neighbouring nations carry on a profitable intercourse with the west, and they are conscious that nothing but a barbarous and antiquated regulation prevents their enriching themselves also. Accordingly they seize on every opportunity of convincing the Europeans who accidentally visit them, that they ardently desire to escape from their anti-social state, and be permitted to manufacture, and buy and sell, like the rest of mankind. Nor, in giving this evidence of their feeling and desires, are they at all liable to the suspicion of hypocrisy, since they do it at considerable peril, for if detected by any government functionary they would, in all likelihood, be severely punished.

The trading propensity must, consequently, be strong in them to resist so powerful a counter-influence ; and it is upon this feeling chiefly that we rely in our project for subverting the commercial laws of the empire. Despotism, however active or wide-spread may be its operation, is not all-powerful, but after modifying society to a given point and almost crushing its best energies, is reacted upon by the popular will, and constrained by a sort of mechanical necessity to moderate its pressure. This is the first stage of reform in absolute governments, and it is now taking place in Japan. The prohibition made against holding commerce with foreigners has lost all force but that of a traditional practice, which its best and ablest advocates find it difficult to defend. To the fear of war or invasion the Emperor need not have had recourse, in his communication to the King of the Netherlands, supposing him really to have made any, because there is no question of hostilities. All that European nations desire, is, the liberty to barter the commodities of the west for those produced by his own subjects, who are no less anxious to enjoy the same privileges. Commerce is never in itself the cause of contest, but rather the preventive ; though unwise or flagitious governments may pervert it from its original design, and turn into a curse what was meant to be a blessing. What, in fact, can be more peaceful than the act of buying and selling ? It is not by any means an affair in which what one gains the other must lose ; on the contrary, when men bring their goods into the market, and effect and exchange either for other commodities or for money, both parties are benefited, and generally go away content. This the Japanese people believe. It is the government only that withholds its assent from the proposition, and denies what to the rest of mankind is self-evident.

Formerly, when Russia sent a mission to Jeddo, the exclusive system was veiled under a very flimsy pretext ; the Japanese rulers pretending that their country was too poor to carry on a lucrative trade with so wealthy and vast an empire as Russia. Mr. Von Resenoff, though he saw through the sophistry, had received no instructions to resent it, and departed as he came, bearing back the Czar's presents along with him. In truth, however, Japan is far from being a poor country. Nearly all the islands abound with mines of the precious metals : gold, silver, copper ; and its forests with the noblest timber and the richest gums. It grows the finest rice in Asia, and abounds to such an

extent with provisions that it was, at one time, able to supply the wants of the whole Indian Archipelago. This may, by some, be thought inconsistent with what we have remarked above, on the incapacity of the country to maintain its inhabitants. But no fact is more common. We daily behold ships laden with corn and other agricultural produce leaving the ports of a kingdom in which the poor are perishing of starvation. If men have no money to purchase, it is to no purpose that the gifts of nature are abundant, and they must always want that money where labour is in excess of employment. What the poorer classes of Japan want is a market for what they can produce. There are, at present, more hands than are needed, because of the vexatious interference of government with the capital of the people, which is labour; for not only are all foreigners excluded, save the Chinese and Dutch, but even to them it is not permitted to sell the numerous manufactures of the country, which can only be obtained by stealth and shipped off clandestinely. Every time the Dutch vessels leave the port of Nangasaki they are carefully examined by the officers of government, to see that they have none of the prohibited articles on board, and when those officers discharge their duties faithfully, the only means of eluding the law is by boats putting off after dark, at the greatest peril, to the ships that have cleared out and weighed anchor. Generally, no doubt, bribery is the active agent in the transaction, gold being as potent in Japan as in other countries.

Before the exclusive system was adopted, Japan carried on an extensive trade with all parts of the Asiatic continent and islands beyond the Straits of Malacca. Her junks were seen not only in China, but in Tonquin, Cochin-China, Cambodia, Siam, and even in the islands of Pulo Kalamantan, and Java. When the Dutch first entered the mouth of the Borneo river, they found a Japanese vessel there, lying within the island of Labuan, where we are now about to found a new settlement. The Philippines almost entirely depended on the Japanese junks for several articles of provision, and frequently in their wars employed mercenary soldiers from the same country. The Japanese traders of that period displayed great enterprise and perseverance, and returned home with large cargoes of the richest and most valuable merchandise, wood of aloes, costly perfumes, coral, spices, and the most exquisite furs. The piece-goods and flowered silks, and other beautiful manufactures of India, likewise formed parts of their venture, and for

these they paid partly with articles of home growth, and partly with bars of virgin silver and gold. Ambergris, coarse camphor, valuable varnishes, rich dyes, and the finest teas in the world, with sulphur and porcelain, and magnificent silks, are among the list of Japanese exports, together with several other articles adapted entirely to the Chinese market, as artificial birds' nests and other materials for soup, for which the races of the west have not yet acquired a taste.

It would be wholly out of place here to enumerate all the productions of Japan, which, extending through thirteen degrees of latitude in the temperate zone, abounds with innumerable articles of use or luxury. Among all the materials of its wealth, however, none would be more valuable to us than the coal found, of an excellent quality, upon almost all the islands, and from time immemorial employed for fuel, as it is with us. Possessing this inestimable advantage, Japan might soon be enabled to construct for itself a steam navy, and thus be put in possession of some of the best fruits of western civilisation. The Chinese, slow as they are to imitate those whom they affect to regard as barbarians, have still betrayed their anxiety to possess steamers, in which they have been imitated by the King of Siam and other princes of the further East. It may reasonably be expected, therefore, that the Japanese, if left to follow their own inclinations, will speedily outstrip all their oriental competitors, to whom they are greatly superior in vigour of character.

The best criterion, however, by which to judge in matters of this kind is experience; and we know that the Portuguese, when they first opened a trade with Japan, made prodigious fortunes in the course of a few years. Macao was entirely built with the profits of this trade, which, during a certain period, were literally incredible, upwards of three hundred tons of gold having, it is said, been shipped off annually. The lowest gain upon which the merchants reckoned, as the result of a voyage of two or three weeks, was cent. per cent. both ways; and the Dutch, when they succeeded to the Portuguese, being a still more needy and unscrupulous people, sometimes raised this to five hundred per cent. Nay, one of the most respectable writers, who professes to have based his statements on the commercial archives of the Dutch Company, avers that occasionally as much as five thousand per cent. was cleared.

These facts we mention, not as aiming at or desiring such gains,

but merely by way of illustrating the value of the Japanese trade, the riches and extent of which, in the present state of our information, it is impossible to calculate. Nearly all the latest accounts concur in representing the population of the group at between forty-five and fifty millions, all of whom have made some progress in civilisation, and might become customers for the good of Europe and America; though, from indications not to be mistaken, we may conclude that English manufactures and the productions of India would be the universal favourites. The Dutch themselves confess—what was long ago ascertained by Sir Stamford Raffles—that all kinds of instruments must have the name of London stamped upon them, in order to command any great degree of favour in Japan. Of course that name can be no guarantee, as the manufacturers of the Continent glut Africa and the whole East with arms and every kind of cutlery, palmed off by forged names upon the ignorant natives for English. The swarthy savages of Senaar, Kordofan, Bournou, and other conterminous regions, wear proudly on their thighs swords which they fondly believe to have been manufactured in England, and chiefly valued on that account; but which, in reality, have proceeded from the fraudulent workshops of Germany and Belgium. In the same way the Dutch, no doubt, impose upon the Japanese. They have always been famous for such arts. Sir Josiah Childes observes, for example, that the Dutch of his day were in the habit of purchasing good English broadcloth, and then stretching it to the utmost possible tenuity, so as to destroy its texture, by means of which contrivance they gained four or five ells in a piece. The article thus spoiled they would pass off for English, and thus by the self-same manoeuvre swindle their Asiatic customers, and ruin our good name.

We shall soon, however, put an end to these impostures, if our present ministers fulfil the expectations of the country, by despatching a magnificent commercial mission to Jeddo. It has been very justly observed by the *Morning Chronicle*, that there is no service in which our navy, or any portion of it, could be better employed than in promoting the interests of commerce, which, rightly understood, are those of civilisation and peace. What are our first-rate line-of-battle ships, our frigates, and our war-steamers doing, that a few of them could not be spared to effect this great purpose? We have no desire to disparage the achievements of other nations, or to underrate their power; but there is

not one of our political or commercial rivals who will not at once frankly confess that our influence in Asia surpasses that of any other community. How could it be otherwise? India gives us this predominance, and the new colonies we are every day establishing in the Indian Archipelago and the Pacific, contribute to produce the same effect, and to augment that preponderance which past events have conferred on us. We trust that these reasons will have their due weight with our present government, and that many months will not be suffered to elapse, before the British flag is beheld waving in the Gulf of Jeddo. The success of the experiment is as certain as any future event can be; for if we employ the proper means, the end will be corresponding.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready ;
 Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me ;
 Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman !
 Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman !
 Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harm'd not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never forswore it ;
 Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden !
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen !
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
 Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party ;
 Let friendship give me the grasps that become her,
 Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
 Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another ;
 Soft palm, or hard hand, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

A NIGHT IN A GERMAN SWAMP.

READER! did you ever set out upon a walking expedition—did you ever know the proud sensation of striking your stick upon the ground with the air of a man whose vigour makes thirty miles a day a trifle? If so, you will understand the alacrity with which I accepted the proposal of a German student, with whom I was intimate in Berlin, that we should set forth, armed with pipes and sticks, in quest of healthy exercise and any adventures that might turn up.

Gerstenberg slept over night at my rooms, that we might start early on the morrow, and take advantage of the cool of the day. At half-past three, I arose, and went from my *Schlaf cabinet* into the drawing-room, where I found him snoring on my sofa, with very slender pretensions to early rising. But, having awakened him, and somewhat exaggerated the lateness of the hour, we dressed ourselves in drowsy silence, by dim candlelight, packed up a small knapsack, looked to our tobacco pouches, and sallied forth.

I shall not easily forget my sensations, as the fresh morning air blew in my face on unfastening the huge door of the courtyard, and stepping into the streets. I cannot say that I felt at all poetical. Rising with the lark is, I know, exquisitely poetical on paper. No question of it. But what with late nightly studies, and matutinal discomforts, there are very few, at least of us who "drive the quill," who have the courage to realize this poetry. It is a fine subject to write about. Nature awakening—early song-birds—invigorating healthful breezes—exhilarating exercise—delicate auroral tints, and all that sort of thing, have paid many an author's small bill (if authors' bills ever are small) and filled plenty of "copy." But viewed candidly, honestly, prosaically, the awakening of nature is but a drowsy affair—the twittering of birds is neither so abundant nor so melodious as we say it is—the fresh healthful breezes blow about your ears and nape of the neck, in a manner which, if invigorating, is as unpleasant as any other

restorative medicine ; and the eye has no relish for auroral tints, while the stomach is imperiously demanding a breakfast which there seems no prospect of its getting for a couple of hours.

Early rising, indeed ! You come down stairs and find the shutters unopened ; the rooms dirty, disorderly, and smelling strongly, to remind you of the necessity of ventilation ; the cold candles looking almost ghastly in the daylight ; and the ashes in the uncleaned grate, a dirty mockery of your despair. Compare with this, your warm bed which has been so untimely left—the pillow that courted your repose or tempted your indulgence of those dreams, which are but partly dreams and partly conscious thoughts ! Whenever I hear a man loudly expatiating on the beauties of early morning, and exhorting people to rise early, I conclude him to be a determined sluggard. His praises convict him. They are not only unfounded, as *we* know, who have sometimes risen early, but they convict him thus :—were he used to them, he would not remark the beauties he grows eloquent upon. He is a drunken man, insisting on his sobriety ; a madman, outrageous in his affirmations of sanity. Believe him not !

Early rising is a virtue ; and, like most virtues, it is easier praised than practised. Bed—dear, delicious, downy, dream-impelling bed, with yielding softness and most generous warmth, fit place for morning cogitations as for evening retrospects,—never shall my voice join the ungrateful chorus which depreciates thy charms !

“ Bed,” says Lacon, “ is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance, and we quit it with regret. We make up our minds over-night to leave it early, and we make up our bodies in the morning to quit it late.”

Nevertheless, as an occasional thing—at rare intervals, mind !—early rising is not without its charm. That is to say, when you are forced to rise with the lark, and must make the best of it, there are things which, in some measure, reconcile you to the variety. Although, therefore, I felt very chilly and uncomfortable as we strode along the silent streets, there was some compensation in the peculiarity of the scene. Berlin is like a huge barrack ; its long, broad, uniform streets, handsome, though not picturesque, are quite indistinguishable from each other, except by old inhabitants. A cold grey light, through which the rare stars faintly glimmered, and a few expiring lamps, served for Gerstenberg, who knew the city well ; but, as for me, I was wholly

ignorant of the route we were pursuing. There was a solemn stillness, broken only by the long, and almost supernatural whistle, with which the lonely watchman tells the hour, and by the sharp ring of our boots upon the stones; and this quiet, and these strange noises, were inconceivably impressing. There is something in the repose of a large city peculiarly impressive:—

“the very houses are asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.”

The stillness of a place so much used to turmoil—the repose of so many hearts hushed for a time, many of whom will slowly awaken with heavy eyes, when—

“Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of consciousness, awaking to its woes:”

these are things which strangely affect the mind.

The morning was rapidly breaking. We arrived at the city gates, and there stopped to light our pipes, (which are not allowed to be smoked within the gates) and, blazing away, struck vigorously onward. Shortly, a small coffee-house refreshed our sight by its early opening. Under the branching boughs of a venerable tree, our breakfast was served us; a broken bench doing duty as a table. The meal was hearty; and, again lighting our pipes, which, of course, scarcely ever left our mouths, we resumed our pilgrimage.

The high road, as is usual, was lined with trees on either side, and these sometimes quite over-arched it with their foliage, affording a cool shade in the heat of the day. It had rained overnight, but just enough to lay the dust without rendering the ground sloppy. Morning poured in upon us in all its splendour; the sun beams first cutting a huge thundercloud and fringing its black edges with a gorgeous light—then spreading and spreading, wider and wider, till the whole sky became like a mass of burnished gold. Browning, in his *Paracelsus*, has a line—

“Day, like a mighty river, flowing in,”

which felicitously describes the vast, yet equable, flood of light which Morning sends before her. I was so delighted with the scene, and my spirits were so elated with my walk, that I began to retract my opinions respecting the incomparable felicities of bed.

After a tolerable stretch of an indefinite quantity of miles, Gerstenberg's courage, or legs, failed him. We had arrived at a

very small village, and I observed him casting a wistful glance on either side, till he discovered a small *Gasthof*, or inn. Then turning to me with brightening vivacity, he said:—

“*Sagen sie mal, wollen wir essen?*” Shall we dine?

“I see you are tired,” said I, affecting to yield solely to his wishes, and looking as if I was myself prepared for an incalculable distance.

We entered the *Gasthof*, and Gerstenberg ordered a copious dinner. While it was being prepared we stretched our wearied limbs upon sofas, and chatted pleasantly, till the sound of a piano in the next room made us prick up our ears. Two sweet female voices executed, in charming style, Mozart’s “*sull’aria*.” Beautiful as the music of that duet is, and although I had heard it sung by the finest singers, its magic spell was never thrown over me so completely as at that moment. “There’s nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

All things derive their charm from some peculiar state of mind, induced by circumstances over which we have no control; and never was my mind so fitted to be enchanted by Mozart as at that moment. I was wearied in body, but exhilarated in mind. I felt sunburnt, wind-chapped, dusty—I was reclining on an ancient sofa, in a miserable room of an ancient house in a remote village—and in the midst of this, there burst in upon me the most elegant and graceful of melodies, very tastefully sung; and the contrast of the tender voluptuousness of Mozart with the rudeness of the place I was in, no doubt went far towards producing the effect.

“What a genuine musical race you Germans are!” said I to my companion when the duet ceased; “here even in this rude place, where there is not a decent chair, there is a piano, and people, too, who play and sing Mozart!”

“*Das ist wahr!*” assented Gerstenberg phlegmatically, and continued his smoking.

Dinner was served. Before soup was finished, we had another and a different specimen of the German musical taste. Three women walked uninvited and unobstructed into the room, set down their harp, and made preparations for a display of their talents. I was in a state of musical enthusiasm, and would have bartered my dinner for a concert; so that I waited through the tuning preparations with an impatient eagerness for them to begin. To my horror, the harpist began a waltz by Strauss; one that I had heard till I was sick of it; and played in the style of those

itinerant musicians, who, in England, are paid to take themselves off. This waltz was succeeded by another waltz; and, to my surprise, I saw Gerstenberg, who had been so calm while Mozart was playing, beating time with his fork (when he wasn't picking his teeth with it), and evidently highly gratified by the performance. The second woman then began a song—and *such* a song! and in *such* a voice! and with *such* an accent! Yet this excruciating performance was visibly approved of by my companion, who was liberal of his groschens to the third woman, whose office was simply that of coming round with a tin plate to collect the rewards of her companions' talents, and who was rather nice-looking, and was evidently thought a beauty, whom the *men* could not refuse, though they might have refused the ugly singer, and still more hideous harpist. This division of labour amused me; but Gerstenberg's calmness at Mozart, and enthusiasm at Strauss, amazed me. "Is it possible," I thought, "that a German can be such a heretic!" I then reflected, however, that during the many months I had been in Berlin, Mozart had only been played once, and Weber twice, Gluck once, and Beethoven not at all; Auber, Adam, Halevy, and Meyerbeer had usurped the lyric scene. I began to think the Germans were humbugs! This was strengthened when, two hours afterwards, the door of the next room opened, and two young ladies, accompanied by their father, passed through our room to go out of the inn; they were my enchantresses—my lovers of Mozart. The green veils aroused my suspicions—the deplorable want of *tournure* strengthened them—the gait was unmistakeable—they were English women!

We stayed that day at the inn. No adventures had chequered our little expedition, but we lived in hopes. Meanwhile, some little diversion was gained by Gerstenberg's facetious and experimental survey of the premises at night. Taking a lantern with him, he proceeded to perambulate the place, and I followed him. We came shortly to a room under a loft, with which it was connected by steps of "perilous ascent." The sound of lusty nose-music—Morpheus' double-bass—arrested our attention. "Let us mount," said Gerstenberg; and we mounted. Peering round this loft, we discovered in one corner a rude bed, in which the snorer—a gentle damsel of herculean proportions—was blissfully reposing. A loud laugh burst from us both, as this very ludicrous picture presented itself; a laugh loud enough "to have waked

the dead," but not the damsel. I tried to persuade him not to disturb her slumbers; but he loved a practical joke, and he thought pulling her toes would be admirable. For a few seconds the maiden's slumber was undisturbed by this operation; but at length she opened her eyes, and as my jocular friend stooped down to ascertain a more favourable position for tickling the sole of her foot, he received that foot full in his jocular face: the damsel was robust, her foot was heavy, and Gerstenberg rolled upon the floor. I was making my escape down the ladder, when I heard such a noise as made me look up. I then beheld the infuriated damsel standing over the prostrate form of my companion, and vigorously battering him with his own lantern, accompanying her blows with exclamations of "*Nun ja! Schwein! Thier! Bestie! ja!*" I returned and endeavoured to explain—to pacify the Menad; but a sudden whirl of the lantern upon my head crushed the hat over my eyes, and by the time I could get it off again, several people were in the loft, and the maiden had retreated to her bed, from which she was vehemently holding forth against us. The affair might have turned out awkwardly for us; but our explanation was accepted, and Gerstenberg's punishment was considered ample. His hat was broken, his face cut, and his head bruised. He slunk piteously enough to his own room, muttering curses upon all women.

The next morning I made a fresh experience: I "assisted" at the toilet of a German. That he would consume more than half a pint of water at his ablutions I did not expect; my own English quantity had too often astonished his countrymen, for me to anticipate in him any honest love of cold water. That he would be scrupulous in the cleanliness of his linen was also far from probable; I had heard too many remarks on the luxuriousness of the English in that respect, not to be aware that clean shirts were fabulously rare among the worthy Teutons. But although my expectations seemed modest, they proved wofully extravagant. Gerstenberg's half pint of water consumed, he proceeded to plunge into what he called his shirt; its colour was startling; I forbear to name its shade, lest I should be accused of exaggeration; but I believe that if it had been worn a fortnight, it had been very badly used to get such a colour in such a period! Over this he placed a clean showy *front*, with an elaborate frill; and the dirty dandy was perfectly satisfied with himself; and, indeed,

to see him turn out you would never have suspected the real state of his dress.* Hair-brush he had none ; but a small black comb answered the purpose ; he having previously well waxed his hair and moustachios till they shone resplendently. Then, taking from his knapsack a pair of false wristbands, he dexterously pinned them inside the sleeves of his coat, and turning them over the outside, *à la D'Orsay*, presented the appearance of a man ostentatious of clean linen. My ablutions having taken me more time than the whole operation of his toilet, he was ready for breakfast while I was cleaning my teeth. This process he watched with some curiosity. I finished ; and, then, conceive my feelings, when, with the utmost innocence, he said, "*Ach !* as you have brought your tooth-brush, I will give my teeth a scrub ; lend it me !" And this was a young man moving in very excellent society—well educated—and, in fact, considered as a *jeune élégant*. I never regarded him with anything like frank cordiality after this toilet.

Our walk continued, however, and though pleasant enough, furnished no matter worth noting till, on our return, we stopped at Tegel, the seat of the late Wilhelm von Humboldt, where we met a young Englishman of our acquaintance, whom I shall call by his Christian name of Harry. He agreed to return with us to Berlin. We stayed so long chatting over our tea, that night had drawn in before we rose to depart. The sky had become overcast, and we prepared ourselves, laughingly, for a ducking.

A guide was found necessary to lead us through the wood, and to give us the proper directions as to our route ; and a very pleasant merry walk we had through the pines. Our guide was a character, and so was his sharp eager terrier that accompanied him. We made the wood echo with our laughter and our singing ; and presently a few flashes of lightning lent their picturesque aid, till all agreed that a serene night would not have been half so agreeable as this threatening of a storm, which gave a zest to our walk.

* Perhaps the existence of a shirt, at all, may be considered a superfluous luxury, when we think of the splendour of the *front*. In Voltaire's *Memoirs*, I find the shirt to be a comparatively modern improvement in Prussia ; dating only from Frederick the Great. When that monarch ascended the throne, Voltaire says, "*Berlin s'agrandissait ; on commençait à y connaître les douceurs de la vie, que le feu roi avait très-négligée ; quelques personnes avaient des meubles ; la plupart même portaient des chemises ; car sous le règne précédent on ne connaissait guère que des decollets de chemise qu'on attachait avec des cordons ;*" and "*le roi regnant n'avait pas été élevé autrement.*"

The guide left us as we issued from the wood, having given very clear directions for our future course. His terrier barked and bounded before him, and both were quickly out of sight. We spanked along at a fine pace, singing and laughing, till the darkness increased so much that our songs became exchanged for anxieties, and we began to wish we had not dismissed our guide.

"Never mind, if we do lose our way," said Harry; "it will only be an adventure."

But Gerstenberg loudly protested that he wished for no such adventures; and although I laughed at him, I must say that in my heart I perfectly agreed with him. We were forced to proceed slowly and cautiously, and to scrutinize every turning of the road. Our path was by the side of the river Spree; our only beacon, the lights in the distant village of Charlottenburg. The path became narrower and narrower, and we were forced to follow each other's heels.

The singing had entirely ceased. Laughter occasionally broke out, as one of us stumbled, or put his foot into a puddle; but our course was generally silent. It had become pitch dark; it was now nearly ten o'clock, and the lights were gradually disappearing from the windows of Charlottenburg. Our situation became dangerous; even Harry talked no more about the fun of losing our way. Only three lights were now visible in the village; a fourth occasionally made its appearance, and then disappeared again. The thunder muttered; a few heavy drops of rain began to fall; the storm was about to burst. Not a soul had we met; not a sound of any one stirring had reached us. We only heard the *woo-wooing* of the wind, the muttering of the thunder, and our own plashy tread. This plashy sound grew worse and worse as we proceeded. We were evidently on a marshy soil; we turned a little out of the way to avoid it, and found ourselves in a short time getting deeper and deeper. It is an old remark, that people in a swamp never turn safely back to their original starting point, but endeavour to escape by obstinately rushing through. Anxious to escape wet ankles, they make a *rush*, which, if the swamp be deep and wide, may be fatal. This was our case. Till we were knee-deep, we never thought of our peril. We then thought of retracing our steps; but this we found impossible, for, to get into shallower mud, we had so staggered to this side and to that, that we had quite lost our way. *Resolutely* plashing and plunging onwards, we hoped every minute

to reach terra firma. But the swamp, though occasionally shallower, as if to render our delusion complete, soon became deeper and deeper, so that when we turned out of our course to pursue a shallower way, thinking it would lead us at least out of the swamp, we were only the more irrecoverably entangled in its pathless depths.

The village clock struck ten. We now attempted to hold council; but each insisting that his advice should be taken, nothing was resolved on. We continued to plunge on. The flashes of lightning, which ever and anon lit up the darkness, shed a gloomy grandeur over the scene, which I often admire now when I recall that night, but which then only served to make us aware of our peril, without affording sufficient light to guide us.

Charlottenburg now had only one light that we could see. If that were to disappear, we should be without a beacon. Our plight was horrible! We seemed to be in a gigantic swamp, bounded only by the river, into which we were in great danger of walking. The rain rushed down upon us in heavy torrents—the thunder crashed above our heads, as if shattering the sky—we shrieked, yelled, cursed. But our voices were lost in the storm. The cold wind pierced us to the bones. We shivered and cursed, quarrelled and reproached each other incessantly, madly. Sometimes laughing at grotesque images, with all the bitter wit of despair; sometimes elated by a sudden hope that our cries had been heard. But the rain poured down, and the thunder roared, and the wind blew, and no sound of help responded to our shrieks.

And presently, the last light visible in Charlottenburg ceased to glimmer through the darkness—our last hope was gone. We were without a beacon.

Suddenly, there was a call heard in the distance. We shouted a reply, and it was answered, though from a long way off. But a sharp cry from Gerstenberg, accompanied by a splashing sound, arrested our attention. I made a rush towards the place and found him sinking in a hole; in the attempt to drag him out, my foot slipped, and down I went with him. But Harry was at hand, and, after some efforts, got us both out. I could not help laughing; but Gerstenberg leant upon my shoulder, his teeth chattering with cold, as he said in a subdued and plaintive voice—translating his German into English, with ludicrous effect—“*Ach! I am sure to receive a disease!*”

This mishap had driven from our minds all consciousness of the

assistance which a few moments before seemed at hand, and to which we were recalled by the sound of faint halloos in the distance. To our dismay, the sound was evidently receding from us, instead of advancing. We redoubled our shouts; but the answers continued to grow fainter. The wind bore their shouts to us because it blew our way; but our frantic cries were scarcely heard by them.

And the village clock struck eleven. We had been an hour in the swamp, and were apparently less able to escape from it than at any other time. The sounds of assistance were no longer heard. Harry cursed Gerstenberg for misleading us; Gerstenberg shivered, and reiterated his assurance that he should "receive a disease;" and I felt my heart sick, as I thought of the probable fate awaiting me. To die in a bog! To be cut off in the commencement of my ambitious career, with all my dreams of glory unfulfilled, and to bury them in a swamp! I gnashed my teeth with rage.

The storm abated; the rain subsided to a mere drizzle; the clouds rolled heavily onwards, while the rare stars rushed through them dim and fast; and the moon looked forth with her soft quiet look, her beams trembling on the rippling surface of the Spree, that "wandered at its own sweet will," at a little distance from us. We now, at last, could see our way. Some trees, at no great distance, looked as if they lined the road. We made for them, not without considerable difficulty—and, to our unutterable joy, found the high road. As we bounded upon terra firma, our antics and shouts were exuberantly fantastic—that is to say, Harry's and mine, for Gerstenberg was so overcome with the certainty of his "receiving a disease," that even his escape did not seem to exhilarate him. He walked beside us, silent and shivering.

We reached Charlottenburg—entered an inn—ordered supper and hot punch to be served immediately, and crowded round the kitchen fire. It was some time before we could make the landlord understand that we could afford to pay for our supper, as our appearance was certainly not encouraging. Covered as we were with a thick coating of grey-black mud, only partially dry; our hats soaked with the rain, and still dripping; our sticks encased in mud; our noses purple and our lips blue; Gerstenberg with a patch of mud on his cheek, which matted his moustache and whiskers in one—we were certainly a "spectacle for gods and

men." We related our adventure, however, and the shivering Gerstenberg ingratiated himself with the landlord, who took him up-stairs, and then lent him a complete suit of clothes. We roasted ourselves by the fire, tossed off a couple of tumblers of hot rum punch, and made havoc with some cold goose, which had been set before us. Gerstenberg could not be prevailed on to take any thing stronger than some warm negus (made of thin German wine!) and his pipe. After supper, a droschke drove us to Berlin; and I laid my head upon my pillow that night with a very delicious sense of security, vowing never again to trust myself to the mercy of a Gerstenberg on a nightly excursion. I got up the next morning without even the suspicion of a cold; and Harry called on me early to see how I was, and to tell me that Gerstenberg's prophecy had been fulfilled, and that he had *received an ague!*

THE VIOLET.

A BANK of violets beneath,
 With moss and trees o'ergrown:
 Quick to my grateful mem'ry springs,
 That home which is thine own.

From one sweet flow'ret's hidden breast
 A richer perfume's thrown:
 That breathing flow'ret fix'd my gaze;
 It trembles to be known.

"Sweet Flower," I cry, "and can there be
 Who would disturb thy rest?
 I would not take thee from thy home
 To wear thee on my breast!

"But I would stretch me here to view
 Thy folded beauty bloom;
 Here would I dwell among the flowers,
 And here should be my tomb!"

Cork.

R. V.

THE WORM TOWARDS THE SUN.

SHE came lightly onwards, though swiftly: so swiftly, that not one rain-drop on the glistening pavement stones but what was the tiny fountain of its brother drop! drop! drop! Yes; it was a firm step onwards towards the mystery of eternity—never once vacillating; but on, on, on! Yet, so young, so small, so tender; surely the little, naked feet, quick up and down, could not have trod out the beauty of the lowliest flower! They stopped at last, however. The gaze, before rigid and absorbed, was now acute, watchful, suspicious: awfully rigid in its cunning; its fitful, feverish, pleasurable cunning. For all of man or woman had said, "Worm! worm! we crush thee as we tread." Who then should stay the terrible, unconditioned importunity for mercy from the Infinite and Divine?

Yes! all seemed natural invitation from pain towards rest. The rough, chill winter's night-wind, the eddying, large-dropped rain, the heavens one overhanging fragment of the Delege. Great God! Despair hearing music in the harshness of the drear and horrible! Yes! there was the booming surge below, licking and leaping upwards beyond its slimy bounds, to fall back with hoarse discordance into the abyss, swift onward like a mill-race. Yet, it seemed not drear! Despair heard false the symphony of Nature, played but by the rough hand of the winter's storm.

The little feet were lifted upwards to the dank, chill stone; the tattered, soddened bonnet fiercely thrust aside; the golden, yet withal, matted hair shone in the flickering lamp-light; the small, blue-vein-wristed hands were clasped; the last mute look for mercy made towards the blank waste of heaven; the riddle of existence and eternity nearly solved; when a rough hand clutched the ragged, soddened dress, and a voice—half cant, half brutality, —cried, "What, sinner! and the Sabbath-night too! Oh! you worm of sin! No night but the Sabbath-night!" Yes! this was still earth's voice; pitiless, down-trampling. With desperate energy the importuned oblivion was again sought, and Cant, with the unlifted prayer-book, had nearly roared for Law to crush, with

its spreading foot, writhing, down-trodden frailty, when a little woman, with a big nose, a big umbrella, a big pair of pattens, a big cloak, and under it a very mountain of a heart, came up; and at the bare voice of Mercy, poor Frailty in a moment forgot its profaning importunity, and fell, faltering and insensible, before her. Surely, surely, Heaven does sometimes stoop to earth, and Pity droop her wing in angel ministration!

"Oh! the worthless profligate! and on the Sabbath night, too!" said Cant, uplifting the prayer-book reverently.

"He blessed, He forgave, He glorified on the Sabbath-day," spoke clear, the big-nosed little woman, sheltering the senseless, pallid face of beauty from the dripping rain with her own down-bending one. "Oh! John Roartext! I thought you were a religious man!"

"Why, yes! I am a humble labourer in the vineyard," he said quickly, as he recognised, in this big-nosed little woman, Mary Fogg, a very needy authoress, but a very bright (though he knew it not) little spirit; "but them as go to the Nazareth don't"——

"Learn mercy, I fear, John"——

"Don't read a newspaper on a Sunday, at any rate, or" Muttering the remainder of this accusation to himself, this Pharisee, looking down with charitable contempt on the Nazarene heart of the little woman, passed swiftly on towards a policeman at the other end of the bridge; whilst she, forgetting all at once her big umbrella, unconditionally left it for the service of the public at large, and making up her mind to be a Samson if she could (for her will was potent enough to have carried off the gates of Gaza), she put her arm tenderly round the little creature, and bore on as quickly as her pattens would allow. However, the worst part of the matter was, that little Miss Fogg's body and soul were always at warfare. They had played the part of pigmy and giant through the whole drama of her narrow life; and now, setting on to combat pell-mell, she was forced to stop, just as an old rattle-strap of a coach came up, and stopped too. Mary glanced at it, hesitated for a minute as she thought of her scanty purse and morrow's rent; but, hearing the policeman's coming step, had faltered out, "I—I—I"—when the old driver, jumping down, opened the coach-door in a trice.

"Git in, mum. I sees how 'tis; the osses, as 're in their pritty nice riglar nap, won't wake up if 'taint far."

"Milton-street—wus Grub-street."

"Bliss ye, mum; that wus a blissid wicinage in the time o' my grandfather, as druv more precious wit than he took money. But—but—nice broad seat" Mr. Shake, for such was his name, hereupon helped in the little woman and her burden, and then laid his hand gently upon Frailty's poor face. "Deal o' this sort o' thing. Ay, poor creturs! We'se men, mum, take 'em to our bosoms, as flowers jist when they're beautifulest with precious colours, to pritty quickly cast 'em forth as weeds. But" Shake's moralising was here stayed by a question from the policeman, who had now approached; so mounting on his box, he shook the reins, the "osses" went mechanically on, and then he cried out, "Call agin to-morrow, young B division, and I'll be at home."

In due time the rattlestrap was stopped before an old, dusty-windowed house, and Shake, delighted that the still-lingering, literary *fumo* of Grub-street had in no wise aroused his chargers, deliberately put on their nose-bags against that event should happen, and taking out an old greased lantern from the coach side, received a ponderous key from Miss Fogg, opened the house door, took poor Frailty tenderly in his arms, and led by the little woman, who carried the lantern, went up stairs. It was a very ancient, wide staircase, trodden, perhaps, in its day by the sacred foot of Genius! Of this, Shake took no reckoning, for he stopped on the first landing, puffed on the second, groaned on the third; all this showed he was not much accustomed to ascend into cloudland. It was a pleasant land, however; for Mary, holding up the lantern, showed that the stair-banisters round the wide old gallery were green with luxuriant ivy growing from a large garden-pot; and, when the sole door was unlocked, there came such a sudden glimpse of brightness, that Mr. Shake's eyes absolutely twinkled. Though bright, the little woman's first act, with perfect disregard to economy, was to set the poker stoutly in the fire, which, springing up, sprite-like, into one luminous blaze, immediately set the little tin kettle to sing its loudest tune, played all sorts of lively antics up and down the glossy back of Tibb the cat, who, but for an occasional twitch of his little crisp ear, would have represented a very respectable brown pincushion—shone on the little round table set so neatly forth, with books, and the sinning newspaper, and the little pinch-back watch, overhung with a few ivy leaves and a bit of wall-flower, drooping from a quaint twisted-stem wine-glass, till, sinking in the

far shadows of the room, it fell fainter and fainter on a bed, partly shaded by an old moth-eaten green curtain, and faded into dimness on a few old oil-paintings and the spider-legged spinet. Laying, as gently as a mother, his burden on the bed, Mr. Shake dropped off, and stood beside it, in profound meditation; when the little woman, coming, all-nervously, from a capacious chest-of-drawers, with certain garments, glanced down upon them, then up at Shake, and then, with a little anxious cough, got out three words about the width of the green curtain.

"To be sure, to be sure," spoke the old man, with an alacrity that charmed the little woman, as he turned his eyes off the bed and stared most tremendously at the spinet. "I'se apt to be jist as vacant as them dear creturs with their nose-bags; but, if I'se might ventur on sich an unpurlite thing as a little shag, mum, I'se certain I shouldn't see even that captiwating nimp Venus herself." As the great-hearted little woman instantly declared not merely her appreciation but uncommon liking to Mr. Shake's favourite weed, he quickly adjourned to the fire-place, lighted his pipe, sat down in the sacred chair of authorship, and went off immediately into a gaze between the third and fourth bars of the grate, of so perfectly stupendous and solemn a kind, as to arouse even the curiosity of the literary-bred Tibb, who immediately arose to see if he could ascertain what this suspicious philosopher was made of. By the close of the second pipe, and after the twirl of every ring on the old green curtain, Miss Fogg came back to the fire, still with her bonnet on: "There's a gown and a petti"——

Shake did the large heart an injustice, for he judged by a finger pointed at an adjacent closet, and so instantly diving his own hand into his capacious breeches-pocket he brought forth an astounding miscellany of coppers, silver, whipcord, nails and tobacco. "Take it all, mum, as a se-cu-ri-ti of yer stepping out, for as them sensible creturs below know mum, I——"

"Oh dear, dear," exclaimed the little woman quite crossly for one with such an amazing heart, "if it held diamonds instead of my only best gown and petticoat, I shouldn't suspect one so good as you. But—but—he-m! only feminine delicacy you know; and——"

"But how's the poor cretur, mum?"

"A crushed thing, a crushed thing—so small, so delicate, so tender, so——" the tears rained out so fleetly as she spoke,

that they even fell on Shake's outstretched horny hand—and so, finishing with something about a doctor and the next street, she left the room.

Now, though never wanting a doctor herself—the great heart in a little body, alive to all divinest sympathies, had often noticed the four-quart bottles of scarlet, pea-green, brown, and blue colours in a certain apothecary's windows, more especially, as on one winter's night, by the aid of two tallow candles, the said brown and green were shining down like a giant blue-bottle, on a little quaint Latin book that lay between, and the little woman, stopping to look, had not merely Englished the title—"The Art of Dying Well,"—but the quaint moral written under—"Is to have lived well"—and this philosophy pleasing her, she had on divers occasions looked again, sometimes to see what was evidently the doctor himself, reading perhaps this same book, "*De Arte Bene Moriendi*," but, however, always with a face that testified that the hand had compounded more soothing tinctures, emulsions, and syrups, than hyssop or bitters for the curing human ills. All quite right of thee, merry, tea-drinking Tobias Sirrip, M.R.C.S.

Above the true honey-cup the bee has no lagging wing! So in the little woman popped, told quickly her tale:—the "Dying Well" was placed on its chameleon shelf, his hat put on, a round-looking bottle pocketed from a very sly corner cupboard, and with the little woman's arm tucked within his own, Mr. Tobias was soon on his way.

With eyes abstracted on the infinity of atoms that lay betwixt the two bars, Mr. Shake did not miss the candle, when the doctor, lifting it from the table and shading it with his hand, crept towards the bed. Already there, with the scant curtain betwixt her thumb and finger, Mary and the little doctor beheld, to their astonishment, old Tibb, tucked up into a more than usual brown pincushion; and, nestled amidst the golden hair of poor Frailty, was humming just the self-same happy tune as he would have done to the purest human flower, untrodden down by Fate. Old Tibb! poor Frailty owed more to thee than that happy tune; for, if one doubt still lingered in the little woman's soul, it vanished in a minute, and the most beautiful link of our divine nature, sympathy, bound together the sorrow of the outcast and the mercy of a trusting heart. And, when Mr. Toby had come nearer, and had taken the small cold hand, he said "very beautiful," and

also something further about the brandy which he had in his pocket. This brought to the little woman's mind the thought of a cup of hot tea, and the two ounces of especial green, which stood in a little tin canister in the closet. For Mary had rich, and, in their own opinion, great relations, who had forgotten her, simply for the reason that she was poor and lonely; but believing that a time might come when they would think and act better, and tea being her prime comfort, she kept always ready a little of the very best, "Lest," as she often on lonely nights whispered to Tibb, "they might come on a Sunday and the shops be shut." So the tea things were soon set, and poor Frailty so far revived as to seem conscious of the little woman's presence. The party drew round the fire, including even Tibb; who, thinking perhaps that the great company had arrived at last, had come to see, and soon was perched, his little brown feet out, on the broad knee of him who knew so well Nature's prime secret of "*De Arte bene Moriendi*." Certainly, too, the little doctor commenced to talk so well and pleasantly, enjoy his toast and praise the tea, that betwixt these and his own well-sugared cup Mr. Shake was perfectly in Paradise; for he had, by actual observation, ascertained that the "dear creturs" were still in their nap, and begged leave to stay till poor Frailty should be better.

The evening passed gloriously. Long after Mr. Shake had withdrawn, not without promise to call again, and an unconditioned offer of the "dear creturs' services" at will, the little doctor sat and chatted, and came forth so strong upon divers points, and the little woman had so much to reply to and tell, that when they parted for the night it was just as if they had known one another for a hundred years. Perhaps spiritually they had, and over their old thumb'd books dropped tears at the same fountains of Mercy and Nature! When Mary had locked the door, and swept the hearth, and drew her chair a little nearer, she whispered, in her old confidential way, "Friends at last, Tibb," and Tibb began to purr directly, as if it were a fact of an undoubted kind. Her ink-bottle and pens out, Mary brought forth several odd-shaped, soiled, and strangely-written letters, all blotted and crossed with various foreign post-marks. How little did Shake, or the doctor, think that the fire that had warmed them, the tea that had cheered them, had, to a certain extent, that night to be earned, and by such strange means!—nor, that in the narrow range of that poor room, the bright purposes of a beautiful human

heart were prisoned; whilst weariest labour brought but bread—mere bread—made sweet, however, by the stern and solitary joy of independence. Yet, in such lonely rooms, too far aloft, however, for the gaze of contemptuous pride and besotted power, the large spirits, whose mission is to teach the eternity and truth of Progress, are generated and increased, and go forth from thence to shine and fill the world with light. Ay! and if human hearts do shine in the face of heaven with all the brightness of their dear humanity,—not where pride, and wealth, and power wink in the false-visioned eyes of the world, is their light broadest,—but from the darkest corners and thresholds of daily life pour out a luminous flood, beautiful and lasting,—in the benignant eyes of the Divine!

After long sitting, one odd, quaint, yellow-paper letter still puzzled the little woman, it being written in the Swedish language, and addressed to a sailor, named Borjestein. As she glanced once more despairingly along a cumbrous sentence, in which seemed held the whole pith of the letter, poor Frailty moved uneasily in the scant-curtained bed. Hastening, with the letter yet in her hand, she found the girl still buried in uneasy sleep; but her head so moved that its abundance of rich tresses swept like a garment round the pillow. The letter resting in Mary's hand amidst them,—and partly whilst she wondered at the unknown history of the little pale worn face,—the whole truth of the matter flashed across her mind, as if wrong could not be hidden, or other's sorrow be but softened and raised up towards beauty and good in the light shed from the tresses of the Magdalen. However, when the girl had sunk into a deeper sleep, the big-nosed little woman went back to the fire-place, and whispered energetically to Tibb, her prime confidant (and, bless brown-pineushion, he never betrayed a secret even with his loudest purr), "Trapps is, I fear, a villain, my dear—a villain!"

Whatever this communication to the erudite Tibb might argue, it remained a secret, and, from this night, weeks swiftly passed on. Wasted by want and misery the girl but slowly recovered, though quickly growing precious to the love of the needy authoress, and no small favourite with both Tibb and the doctor, who knew too much of the true philosophy of "*De Arte bene Moriendi*," to think of other gratuity than the precious power and privilege of raising up that which the World had crushed and down-trodden. More, too; whilst yet weak and ill, she would have fain crawled away to certain destitution, rather than trespass on Mary's scanty means; and

this might actually have happened, had not Mr. Sirrip come to the rescue, and never taken his cup of tea (which was pretty often) at little Miss Fogg's fireside, without divers nice parcels coming forth from his pockets, to such an extent and certainty—that they soon ceased to be a matter of surprise to the solemn brown pin-cushion. Magdalen—for such was really her name—(not, however, the pure bright Magdalen, which the world will presently hear of, and, as I hope, garner in its heart) soon showed herself to have the gratefulest of spirits; doing, whilst too weak for harder labour, all sorts of service in the room; and when the days grew long and light—by which time she discovered that all authors have crotchets—taking her sewing out into the gallery amidst the ivy, left Mary to work out her ideas, which she was accustomed to do by broaching them to the fire-place and Tibb. Nor, ever once by gesture, word, or look, did Mary cast even small scorn upon the heaped sins of Magdalen; and Frailty, subdued and penitent, wept out its true redemption on the breast of purest Mercy.

After many weeks' inquiry, and, at last, by the friendly help of Mr. Shake, Magdalen got needle-work at a slop-maker's in Rotherhithe. Hard and coarse it was to one who had had delicate nurture; but, judging such to be a penalty of her great sin, she meekly bore, and never once complained. It was heart's worship and gratitude, indeed, to bring home the scanty earnings; laying by some, however, silently week by week; every fraction of which did so tell against the poor authoress's rusty black silk gown in the closet, that it was clear it might be by-and-by eclipsed by one more astonishing. Waiting one autumn night in the slop-shop for work, amidst piles of seamen's clothing, gaudy Bandana handkerchiefs, and the thousand signal colours of earth's many nations; a stalwart young fellow stepped in, and jovially swinging himself on to the counter, as if it were the yard-arm, and the latitude a southern one, he, not having seen her as he came in, turned round his swarthy, weather-beaten face upon the girl. It was such a look, too, of wonderment and admiration, that it might have been that of a tempest-rough giant subdued to gentleness by the first sight of a summer flower. And Magdalen was very beautiful; for peace, and rest, and good, had brought back all the hue of the lily in its prime. Faltering beneath the face thus fixed upon her, for, conscious of frailty, she thought the very stones might whisper of it if they would, she took up her work-bundle, eagerly the minute it

was brought, and hurried from the shop:—not quicker than she was followed, not quicker than her hand was taken, not quicker than that tempest-graven face looked down again into hers.

“Why so fast, my girl—we have met, and it must be for life.”

She tried to pass on, but his hand restrained her, then looking up into his face, she faltered out a few inaudible words.

“Come, come,” he spoke with a man’s full heart in his voice; “I’m not dismantled, my girl, and glad to run into any port. But we’ve met, and thank God for it. Come, this is all yours,” and he drew from his pocket a handful of gold, “a safe convoy home, and a bright wedding-ring as early as you like in the morning. Come, the tongue of the north doesn’t play false.”

The tears gushed to her eyes; but struggling to subdue her deep emotion, she faltered out,—

“You do not know what I have been, sir.”

“Sorrowful, eh? My girl.”

“Frail, sir.”

“The more the reason, my little one, that a stout heart like mine should bear thee up with a parson and a wedding ring!”

She turned aside from his soul’s gaze, and, strangely enough, saw through the opening of a short sloping street, the broad city river; calm and blue, and yet fathoms-full of light from the rich harvest moon; so typical of purity and good and rest, that in a moment the drear contrast of that night of storm, of tempest, of terrible importunity rushed back to her memory, and quailing before even the thought of dishonour or impurity to the hand, the trusting spirit, the roof that had saved and sheltered her, she grasped her bundle, drew her hand away, and was in a moment lost to the sailor’s gaze.

Well! time went on; perhaps a year! Matters, however, so progressing in the interval, that “*De Arte bene Moriendi*,” rarely laid upon its chameleon shelf, rested in the pocket of its philosophic interpreter, who so often sipped tea and quoted Milton in the old chamber of the once lonely little woman, that his broad knee became at last a matter of absolute necessity to purring brown-pincushion. And Magdalen’s little hoard, too, progressed amazingly towards the black silk gown. Confidential in all else respecting her long years of struggling fortune, Mary had never said much to the girl about the sources of her scanty earnings, though they were evidently well known both to Mr. Toby and a certain worthy notary that sometimes came with him. Necessity, on one sudden

occasion, to intrust Magdalen with one of the old ship letters, revealed the whole secret. Mary Fogg had for years translated and written seamen's letters for a lodging-house keeper named Trapps ; a vile, low, griping crimp, who, battenning on earnings of the overcome perils of the ocean, kept a snug face of cant for the world and the well-filled purse. Yet, to do Mary justice, she had tried higher usefulness, but failed ; and, forgotten by the world, who, pampered on riches won for them, could question the justice of such bread ? For a long while, who, or what Trapps was, was concealed from her by a second hand. At last, when through accident the truth came forth, this source was her only one ; and in resolving to let it still give her bread, she knew it might often be in her power to apportion justice, and weigh out kindly words to the oppressed and far distant. This had often been the case ; and many a letter read by the northern-lights, many a dear word of hope beneath the broad palms and silent shores of the southern isles, had welled up from the deep fountains of that lonely heart, and been traced in that desolate chamber !

When once the secret had been broken to her, Magdalen continually went to and fro to the crimp's house. As if for purposes of its own, it lay on a desolate slip of ground running to the water's edge, and almost surrounded by great ship-yards. Except the pathway bounded by a bit of broken wall, the piece of land around was sunk into deep holes, full of blighted osiers and dock ; the level slips lying between being piled with broken hogsheads, old kegs, and flukes, rusty anchors, cables, and spars, disused except here and there to hold a line of fluttering rags, the tempting property of the inhabitants of the squalid streets around. The large bare kitchen of the house was quite in keeping with the exterior, except for the great fire that always roared up the low wide chimney. Here, as in an eastern caravansary, would be men of all nations. Seamen who, according to their "lockers," might be roaring over a jorum of grog and pipes ; or less flush of money, with pipes alone ; or asleep on the bare wooden benches, or bartering with some Jewish vendor, or when in their lowest fortunes, or sick and ill, crouching often breadless to the glowing hearth, whilst their last pence could pay for Trapps-accommodation. Yet, through all the license of such a scene, Magdalen passed unscathed, and Purity itself might have watched, and found no sin. The coarsest jest fell back upon the lips as she approached ; the hardest ruffian stood abashed when her eye fell upon him ; and never was

a sin wept out with truer honour. Trapps, who saw what an attraction her beauty and modesty was, soon came to linger over his scrawled message to Miss Fogg; and the girl, possessing a true womanly and humane nature, soon began to take large interest in the life around; and recollecting what a balm there is in gentleness and kind words, would often turn her hand to little services for those most destitute and forlorn, till even wealthy mates and captains, hearing of her, came, in true seamen fashion, to make offers then and there; but all being refused, they could not help in their hearts leaving love-tokens; and to such an extent did great Oriental shells, and shining pebbles, and plumes of rainbow hues, and foreign fruits pour in, that, on one occasion, the napping "osses" and dear old primitive Shake had to come to fetch them, and Trapps' eyes did certainly wink with jealous greediness.

One autumn afternoon, just as day was sinking into twilight, she found some Dutch sailors had brought up a sick comrade from a vessel, but a few hours in the river. Having ascertained that the crew had been paid off at Hamburgh, and no money to be found, Trapps, though he had, as the sailors indignantly said; "staved many a pound from the Swede," refused to take him in, and as the wind was blowing cool from the river, he settled the thrum-cap upon his head, and slammed the door to. Now, in all probability that process might have been followed, so immortally described by Smollett, had not Magdalen seen in the ague-stricken face, that which had looked so lovingly upon hers in the broad moonlight; without a word, she led the way for the purpose of helping to find a lodging in the neighbourhood around. With difficulty this was done, and then only a squalid room, already occupied by one sick man, who, paying no rent, lay there by sufferance. Yet Magdalen, with such small sum as she had about her, paid that night's needs, for woman, be it remembered, never forgets a look of love; and so tending him like an infant, till he had sunk to rest, left his comrade to watch beside him. Her hand was on the door-latch, when a voice that stayed her very breath, spoke from beyond the coarse rug hung across a corner of the room to hide the already occupied bed. "What no hope, no pity, no mercy for me?" Oh yes! it was indeed that harsh, hard, worldly voice; that canter on the creed of mercy, that roarer forth of blasphemy the night that all of earth had crushed her with its giant terrors, and yet she lightly stepped back, lifted up

the rug, and beheld that grim, hard, now dying face, so terribly graven on her heart. At this moment the mistress of the house came into the room. "Ay, mum, as I've often told him since he lay there, all talk arn't the thing. As 'cause, where are all his flock, as was to have done so much after he turned shepherd, eh?"

"But I—" began the dying man.

"Oh, sir," interrupted the girl, as she meekly knelt down beside the wretched bed and hid her face, "look on me, and do believe that not words of mercy, but its action is the saviour of the world. Look on me, and recollect what *I* was and what *I* am."

It was the voice of natural piety that touched the heart of mistaken bigotry at last: and therefore of our divinest nature were the tears that fell in contrition from the Pharisee, and mingled with those of the Nazarene!

With a woman's true enigmatical heart in all such matters, Magdalen, though she went straight and revealed all to "*De Arte bene Moriendi*" on the other side of the chameleon bottles, never said a word to little Mary; but it was observable, after Mr. Toby's visit on the morrow, that there was a great whispering between him and Miss Fogg, and a hurried visit from the notary, much looking at papers, and so on; not, too, without a sly glance at Magdalen herself. Moreover too, by strange excuses, the girl was kept from her wonted errand; and when Mr. Toby was remonstrated with, or her small gains laid before him, he pushed back the one, and whispered something about "dangerous" of the other. As Miss Fogg, too, commenced talking about a particular cup of tea on a certain night, and veritably replenished her tea canister with some extraordinary green, Magdalen finally thought of the new silk dress, and, at last, making the extraordinary purchase, hid it in three several papers in the ivy itself, from all but the little peering eyes of Tibb, who, tucking himself up on the banister, kept watch and ward. The night at last came, that very day week since she had met the Swede; and with it the notary in his best black, and "*De Arte bene Moriendi*" with a nice frosted plum-cake in his pocket instead of a lancet, and all sat happily down to taste the astounding green; the happy little woman herself, though withal in her rusty gown, yet in her best cap, and the beautiful upraised flower in the rich garlanding tresses that nature had bestowed. Well! the very first cup was

hardly poured out, when the door being quickly thrust back, in marched veritable Shake, carrying his old horn-lantern, which was unusually bright, and followed by Harald Borjestein, the Swedish sailor, weak and pale yet, to be sure, but decently dressed, and full of hope, and happiness, and love, in the tempest-graven face. Need I say, that knowing all the past, the present, and sure of the to-come, he pressed the up-raised lily to his heart with all a man's true fervour. Oh! never such a slow-progressing happy tea hour before or since. When over, Magdalen, in her deep joy, forgot not the marvellous black silk gown, but bringing it forward, laid it before the wondering little woman; and if human thankfulness could have fallen upon it, in one hue of beauty, the craftsman Nature might have been outrivalled. "Too good, too good," wept the little woman; "but I'll have it made up and wear it on" "Our wedding-day, Polly," said "*De Arte bene Moriendi*,"—"which shall be that of ours, and in a day or two," spoke the sailor, producing from his pocket the finest of wedding-rings. "And thanking ye, mum, for the second blessedest cup o' tea I ever tasted," chimed in Shake, "the fust being on that here night the little cretur was lifted into the vehicle, you shall go to church in the coach, which shall be touched up with leather and brush, the dear osses not allowed to nap a bit, and four yards of the very best white satin riband for top-nots, if I've to spout my backker-box to buy it."

The tale of the Swedish sailor was simple enough. During his absence on a voyage, some property of inheritance in Nordland had come to him. Part of this had been paid by bills into a Hamburgh bank, and letters of advice sent to Trapps care. But for the little woman, and her advice with the notary and the doctor, it might never have been heard of. They, however, long on the outlook for Borjestein and in communication with the Swedish authorities, now at once seized on Trapps; who yet managed to escape in some outbound vessel, leaving, however, enough of his ill-got gains behind to furnish forth the marriage, and a small trading cargo for the seaman's next voyage.

On the once desolate piece of waste land is now erected a Sailors' Home, in which Mr. Toby has invested his small capital. Nor need I say what sort of home it is, where "*De Arte bene Moriendi*," as of old, cures and saves; where old Mary still writes loving and truthful letters for the ocean-sons; where best the spirit of the Magdalen watches and tends. The old coach, wheel-

as become a baby-house; whilst Mr. Shake, having turned
 ir gardener, often, in summer days, sits to smoke his pipe
 he broad flag-steps that dip to the river brink; and there
 agdalen's two little golden-haired children to lift their faces
 summer air, for now the nor'-east wind blows from the sea,
 lifts their father homeward in his good stout ship of Norwe-
 mber. Flow on thou river from thy pastoral fountains to
 ernal sea! and be to human hearts, as to nature—type of the
 y of good.

Predicate is this,—*The Worm thou treadest under foot, Oh,
 ! if raised by thy hands, and placed towards the sun, would
 become a winged and spiritual creature; that, in itself,
 ts causations, might go on progressively towards God.*

SILVERPEN.

"CAN SUCH THINGS BE?"

A venerable man, whose whole career
 Had been one round of sad unwearied toil,
 Dying in want!—He who had tilled the soil,
 Ay, through many a long, long dreary year—
 He who had hoped and ne'er was cowed by fear,
 Nor ever heard to murmur or repine,
 Breaking no edict, human or divine!
 God! what a grand, yet sorry sight was here—
 Without a pillow where to lay his head,
 No friend to aid him in the hour of need,
 Without the wherewithal to buy him bread!
 Poor honest soul, is this thy fitting meed?
 Without a groan he died—"It is so, then,
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

R. V. HAYDAY.

New Books.

SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: being an Artist's Impressions of Countries and People at the Antipodes. With numerous Illustrations. By GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS. 2 vols. post 8vo. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

MR. ANGAS is a man of considerable knowledge of the world, at all events, of the Geographical one, having evidently a passion for travelling; and nature has, in many ways, fitted him for this arduous pursuit. He must be possessed of a sound and enduring constitution, and is blessed with fine animal spirits, that carry him through every annoyance and peril with gaiety and good humour. His talents, too, are of the kind most advantageous to a traveller; for he has not only—like Inglis—a rapid eye to see, and a considerable power to describe the various striking and novel scenes he visits; but has the power of delineating with the pencil as well as the pen. He very modestly disclaims any pretension to learning; but he seems to know enough of botany and natural history, to accurately distinguish and describe the various novelties that present themselves to him in his distant and remote journeyings. His style is also joyous and readable, though, here and there, one may think he snatches at a grace beyond the reach of his art to compass. This is, however, a mere blemish, and we know not when we have read two volumes, containing so much that is new and interesting.

Mr. Angas is a most enterprising traveller: indeed he is more: he is an explorer. The half-civilised countries of South America, Chili and Patagonia, the scarcely less dangerous travelling of Sicily, have not enough of excitement for him; he seeks the remotest and latest-discovered lands, and enters on the dim and undefined regions that surround them. He has all the spirit of a backwoodsman, with the cultivation of a gentleman. There is, consequently, nothing stale or hacknied in his volumes. No histories of colonies, to fill up. No extracts from local newspapers, showing averages and statistics. No long-drawn arguments in favour of some scheme of colonisation; but, verily, a book of travels, fresh as the countries he visits, and various as their inhabitants, scenes, and productions.

The greater part of the latter portion of the first volume treats of Australia, and the first half of the second volume is devoted to New Zealand, and the remainder to a further account (on his return) of Australia. The wildest and most interesting portion is that relating

to New Zealand ; though his narrative of his exploration of the monotonous and sandy plains of Australia—of its strange and miserable aborigines, and its extraordinary animals and scenery, is highly entertaining and instructive.

Mr. Angas makes no pretensions to philosophy, though he is a sensible and observant man, merely relating, in very graphic language, what he sees, leaving the meditative and moral inference to be made by his reader. The dullest reader cannot, however, but have his reflection awakened at the strange state in which man is found in these desolate regions, nor avoid wondering at the freaks of nature in the animals and productions. The following is an account of a tribe in Australia :—

“ These natives belonged to a tribe totally different from those of the Milindura, whom we had met with along the shores of the Coorong, and were very inferior to them in physical appearance : their features were remarkably ugly, with a simple silliness of expression, and their figures extremely slight and attenuated, with the abdomen of a disproportionate size. They were filthy and wretched in the extreme ; all their teeth were black and rotten ; their skin was dry, and that of one man presented a purplish-red colour. They approached our fire with their arms crossed over their shoulders ; a position that they constantly retained, until some grease was given to them, which they commenced eating, rubbing over their bodies, and daubing upon their hair. One of them had an old cotton handkerchief which he kept concealed under his arm-pit, and as they were destitute of clothing, the oldest man was put into a blue shirt, which created the greatest possible astonishment amongst his companions ; they grew very noisy and merry, ate damper and grease, and constantly touched us with their filthy shrivelled hands. After the disgusting operation of sketching them was over, I was truly glad to see them return to their women in the bush : who, if they bear any resemblance to their husbands, can seldom be the occasion of jealousy, for more hideous wretches it were hardly possible to conceive.”

The following will also give some idea of the scenery of the region they inhabited :—

“ We penetrated thick woods, amongst which the elegant *corea*, then in blossom, attained a considerable height ; and we crossed more spongy plains, covered with shells and tufa “ biscuits,” and subject to occasional inundations. On some of the swamps the natives had built weirs of mud, like a dam wall, extending across from side to side, for the purpose of taking the very small mucilaginous fishes that abound in the water when these swamps are flooded. Low wooded ranges skirted these plains, and kangaroos were abundant. Some of the swamps were covered with an exceedingly rich black soil, and produced luxuriant sow-thistles and other rank vegetation ; the more solid plains were overspread with beautiful green feed, and it was evident we were once more approaching a good country. We came so suddenly upon a native encampment amongst the trees, that the savages had barely time to take alarm at the noise of our horses' hoofs, and we could just

distinguish their heels as they were scampering away beneath the bushes: most probably we were the first Europeans they had caught sight of. The party we had thus unceremoniously disturbed had evidently assembled to a convivial dinner, for there were two large wombats roasting in the ovens, several choice heaps of roots lay amongst the ashes, and a fine parrot, not yet cooked, was suspended to a stick. In their precipitate flight they left all their things behind them—spears, baskets, snaring rods, and a variety of curious implements; these we examined, and left precisely as we found them, though we feared the guests would eat their wombat dinner in a state of continual trepidation and alarm."

The following will give an idea of the life of a squatter; but then it must be said, Mr. Arthur's establishment was on a more than commonly large scale:—

"At two miles further on we discovered another coral basin, which was divided by a rocky wall across the centre, forming two semicircular lakes, with shrubs growing down the steep sides of the basin. The country for some distance was now a vile scrub, full of dangerous holes half-hid by the brushwood, and very difficult for the horses to cross. The surface was hard white coral, raised into little hollow mounds like cups, many of which were filled with rain-water, and afforded a draught for our horses. This scrub terminated as suddenly as it commenced, and we next entered upon an extensive and beautiful country, covered with luxuriant grass, and studded with blackwood, wattle, and gum trees like a nobleman's park. As far as the eye could reach, this magnificent region presented itself, stretching away towards the mouth of the Glenelg and the districts of Australia Felix. Here was a country fresh from the hand of Nature and complete in its native loveliness, with green pastures, shady trees, and wells of pure and limpid water. Beyond the picturesque craters of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck: the latter appearing as a truncated cone, not more than six or eight miles from the place where we stood.

"In another hour we came upon a dray-track, and presently we heard the bleating of sheep and the barking of dogs. Two huts, built of coral limestone and thatched with bark, stood on the margin of another volcanic basin filled with exquisite water; and troughs, hewn out of the soft white coral, had been constructed for watering the sheep and cattle, the water for which was raised by means of a pulley from the never-failing reservoir below. This was one of the sheep stations of Messrs. Arthur, who had penetrated into this charming country from the New South Wales side, and had brought several of their flocks for the purpose of squatting upon these new pastures. Mr. Arthur—who had watched with mingled astonishment and curiosity the distant approach of nine horsemen from a direction whence no European had been observed to proceed before—soon made his appearance on horseback; he received the Governor with great politeness, and conducted us into one of the huts, where he invited us to assist him in demolishing his supper, which was just ready. We ate heartily of mutton chops and various fried vegetables; the latter being the produce of a small garden adjoining the hut, which spoke well for the fertility of the soil and the industry of our host. Mr. Arthur, adorned with a beard of twelve months' growth, and

seated in his rude dwelling, surrounded by his dogs and tame magpies possessed that feeling of freedom and thorough independence which one can never know in England. The walls of the hut, the troughs, seats, and various utensils, were entirely formed of white coral: this substance, when fresh cut, is soft like salt, and easily hewn into any shape; but on exposure to the air it gradually hardens, and becomes perfectly durable."

In the portion dedicated to New Zealand there are some most interesting particulars, both of the savage natives and the missionaries; and a greater contrast cannot well be conceived in any beings of the same species. The missionaries seem likely to introduce civilisation, and their little settlements in this region of sublime and beautiful nature, but of moral evil, are very striking. If any destiny of man can be said to be perfect, we think theirs, with their remote and steadfast sacrifice to a holy purpose, and their praiseworthy and simple mode of living must be deemed so. After descriptions of the savage revenge, violence, and destitution of the miserable, uncivilised savage, in the midst of the most luxuriant and beautiful scenery, we suddenly fall upon the lone cottage of the missionary: and reversing Byron's line, we may there view the young civilians all at play, amid the order and even the elegance of a European home—the most being made of the lovely and luxuriant trees and flowers, which blossom in profusion around the secluded dwelling. We had marked several passages for extract, but our space forbids their insertion. We will, therefore, only give two brief, contrasting pictures, and heartily recommend the book to every intelligent reader.

"TAPULING."—"In the evening, Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, through Forsaith, if he himself had ever partaken of human flesh? 'Yes,' he said, 'we have all eaten it, when we knew no better.'

"Wirihona then gave us a detailed account of the mode of preserving the heads of their enemies: which '*tapued*' heads' are frequently to be met with in Europe in the museums and cabinets of the curious. If they were heads of enemies taken in battle, the lips were stretched out and sewn apart; if, on the contrary, it was the head of one of the chiefs of their own tribe, who had died, and they were preserving it with all customary honours, they sewed the lips close together in a pouting attitude. A hole was dug in the earth and heated with red-hot stones, and then—the eyes, ears, and all the orifices of the head, except the windpipe, being carefully sewn up, and the brains taken out—the aperture of the neck was placed over the mouth of the heated oven, and the head well steamed. This process was continued until the head was perfectly free from moisture, and the skin completely cured; fern root was then thrust into the nostrils, and in this state the heads were either placed under a strict tapu, or bartered in exchange for muskets or blankets to Sydney traders. To the shame of the Europeans thus engaged it must be told, that so eager were they to procure these dried heads for sale in England and elsewhere, that many chiefs were persuaded to kill their slaves, and tatoo the faces after death, to supply this unnatural demand.

Heads belonging to their enemies slain in battle were prepared and stuck up in rows upon stakes within the pah; to these, every species of savage indignity was offered, and the conquering party danced naked before the heads, uttering all manner of abuse to them in terms of bravado and insult, as though they were still alive."

"A MISSIONARY COTTAGE."—"At a bend of the river, the romantic cottage of the missionary suddenly appeared in view. It was as lovely and secluded a spot as it is possible to imagine: the little cottage built of *raupo*, with its white chimneys, and its garden full of flowers—of sweet English flowers, roses, stocks, and mignonette—was snugly perched on an elevated plateau overhanging the Waikato; and the access to it was by a small bridge thrown across a glen of tree ferns, with a stream murmuring below.

"The interior of the cottage, which was constructed entirely by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Ashwell, is lined throughout with reeds, and divided into a number of small rooms communicating one with another. The cottage, the situation, the people, and everything around them, were picturesque. Pepepe signifies *butterfly*; and surely the name is not misapplied to this lovely spot.

"The missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

"I had not long entered the house before a sweet little girl, with a very fair complexion and long flaxen ringlets, came running up to me. It was pleasant to hear, in this secluded spot, the prattle of a little English child: she lisped to us of the roses she had been gathering, and said that the rain had made them so pretty."

It is but justice to these unenlightened savages to say, that Mr. Angas records many anecdotes of a capacity for generous conduct and nobility of nature; and also gives his hopeful testimony of their regeneration.

"It was a calm and lovely evening, and nothing broke the serenity of its repose but the splashing of the paddles as our canoe dashed onwards. How many a scene of barbarous and warlike times has this noble river been witness to! Fleet after fleet of gaily decorated war-canoes have passed up and down its surface, from the places of slaughter, reeking with blood, perhaps deeply laden with human flesh, and filled with savage heroes, whose war-shouts and yells of triumph disturbed the stillness of the lovely scenes of nature around them. But now the picture is changed.

"A far different era has dawned upon the descendants of those fierce warriors. The New Zealanders are no longer a fighting people; they find raising supplies for the Europeans a far more pleasant and profitable occupation. The good effects arising from the influence of the missionaries is apparent, even if civilization had been their only aim. The New Zealanders are an intelligent and interesting race; they have fine minds and good dispositions; and if properly treated, no people can behave better. Much has been foolishly alleged against them, by individuals who are entirely ignorant of the true character and meritorious conduct of many of the Maories."

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. The Abbotsford Edition. 16 vols. imperial 8vo. Copiously illustrated by Turner, &c., &c. Edinburgh: R. CADELL.

THE fate of Scott has indeed been different to that of Shakespeare: born in an age of literature, his wonderful and fertile genius made for itself an instant and universal reputation: and dying, his works have been edited, published, and illustrated with an almost religious veneration. The present edition is a noble monument to their illustrious author, and highly honourable to the publisher, to whom, the sacred charge was confided of building up, for his family, the fortunes which the rashness or confidingness of their originator overthrew. It has ever been the faculty of the highest genius to beget in others around them, the same energy and indomitable perseverance which has marked their own career; and, certainly, Scott has found in his unwearied publisher, Robert Cadell, a man after his own heart. The Waverley Novels and the Waverley works, (for the poems, histories, biographies, essays, controversies, letters, and even the life will always be known by that generic title,) have received every aid that experience, ingenuity, and money could bestow. Their mode of being circulated is as curious and praiseworthy as they themselves are wonderful and beautiful. From the guinea set they rose to the guinea and half, the eager public, regardless of cost, and indeed, the liberal portion being glad of the outlay of so comparatively small a sum to testify their regard and admiration of the gifted Author. Who would not have rejoiced to give Shakespeare a guinea for a copy of each play as it came from his pen. Permeating the richer classes in this form: the middle, were supplied with the five shilling volumes: ultimately a cheaper, and at last a People's Edition (truly such), so that the humblest labourer might have his favourite romance for a few pence. Certainly if the spirits of authors can care for their mental offspring, Scott must be satisfied with the means taken to give universal dissemination to his.

The crowning triumph, however, was reserved for this noble and splendid edition, in which the arts of the painter, the engraver of wood and steel, and the printer, not forgetting the humble bookbinder, are combined. It seems to have been Mr. Cadell's ambition, and one to which he has entirely devoted the last twenty years of his life, to do immediately for Scott, what it has taken more than two hundred years to do for Shakespeare. Nor has his devotion been thrown away on an insufficient subject: Scott is only the more exalted by such aid; whereas, an inferior genius sinks beneath his illustrators. His great and glorious imagination; his vast knowledge of mankind; his exhaustless powers of imagination; his learning so universal and accurate; his elegant taste and scholarship, all shine forth with additional glory from their splendid setting. He had the fortune to be associated with the greatest of modern, perhaps, of ancient, landscape painters. Scenes so

illustrated by pen and pencil, can never fade. Turner and Scott, are as judicious a union as could be made; and no slight praise and thanks are due to the labourer, who perfected the happy thought. What would we have given for Shakespeare illustrated by Raffaele—had time and circumstance permitted.

Of the perfect and complete editing of the present edition: of the history of each novel, so interestingly narrated, so copiously illustrated; both as regards the author's process and the historical or actual events, the reader must see it to judge. The thirty-two fictions thus completely preserved, are of various quality and popularity; but, as marking an era in our literature; as being the progenitors of a long line of followers, none of them surpassing, few, very few, equalling even the weaker amongst the originals; comprising within themselves the very noblest productions of the kind, they demand, if on no other account, the regard of all present and future lovers of literature.

The size of the volumes, since very small ones have come into fashion, may, by some, be objected to; but we prefer a large page and readable type: and, moreover, such a size was necessary to do justice to the fine engravings, after Stanfield and other very eminent draughtsmen. As a joint record of the greatest author and the artists of the period, the work possesses an equal regard on the intellectual and the tasteful. Upwards of two thousand illustrations of every class and country almost, would of themselves, be worth the studying: and is, of itself, a repertory of illustration, valuable and interesting in the extreme. Joined to the works themselves and their history, it may be said, without exaggeration, to present a store-house of entertainment and amusement quite unrivalled in this or any other language. A more suitable course of study: or a more valuable present we cannot imagine for any person anxious to be acquainted with history, and a knowledge of the middle ages. And we will venture to say, he will gain more really valuable instruction from them, and certainly more gratification, than from the study of any regular political history. Here he will gain a knowledge of mankind as well as of events. And that this is not an overcharged notion, we have the authority of one of the greatest of modern historians, Thierry, who tells us he first learnt the true object of history from Scott's *Ivanhoe*. It were, however, an endless task to descant on the uses and beauties of these wonderful fictions or to have their extensive effects on literature, manners and even politics. In this edition, they are nobly enshrined, and posterity will be as obliged as the present age for the complete manner in which they are preserved.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER VI.

POETS' DREAMS, AND THE MOVING WORLD.—MENTAL INFLUENCE, AND MAIN
FORCE.—MUSIC, AND THE ANT-HILL.

THE sun was rising brightly over the mountains as Archer and Mary Walton passed through a valley, having issued forth soon after day-break for a long walk before breakfast. A soft autumnal mist was creeping up the brown sides of the hills; a distant pool was gradually peeping out from its grey hazy mantle, and a cow, in an attitude of patient meditation, was standing upon a near slope, looking down at it. A fresh breeze occasionally swept up the valley, driving a wild flock of withered leaves of all colours before it; and several goats appeared on the top ridge of the nearest hill, the bright light glistening upon their dewy coats.

"If this sweet vale," said Archer, "and all these hills, were mine—ah, Mary, how happy I could make you, and how happy I could be myself!"

"What would you do with them?" inquired Mary, with a smile.

"Do with them! Nothing. Heaven forbid that I should turn them to any productive use, in the common acceptation of the term. I would not commit trespass upon their loveliness and seclusion. I would always put them to their present use—that of a means of conferring peace and happiness; as objects inducing gentle and serious contemplations—a sweet influence to the heart.

* Continued from page 118, Vol. V.

and a medium through which the soul can breathe freely, and therefore expand to its full capacity while in this state of existence. I would use these vales as the loving shadows of the grave—these hill sides as the quiet pathways to heaven.”

“Then, why should you wish they were yours?”

“You are right, Mary; they *are* mine. All that is exquisite in them is mine already—far more than his who is called their owner. He receives the rents; but not the Natural influences. Probably he lives far away; some money is sent to him (which *represents* the lands!), and he calls himself the lord of these hills and vales. He is not in reality their lord, because, in the truth of things, he has nothing whatever to do with them. Their names and rents have nothing in common with the actual things as they are. Or suppose this so-called owner lives in the middle of such scenes; if he has no poet-eye for them, and no love for what they *are* intrinsically, he might just as well live in a crowded street in a town as amidst these hills, of which he is no lord at all.—What a delicious scent of wild thyme!”

“*You are the lord of the hills!*”

“What a delicious scent of wild thyme—don’t you smell it, Mary? Oh, I don’t care for your laughing at me—then unworthy lady of all these hills and vales. He is the true possessor of a thing who perceives and appropriates to himself the most essential properties of those things. He is the proprietor, in the name of heaven and earth, and his human birth-right. No rent-proprietor is defrauded by this. I laugh with you at what I am saying, because I know what most people would think of it; but it is quite true, for all that. When I walk through a nobleman’s magnificent estate, I carry away with me all ‘the glory of his woods’—his park and deer, and the clouds over head—and I leave his lordship to sell timber, and eat venison.”

“You are too hard, Archer, upon the poor nobleman; and very ungrateful for his courtesy in allowing your admission to his grounds. You talk with a wholesale piracy of imagination, by all these declarations of essential ownership. After all, though, what you say is a mental fact—but what would the world say to such speculations? Papa little knows the great possessions his son-in-law will have.”

“That is too true, Mary. But if *you* know, I shall not much care about any other person’s opinions. It is not a dispassionate judge, or critic, who marries me—but *you*. You are the happy

lady that is to marry poor Aladdin. But seriously, Mary, is not this a lovely spot to live and die in?—live long in, first, I mean, of course."

"Yes, no doubt it is. Still, I could hardly feel contented in this place. I should become restless, I fear. Happy as I should be for a time, under the influence of Aladdin's lamp, I think that my eyes would gradually come to be dazzled, if not pained, and even fatigued with so much imaginary brightness. I should crave for more of the realities of life in the busy world. You are not vexed with me for saying this, are you?"

"No, certainly not. I do not ask you to think as I do, but to make me the partner of your thoughts. Only, I could have wished you had not talked of the every-day concerns of the working world, as though they were the only realities of our life. Surely our life—our souls—and all that most deeply interest them, are equally real things. The practicalities of the world are excellent, if applied to good purposes; but the good purposes are derived from the scorned and visionary men—the recluse theorist—the unappreciated dreamer, whose work is all in the shade."

"Dear Archer, I never doubted but that a fine intellect could dream to fine purpose. But then, you see, I could not take any share in his work, as I would like to do in that of the man I love. I am deficient in imagination. Besides, may it not be, that too entire an indulgence in dreamy abstractions is likely in the end to induce the mind to rest in the vision for itself alone, as a beautiful vision, and apart from application to any high practical purposes, or to good purposes of any definite kind?"

"But this objection," replied Archer thoughtfully, "this latter objection, though the strongest that can be adduced, applies equally to all exclusive devotion of the faculties in any exclusive direction. How often do we see the most practical men of the world, coming at last to deny the existence of anything they cannot see, or put their hands upon—a sort of denial of their own souls. Can the merest visionary exceed this in absurdity? Science often commits the same error. A celebrated mathematician gravely remarked of Shakspeare's Plays, that 'they *proved* nothing.' Here was a man who thought the whole round of humanity was made for mathematics. A stonemason of Sardinia once proposed to the king to build a ship of granite; he assured his majesty that nothing was so durable, and that if the vessel struck upon a rock—the rock would get the worst of it. The truth is, there are few

idealists so very exclusive and ethereal as to deny the existence of matter; they only say that matter is not so fine a thing as the moving power—or motion, the principle of which is invisible."

"All this is true," said Mary, "yet I cannot help fearing that the devotee of beautiful abstractions is very likely to rest contented with the abstraction."

"Suppose he did—what then? What can limit the *influence* upon others? He is only the individual originator of an abstraction—that is *his* part—his work in the world—why should he not rest in it? But as for its effect upon others, it is little likely to be so intense as upon himself. If his abstractions act as a purifier of the motives of practical men, and an elevator of the objects of practical work, the dreamer has not lived in vain."

"I have heard you argue this before, Archer; and you remember that it reconciled me to several of your favourite poets, whom I had not previously appreciated, or even set any value upon. What you say in favour of dreamers and abstract visionaries of the finer kind, I should think the most hard-headed matter-of-fact man could not controvert, and would only expose his purblind dullness in attempting to ridicule or trample over. But let me confess to you frankly, that the symbolical—the *poetical* you will say, if you choose to be harsh with me—is not so well suited to my capacity and feelings as the more definite and tangible objects and purposes of the world. You know, Archer, I always told you so. I have never deceived you by pretending more sympathy with you than I really possessed; nor do I think a perfect uniformity of taste is necessary to a personal affection. I said that, also—I acknowledge."

"And truly, Mary. I do not say, think as I think; but show me your own thoughts. If we both do this, our communion will, at all events, never be dull or common-place. But tell me now:—suppose I could find out a cottage like that of the Miss Lloyds, and in some sequestered spot as beautiful as this valley, could you not be contented to live there with me, and be as happy as I myself should hope to be with you?"

"Is this a fair question, Archer? I ought to say that I should be happy with you in any place, and that I could enjoy seclusion as much with you, as you could with me."

"Say the truth, Mary."

"Well, then, I should rather not live—I mean for any length of time—in the beautiful cottage among these peaceful hills. Their

very peacefulness I should eventually feel as a tacit reproach while the moving world of life is at this time so full of arduous struggles for practical good. I should like to mix in it—do not give such a deep sigh—none of those things would injure or draw off my domestic affections—it is only that I feel I should like to take some share in these efforts of the world to move on with new wheels and in new tracks. It seems to me that women have hitherto stood too much aloof from everything of a public kind—what a look of apprehension you have, dear Archer; do you fear that I am contemplating the delivery of a public lecture, or—”

“No—no—I—I understand you,” said Archer smiling, though with rather a disappointed expression, as he pressed Mary’s hand, and moved onwards at rather a quicker pace.

Talking in the same strain as they retraced their steps, they had arrived at a little wooded slope which just hid the cottage from their sight, when the sounds of varied harmonies, in a kind of symphony, vibrated through the air. The effect, at this fresh and silent hour of morning, while the leaves were whispering and the dew-drops softly falling, was poetically sweet and enchanting. They stopped to listen; and presently a woman’s beautiful voice sang these words:—

“When Time was young he shook life’s sands
On either side with wasteful hands,
And deaf was he to sighs and moans:
Gazing on stars he thought men stones,
When Time was young.

“As Time grew old, our graves he pass’d
More thoughtfully—with glass held fast—
And soon his inward vision bore
Harvests and hopes unknown before;
As Time grew old.

“Hail, Grey-beard Youth! true wisdom’s boon
Shall make thee younger than the moon,
And, siding with our human race,
Shall glorify thy future face:
Hail youthful Time!”

“That must be Ellen Lloyd,” said Archer, after a pause. “I knew she was a good musician, and played well; but I did not know she could sing so very—have you any idea whose words they are?”

“No, not the least,” said Mary; “but my attention was partly

taken off before the close. Look there ! Do you see what those busy creatures are about on the top of a little mound, built up of morsels of earth and dry leaves, and bits of sticks, and stones, and clay ? ”

“ It is an ant-hill,” observed Archer.

“ While I was first looking at it, and listening to the singing from the cottage,” continued Mary, “ the top of the hillock was all in shade, and five or six ants were leisurely walking over it, like sentinels and watchmen ; but when the sun rose over those trees, a light shot across the top of the hillock, and down ran the little watchmen-ants into several holes, and then quickly returned, with scores after them. The watchmen had evidently run to communicate the tidings to the little citizens below. And see, Archer !—look how all these are now running down and up, and up and down, bringing others with them ! Some of them are dragging others, I think—forcing those up who are coming too slowly. Let us kneel down, and look at them—yes—look there ! Do you see that one dragging another along by main force ?—there ! three more doing the same ! Here come a dozen, all struggling together—dragging, and tearing, and carrying on, by main force, others who are resisting. How they resist, and wrestle, and bite, and wriggle back, and seem to use venomous stings ! But the contest is terminating in favour of those who are for the sun and the light. It is all over—what rejoicing ! The whole community must by this time have assembled upon the top, and all over the sides of the hillock.”

“ Now, Mary,” said Archer, putting his arm round her waist, and helping her to rise, “ now, you are happy. The sentinels and watchmen—the discoverers, experimentalists, and reformers—have worked hard to good purpose, and have won the victory.”

“ Yes,” said Mary, smiling ; “ it does make me feel happy, especially by the application you have given it. I should be glad—to confess the truth—if we could see those who persist in standing still, while the world needs work—or worse, who do all they can to impede the workers—were all of them well routed and hustled out of their dull trance and bigotry about old times ; in fact, all those who will not move pleasantly with the rest of the well-working world, I would like to see carried forward with it by main force. It would be for their good, you know, in the end ; as we see here before us. All the ants are now up in the sun. Some appear to be *still ascending*, and bringing up burdens. What are they doing ? ”

"Happy Mary! Those are the stewards, housekeepers, and nurses of the commonwealth; and they are bringing up the common stock of eggs to be hatched in the sun, and likewise the grubs. Don't you see how they carry the little mites of dry mummies in their mandibles, to be placed in the sun till they issue forth as nymphs of the hill?"

Mary and Archer continued to observe the operations of these sagacious and hard-working little citizens for some time longer, and then slowly bent their steps along the path through the grove.

"Did you ever see anything of the kind before?" asked Mary.

"Yes, in the Canadian woods once or twice; and several times in England, when I was a boy."

They had not proceeded above a dozen paces, when they saw, upon the pathway before them, a division of ants advancing in close and regular array, like an army upon a march. They had issued from another ant-hill a little to the right of the path, and were now proceeding in the direction of the ant-hill which Archer and Mary had just left.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mary. "Are they going to visit their neighbours?"

"Most likely. It is, probably, some warlike expedition."

"Warlike?"

"For plunder merely."

"Plunder!—merely! What plunder? You are jesting?"

"By no means. Probably these invaders know that the city they are about to attack possesses great wealth in eggs and grubs; and perhaps also they keep cows."

"Keep cows!"

"Yes, some tribes of ants keep cows—I mean little insects which they carry off from plants and flowers—*aphides*; and these they milk, obtaining from them a draught of honey-dew."

"Let us follow, and observe them."

They stepped out of the path, and walked along the dry leaves of the grove, keeping close by the side of the miniature squadron, which continued its advance. As it approached the neighbouring ant-hill, the column quickened its pace to a brisk run, increasing in speed as it neared the point of attack; and a minute sound was heard from the army, as if some of the heroes who led them on were clashing their mandibles together, or striking them against any loose bits of gravel that lay in their path, which was answered by a low hissing sound from the rear. About one-third of the

number, now detaching themselves from the main body, fairly made a charge right up the sunny citadel in front; and a desperate conflict instantly ensued. The besieged republic had observed the approach of the invaders, and gave them so hot a reception, that they were repulsed with great loss, and pursued beyond the foot of the hill, where more were killed, and a number led back as prisoners.

The invading column now retired several paces, and about a score were seen to leave the ranks, and run off as fast as possible towards their own citadel. Mary and Archer followed them, and soon saw another ant-hill to which these invaders belonged. The messengers ran headlong through the gates, and into the galleries of the hillock, and, in a trice, forth issued a swarm of soldier-ants all in a state of the greatest excitement. They formed directly into a second column, and hurried off to reinforce the first brigade, while a third division—the reserve—ranged itself over the top of the citadel, to be ready at a moment's notice. Here, and also upon other occasions in the course of the conflict we are describing, a variety of gesticulations, hints, signs, questions, and answers were observable. The language of the antennæ was most in use; but sometimes, not content with this in moments of great importance, a soldier would strike his antennæ rapidly across the antennæ of a friend, while his fore feet played with a quick and vibratory motion upon one side of the listener's head, as if impatient at his dullness of comprehension; and sometimes, when even that did not seem quite sufficient to make him understand and co-operate, the energetic warrior would strike his mailed head against the glossy breast-plate of his companion in arms—and this never failed to produce immediate perception and conviction, with a corresponding activity. Be it understood, that we are not writing romantic fancies or allegories, but facts and scenes well known to naturalists—and to historians also, if they would only change a few words and nomenclatures.

Reinforced by this dense and angry column, the first division again advanced to the attack. The first onslaught having been unsuccessful, more than double the number now rushed to the assault, the rest waiting at a little distance with considerable agitation. The besieged, nothing daunted, were all ranged in battle array over their hill, and several gallant sallies were made to meet the advancing charge, in which a number of desperate single combats ensued—the two insects rolling over and over in the

dust, and grappling, striking, and tearing each other with their mandibles. Nor were prudence and foresight wanting, meantime, in those who managed the domestic arrangements of the city ; for while the soldiers fought thus desperately, in defence of their homes and families, the housekeepers, servants, and nurses were busily employed in bearing off the eggs and grubs—the nymphs of promise—to the opposite side of the hill. Here they laid them down ; took their posts close beside their infant treasures ; and waited anxiously the result of the conflict.

It was resolute and desperate on both sides ; the slaughter was shocking—in fact, without intending to be complimentary, it was worthy of human beings engaged in a similar way. The soldiers rushed at each other with fury—grappled and bit, poisoned, stung, tugged, and tore, and often literally rent each other limb from limb ; so that the earth was strewn with little quivering members and morsels. It was an edifying sight, and made Mary and Archer feel that they had derived a pretty good notion of what this might have been upon a larger scale, and that, all things considered, they had “lost nothing” by witnessing revolting horrors in miniature.

At length the victory was decided, as it generally is with us, in favour of the aggressors and besiegers. The hill was taken, and the victors dispersing into several files, darted through the gates, into the various little tunnels and galleries, in search of plunder. Before this fatal moment, however, the housekeepers, servants, and nurses were all in full retreat with their precious burdens, each bearing away eggs, or grubs, or very young females on their backs. Some of these they hid in holes in the ground, under ledges of pebbles, and in crevices of tree trunks ; numbers, for greater safety, began to climb up the sprigs of wild thyme, and up the dry ferns and heaths, with their tender and invaluable charges. The victors, thus disappointed of so much of their expected booty, returned to the upper surface of the hill, and commenced a hot pursuit. Many of the fugitives being unable to escape fast enough, having in their zeal undertaken too heavy and incommodious a load, were overtaken and seized, and the pursuers even began to ascend the dry ferns, and other plants, in whose upper branches the poor nurses had vainly sought security from the pitiless invaders. The ascent, however, of the pursuers now experienced a check, in consequence of a number of the soldiers of the captured citadel rallying in their flight, and hurrying to the

defence of the treasure-bearers. They ran nimbly up the stalks after the conquerors, and dragged them backwards, both generally rolling together, to the ground, where they fought till one or other was dismembered. But these valiant champions from the forlorn hope were too few to contend with the increasing numbers of their enemies, and now on every stalk the poor housekeepers and nurses were seen ascending higher and higher, while crowds of the victors were nimbly climbing up after them. Perceiving this, Archer and Mary, as if by one impulse, snatched each a whip of fern, and began to brush down all the crowds of pursuers.

Hitherto, the contending armies had never noticed the proximity of the two Incomprehensible Creatures, who were too large for their vision; but at this preposterous interference they instantly became aware of the presence of some hostile objects, whose rough meddling was regarded in the light of a common enemy by both parties, and accordingly the invading army commenced a furious attack upon the nearest points of intrusion. They ran by dozens over Mary's instep and ancles, stinging her unmercifully, and darting in groups at Archer's protecting hands, which they covered with stings. Soldiers from the armies of both sides now came hurrying by thousands to the charge, scouring up their legs and up their sleeves, till Mary and Archer were both fairly compelled to make a precipitate retreat, beating and shaking themselves as best they might, to get rid of the little tormenting furies who were scouring about them. The Incomprehensible Creatures being thus disposed of, the soldiers of the respective colonies returned to the previous scene of action—the conquest was completed; the citizens of the hill were slain, or driven into exile, bearing such small amount of infant treasure as they could manage to escape with; the conquered citadel was garrisoned by a party of the victors, to hold the place secure; while the main body of the besiegers returned back to their own city, amidst acclamations and caresses from the rest of the community, bearing with them thousands of eggs and grubs, to be hatched with care, and educated as slaves of the warlike republic.

"What an unexpected catastrophe!" exclaimed Mary, as they emerged from the grove. "To think of the little sanguinary mites going to make war—slaughtering thousands—and bearing away thousands into captivity!"

"They are only doing," said Archer, with a smile, "what they think best—by main force."

"Ah!" observed Mary, "I knew directly I saw the battle commence, that I should hear more of it afterwards. I had better have listened to the music? Had I not? Don't you think so? You walk on musing and smiling to yourself—but I know you *do* think so. Look, what a pair of hands I have got, covered with little red bites and stings."

"Mine are worse—and my ancles are in a perfect fever."

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEPARTURE OF ARCHER AND THE WALTONS.—MR. WALTON'S SPEECH ON GRATITUDE.—RODY ENACTS THE PART OF "STRONG-BACK."—ARCHER'S SOLITARY MEDITATION BY THE FIRE.

IN the discomfited condition just described, Archer and Mary presented themselves at Miss Lloyd's breakfast-table, to the great commiseration of the sisters, and the no small amusement of Mr. Walton. Miss Lloyd immediately prepared a mixture of sweet-oil and cold cream, as the medium of some panacea, which having been duly applied, soon allayed all the irritation. They laughed over their sufferings, and replied to Mr. Walton's bantering accusation, that they had only got up this accident as an excuse for delaying their departure from the cottage, by declaring that they could be ready to go by the time he had finished his second cup of tea, if he wished it.

Miss Lloyd expressed a hope, that they would not think of leaving them yet,—in which she was joined by her sister.

Archer declared, that, for his part, he thought he could live and die there happily, but, unfortunately, their destinies had settled it otherwise.

While this discussion on the departure from Wales was transpiring at Miss Lloyd's cottage, a fisher-boy came running up to David Williams's farm, to inform him that a great quantity of boxes, bales, and other luggage from the late wreck had been cast upon the beach, and that some of these had the name of "Walton" visible upon them. The boy said, that his father and another man were hastening down to the shore, and that Rody M'Mahon was already there very actively engaged. David Williams fearing this might be an erroneous statement, that would lead to disappointment, determined to go down himself before communi-

eating the intelligence to Mr. Walton. But to return to the visitors.

"Miss Lloyd," said Mr. Walton, as he finished his fourth cup of tea, and handed it forward for a fifth, "Miss Lloyd, you are a very sensible, amiable, and exemplary young lady; wise beyond your years, as the mortal bard of Avon, in allusion to a certain young judge, expresses it in one of his immortal works."

At this pompous announcement both the sisters were beginning to laugh, but checked themselves on perceiving that Mr. Walton's countenance did not in the least relax from its seriousness. With a bowing inclination of the head towards the elder Miss Lloyd, he proceeded in a still graver tone—"Quiet without dullness; systematic without formality; active without bustle; economical without penuriousness; an admirable manager, producing general comfort at no sacrifice of any one's particular comfort; you appear to me, Miss Lloyd, the very model of a good housekeeper; and it is my humble opinion—I am bold to say it—that you could manage fifty cottages, if you had them committed to your charge, with the same completeness and delightful precision that you do this one, where we shipwrecked individuals have all been made so happy. I rise, Miss Lloyd (here Mr. Walton slowly rose, still holding unconsciously his tea-spoon between the finger and thumb of his right hand), I rise to tender you, in my own person, and in the name of my dear daughter and of Mr. Edward Archer, our most sincere and grateful thanks for all your hospitality. Gratitude, my young friends, is a word in common use with the world at large, but how seldom does it convey its due amount of progressive thought. I say progressive, because I mean something warm for the future; something that is duly felt at the moment, and duly felt afterwards, to an indefinite period of years. But we are base dogs, all of us, I fear; I mean only the male sex, of course; and have but little genuine emotion of a good and lasting sort in us. Observe, now, how calmly I allowed Mr. Harding to depart; the man to whom, in all probability, I owed my life, and my daughter's too; a noble, disinterested, fine specimen of an English mechanic! I suffered him to depart with a shake of the hand! Only think of that! I never inquired or concerned myself about his future welfare. He might go away and starve for aught I knew. I did nothing to assist his course in life. I merely shook him by the hand, and said good-bye! Conduct worthy of a British statesman. *Such is the gratitude of mankind!* I do not include the fair and

virtuous sex ; my remarks only point at the deceiving lords of creation. Ah ! I could say much more, my dear young ladies, but you will rightly estimate my silence. In one word, Miss Lloyd, we thank you ; and I trust we shall never forget the kindness of yourself and your dear sister."

Mr. Walton sat down, and proceeded to stir his fifth cup of tea. Miss Lloyd looked rather uncomfortable at the speech, but made a simple reply, to the effect that the service she had rendered them was but a small matter, excepting that it had been the means of her having the pleasure of becoming acquainted with her visitors. Ellen Lloyd had slipped away into the other room at the opening of Mr. Walton's speech, where he had quoted Shakspeare, and Archer had been staring out of the window with all his might for the last five minutes.

While Archer was thus employed, he heard the sound of slow, heavy, and irregular paces upon the lawn, and then a dark shadow came across the window, and he saw the legs of a man staggering onwards beneath an overwhelming pile of all sorts of luggage. There seemed to be boxes, and trunks, and half-empty packing-cases, and a barrel, and hanging cloaks and coats, so that he fancied he was looking at Strongback with his load, in the fairy tale of "Fortunio." Before he could determine, however, what the luggage really amounted to—whom the legs belonged to—or what was the meaning of this portentous arrival, a slight accident put an end to a part of the mystery, in a very absurd manner. The incomprehensible pile was bound together with hay-bands ; one of these gave way ; then two others tore asunder ; and down came all the heap pell-mell, one thing smashing the other. They were all rotten and fragile, with immersion in the sea, and thumping over the rocks and beach, so that with the force of the concussion everything burst wide apart, and the contents were distributed all over the lawn. There were wet cloth clothes, and linen clothes, and wet books, and maps, all looking like old rags and dish-cloths, and scores of pairs of Indian moccasins, many bead purses, sashes, bark-boxes, worked with stained porcupine quills, and a tomahawk, and three telescopes all bent awry, and fluttering sketch-books, account-books and hundreds of loose letters, the whole being liberally splashed and seasoned by the ruddy contents of the little barrel, which had been full of Canadian cranberries. In the centre of all this heterogeneous disaster, stood the figure of Rody M'Mahon, with a face like red hot vermillion, with his recent labo-

rious efforts, and grasping one end of a torn hay-band in his hand. He gazed round at the unsightly ruin, on all sides, and then looked at the astounded face of Archer, with an expression of ridiculous perplexity, and provoking composure.

The noise of the downfall had brought everybody to the window. The scene soon explained itself.

"Why there's my 'Burton's Anatomy'!" exclaimed Archer, pointing to a torn, wet heap of rags sewn together in the middle, and presenting a faded remnant of an old print on one side, "and my 'Milton' and 'Boccaccio' covered with cranberries!"

"My barrel of choice cranberries, no doubt!" ejaculated Mr. Walton, "and all my books of accounts—records of the labours of years—day and night-work—and my tomahawk, I see—my clothes and curiosities. But who in the world do all those heaps of Indian slippers belong to—and all those bark-box trumpery?"

"My poor sketch-books, and maps," said Mary, "there they lie—and my clothes too, though I am ashamed to own them."

Mr. Walton threw open the window as wide as possible. He extended both hands as he addressed the motionless Rody: "A pretty piece of blundering work, this, sir! These things have no doubt been cast up by the sea, and a blundering volunteer has thus completed the destruction of the waters."

"Sure and yer honour's very right," answered Rody; "the poor Welsh cratur's did their best, young and ould."

"It is not of Welsh creatures I speak," retorted Mr. Walton. "It was the blunders of an Irish creature I complained of." Mr. Walton turned to Archer. "A most strange, and marked characteristic, is it not—that in everything an Irishman does—with a few extraordinary exceptions—there is sure to be some blunder committed."

"And is it meeself now, yer honner manes! Where were the blundering Welsh fishermen, that they did not run into the sea, and pull out all the goods before they were hustled and showthered to shatters upon the rocks? Sure it was a blunder to stand still and look on, instead of helping. Where were the blundering Welsh labourers, and the strong lads of the hills, that they did not carry off all yer honner's luggage—and some over—upon the backs of them—and why did the blundering farmer's men give me hay-bands badly twisted, that couldn't hold yer honner's things safely? Sure and the blundering captain that got our vessel wrecked, was an Englishman bred and born. The owners wouldn't have trusted

an Irishman, for fear of mischief—and the chief mate was a Scotchman. These two were none of yer honner's extraordinary exceptions—saving yer honner's presence. As for the Welsh cratur's blunders—why, for the matter o' that, its all very plisant, as I was saying, if the fishermen had but lent me a good twist of rope, for the farmer's men all did their best."

David Williams had arrived just before the close of the foregoing remarks. He was confounded at first by the sight of the miscellaneous ruins that covered one side of the lawn; but he presently turned from it to expatiate on the activity, courageousness, and strength of Rody, in recovering the different articles from the breakers where they were tumbling about; and concluded by offering to engage him upon his farm. The offer was instantly accepted by the overjoyed Rody, who, pointing to the ruins around, observed that it was the best day's work he had done for a long time. He endeavoured to explain that he did not intend to be so unmannerly as to say he rejoiced over the bad accident—only that it was entirely a good windfall for him. His explanation was received with great merriment, and Mr. Walton promised to make him some useful present before his departure, and also to give him some good advice.

The contents of the different boxes and packages, which had been distributed on all sides, were examined with considerable interest by all the parties concerned (excepting the parcels of mocassins and other Indian articles, the owner of which was unknown), and it was unfortunately found that their long immersion in the salt water had rendered nearly everything valueless. But our voyagers had previously given them up as lost, so no great regrets were expressed upon the present occasion by anybody but Archer, who bemoaned himself aloud over the wet rags of several dear old books. He also bemoaned himself in secret over the destruction of sundry poems and other manuscripts of which he possessed no second copies—and they were as much lost to his memory as in the sea.

The remainder of the day was passed in that kind of indolent excitement which commonly precedes a journey after all the preparations are completed, and a few hours' delay intervene. In the present case, the preparations were chiefly confined to letter-writing, and discussing future plans, and probable contingencies. After this, they wandered into all sorts of novel projects, in which Archer always took the lead, and was invariably checked by Mr.

Walton, who gradually talked himself into an equally speculative vein, to be, in his turn, checked by his daughter's smiling comment. Amidst all this, Ellen Lloyd now and then sat down in a restless way to the pianoforte, and began to play some melancholy air, which ended abruptly; and several times she took Mary's hand, and held it long in hers. Brief as the period of acquaintance had been, she seemed to have conceived a great regard for Mary. It was duly returned, and Mary invited Ellen Lloyd to accompany them on their journey to Liverpool, and remain on a visit with them for some weeks. This pleasure, however, she said she could not accept at the present time.

The departure of the cottage guests being settled for next morning, they all, after supper, retired early to bed, except Archer, who remained musing in front of the fire. He had no object in sitting up after the rest were gone—he had no particular train of thought in which he wished to indulge—nor was he in that state of drowsy fatigue when one feels too tired or too sleepy to make the effort to rise from one's chair, and go up to bed. He sat looking at the red embers of the fire, listening to their occasional low cracking sounds, followed by a long hot silence. He closed his eyes for a few minutes, and then opened them languidly, and watched red castle after castle, and mountain after mountain break asunder and sink into ruins, which gradually adopted the various transmutations of old oriental heads with turbans and beards, and crocodiles' jaws, and wigwags, and rabbit-warrens at sunset, and precipices and chasms, which Sinbad and Gulliver would have remembered; and pitfalls and mines, and grotesque profiles of Rembrandt-heads, which presently turned into the face of Mr. Walton—at which Archer laughed—and then merged into a warm cloud—thence into gloom, and the coming on of darkness above volcanic craters. How the years had crept on since he was a young man! How the fire closed in, and left dark outskirts! What a dull heavy look some parts of the fire had, while others were still so steadily at work—burning away. Hard at work—burning away. It seemed as if he had sat and watched all this before—and in this very cottage. But that could not be; he had never been in Wales before. He must have sat in front of a fire some night in some cottage, and had similar impressions and similar thoughts drifting through his mind—which he mistook for the same thoughts and the same place.—“What a quiet cottage, this is!” mused he—“and, in what a quiet part of the

world—or, rather, out of the world; for how very few of the world's common, dusty, every-day discomforts, annoyances, petty activities, and huge abominations, have here any existence! Its insatiable self-interests are here unknown. What a pity Mary has no taste for retirement—and one so sweet. The onward movement of things attracts her. The vortex of life draws her onward—not downwards, though. She is not content to watch the silent influence of any mental impulses and directions given to the world—she wants to be in the midst of the wheels, and feel them rolling forwards. A fine, practical spirit. Perhaps I have too strong a tendency to sit still, and make projects, and concoct, and exhale what I fancy to be noble influences, rather than put my shoulder to the actual wheels? It may, therefore, be a most beneficial difference, and a happy opposition in the character of our impulses, while our ultimate aim is the same, that I should marry a woman like Mary. In a few weeks she will be my wife. That may make a change in some of her views, or, at least, modify them; and she will then have more mental sympathy with me. Not that I must expect too much on the poetical side. I must be content to know and feel that our sympathies are harmonious, though not in perfect unison,—nor, perhaps, indeed, melodious upon all occasions. But she has a fine, magnanimous, pleasant temper.—Yes, what a lovely retreat this cottage is—and any cottage like it, would be! How I should rejoice to find such a one, and amidst some equally beautiful and secluded scenery! A delightful locality, where there is 'no neighbourhood'—no county families—no respectable resident gentry within eight or ten miles—no morning calls, or tea-parties with small-talk and scandal—no persevering visits of the clergyman, seeking to pry into your gospel and belief, or else to dine and shoot over you. But I must not think of such seclusion as this. Mary would not be happy. Nor ought I to expect too much—one cannot have everything. Besides, I might not myself have liked it at her age, twelve or fifteen years ago.—Still, I *could* have wished that she had been contented to overlook the battle-field of mankind in our present century, as from a general's tent, and worked with me upon the charts and plans—sending out aide-de-camps (printers' devils) from time to time, into the thick of the contests and *mêlée*. Calm above the storm—clear-eyed and self-possessed beyond the noise and smoke, and violent confusion—undisturbed by gross conflicting interests

—undismayed by temporary and local defeats—unbiassed by present and partial successes—from his elevated position the moving power overlooks and comprehends the whole, and acts for large designs in future time through the medium and means of present struggles and well-directed passions.—How dreadfully cold I feel! God bless my soul, the fire's out! My candle, too, is in a very waning condition. The cinders creak and tick—all mere formless lumps of blackness—and the ashes beneath, are grey and white. Oh, ye grey and white emblems of old age—of extinguished brightness, and gone power!—whose fineness and silence might fit ye for the hour-glass of Time—whose contrast with passed passions is pathetic, but not humiliating, seeing that it is the nature of all created things to pass away, and make room for other beings to have their fair turn in the grand rotation—cold, pale ashes, be comforted in your closed career—your substance did its work below—and the flame went upward!"

THE ROYAL INFANT BRIDAL.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, SECOND SON OF EDWARD FOURTH, WAS MARRIED TO ANNE MOWBRAY, DUCHESS OF NORFOLK IN HER OWN RIGHT. THE BRIDE-GROOM WAS NOT FIVE YEARS OLD AND THE BRIDE SCARCELY THREE. THE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED IN SAINT STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, A.D. 1477.

The sunbeams of the early day
Streamed through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisles' pillared way
Swelled loud the nuptial hymn;
And passed along a gorgeous band
Of courtly dames and fair,
Of belted barons of the land
The bravest, best, were there:

But slowly past the bright array,
Faintly at its head
Two blooming children led the way
With short and doubtful tread—
The fair boy bridegroom and the bride,
(Like Cupid's train in eld)—
Meekly and loving, side by side,
Each other's hands they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seemed,
For in each kindred eye
Love mixed with pity fondly gleamed,
And mournful gravity ;
A fear, for them who knew no fear,
On each heart darkly fell :
Those view life's future thro' a tear,
Who know the past too well !

The bridegroom bore a royal crown
Amid the shining hair,
That, like a golden veil, fell down
In masses soft and fair.
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told,
For 'neath that brow so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors rolled !

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,
Yet oft, with witching grace,
She raised, soft stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face ;
And playfellows, who loved her well,
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after days to tell
The infant bridal o'er !

Then words of import, strange and deep,
The hoary prelate said,
And some had turned away to weep,
And many bowed the head.
Their steady gaze, those children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
The solemn words' intent ;

Calm, in the blest simplicity
That never woke to doubt ;
Calm, in the holy purity
Whose presence bars shame out !
Then turned they from each troubled brow,
And many a downcast eye,
And gazed upon each other now
In wondering sympathy ;

And nestled close, with looks of love,
Upon the altar's stone :
Such ties as seraphs bind above
These little ones might own ;

And sweetly was the babe-bride's cheek
Against the fair boy prest,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
As kneeling to be blest.

Then smiled they on their grand array,
And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
Amid that gorgeous band.
Alas ! for those thus early wed
With such prophetic gloom,
For darkly fell on each young head
The shadow of the tomb !

Scarce had the blossoms died away
Of the rose wreaths they wore,
When to her mouldering ancestry
The little bride they bore !
Her marriage garlands o'er her bier,
Bedewed with tears, were cast,
And still she smiled as tho' no fear
O'erclouded her at last.

A life as short, and darker doom,
The gentle boy befel :
He slept not in his father's tomb,
For him was heard no knell !
One stifling pang amid his sleep,
And the dark vale was past !
He woke 'mid those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er o'er-cast.

A garland floats around the throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of such fair earth-buds, newly blown,
Culled from a thousand lands ;
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy-seat,
The loved babe-angels fling !

Mrs. ACTON TINDAL.

THE MORAL OF THE POTATO ROT.

AGAINST the present distribution of property in society philosophers and moralists have long declaimed. Even politicians, while taking measures to maintain it—Mr. Gladstone to wit—have deplored as the greatest misfortune of society the ever-increasing wealth of the wealthy, and ever-increasing poverty of the poor. A comparatively few amongst us are very rich,—one perhaps in a thousand, and the many are destitute. The few are deprived of every object of reasonable ambition. Every natural want is supplied, and art toils in vain to invent for them new gratifications. Their existence without an aim is that dreary desert which only one of themselves could describe,—“the waste of feelings unemployed.” To enable the few to be idle and miserable, the many are doomed to incessant toil; their bodies are prematurely worn out; their minds never grow to maturity; their feelings are cultivated only in the rudest manner, and they live at once the opprobrium and terror of the opulent and ruling few. The moral and physical condition of the bulk of society, whether they dwell in towns pent up in narrow alleys and crowded into damp cellars, or whether they are scattered in mud-floored, broken-paned, rheumatic cottages over the country, is equally discreditable, and alarming to their spiritual guides and political rulers.

We all suffer, even when we are fortunate enough to realise the prayer of the prophet, and “are given” neither “poverty nor riches” from this distribution of property. All the classes intermediate between the very rich and the very poor, dreading poverty more than crime—for the former is punished by enduring shame, while the latter escapes with a short and sharp penalty, and seeking wealth more than virtue, because it is more highly honoured—make the pursuit of riches the one great business of their lives. The great inequality of property, like a false light held out by a Cornish wrecker, guides the voyager on the ocean of life to destruction. Following it, and aspiring to be very rich, we unfairly trample on one another, and convert the brotherhood of man into a perpetual contention.

Just now, we are all sensible of our danger, and accordingly desire to improve the lower classes. Society cannot go on with the multitude doomed to wretchedness and ignorance; and fear-born philanthropy is very busy in devising schemes of national education and social comfort. Vain, however, will be all instruction, whether by word or example, as long as the many are doomed to incessant toil and scanty rations. Their senses cannot drink in, nor their hearts comprehend the teaching of men living in comparative idleness and abundance. To follow the example of their teachers some leisure and wealth are indispensable; and the foundations of desirable improvement must be laid in a more equal distribution amongst all, of useful labour and of its products. Obtuseness of the intellect and hardness of heart, ignorance and crime, are the offspring chiefly of the unequal distribution of property, and before they can be removed this must be equalised.

The complaint is nothing new; but its antiquity proves its validity. It is as old as the beginning of history. Are we therefore to believe that it is irremediable? Is it decreed by Nature? Is it some irreversible law of the Great Creator, like that which makes the continuance of life depend on food? Is one man a thousand times stronger or more skilful than another? Can he till so much more ground, weave so much more cloth, and forge so much more iron? No such difference in human beings exists; and where there is a great difference, as between the European and the negro, it is rather a social than an individual difference. It is as one of our community, working with his fellows, that an Englishman produces ten or twenty times as much wealth as a native of the Gold Coast; and the inequality in the distribution of wealth is between members of our society, not between members of different societies. Small is the excess of strength, skill, or productive power in one Englishman over another, and that excess does not account for the difference of wealth. Excess of riches is rarely combined with excess of productive power. The strong and the skilful are by no means the rich. Neither is the inequality universal. In the primitive state of society all seem nearly equal. Great, therefore, as is the antiquity of the unequal distribution of wealth, and general as it may be in civilised society, it is not the decree of Nature. It is not an irreversible law of the Creator of man. Crimes too are old and general. Men have at all times taken the property and

the lives of others. We do not therefore say that crimes must continue. We say, they must be put down, and we resolutely take measures to suppress them. So with the unequal distribution of wealth ; its antiquity is not a warrant for its continuance ; and the universal conviction now entertained of its evils is a command to alter and improve it.

Nowhere is this vicious distribution more apparent than in Ireland. Such men as the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Archbishop of Armagh with £17,670 a year, derive immense incomes from that country ; while the peasantry on their estates—in most favourable seasons—have little else to live on than potatoes, are lodged in miserable huts of one room, with no more furniture than a kettle and a table, with no bed but straw, and no clothing but rags. More destitute than the negroes—who have plenty of food—and a climate which makes nakedness and an airy dwelling luxuries, it is impossible that they should lose any of their possessions and continue to live. Lower in the scale of subsistence they cannot sink. At the best of times the bulk of the Irish have nothing to spare. Now comes the potato rot, and deprives them of nearly all their food. They have nothing wherewith to buy food, and they must be fed, or perish. Interest and humanity alike forbid the latter. Poor as they are, their toil gives value to the nobleman's estate. Their labour pays his rent ; allow them to perish, and rent will perish too. If humanity were dead, interest would plead ; and duty, enforced by the public voice, comes to the aid of still living humanity.

Those who have monopolised the land are responsible for the lives of the people. If they will not allow them to have the land to feed themselves, they are bound to feed them. The source of the obligation on the landowners and the Government to sustain the people, denied by some on the ground that naturally one man is as able to provide food for himself as another, is the monopoly by the Government and the landowners of the whole soil. Throw it open to all ; throw even the waste and unoccupied land open ; give equal freedom and equal rights to all ; and the obligation—except as an act of charity and love for a brother in distress—would have no existence. The monopoly of the soil—the main source of inequality of property—carries with it the obligation to feed and save from starvation the habitually destitute peasantry of Ireland. It is only by fulfilling this obligation, that the landlords

can hope to be secured in their possessions. Duty, humanity, and self-interest, all combine to make the rich sacrifice their superfluity, and lessen their own wealth to relieve the poor of Ireland. Because the destitute people can give up nothing more than their lives, the potato rot inevitably carries with it a reduction of the wealth of the wealthy, and an approximation to equality of property. The retail dealers, the provision merchants, the millers, the bulk of the few middle classes there are in Ireland, even the little farmers who have got a large price for their surplus grain, and who have withheld their rent while they have shared the public relief, will not suffer from this great calamity—even if some of them do not profit by it—so much as the opulent landlords, who are striving to throw as much as possible of the burden on the state, knowing that it will nearly crush them. On them must the chief expense of maintaining the destitute people fall, not only immediately, but till different and other crops can be reared to supply the means of subsistence. The bulk of the people having nothing, and being unacquainted with any wealth-creating art but a rude species of cultivation, which is to be discouraged, for the greater part of two years must be fed by the landlords. To effect this will require, it has been stated, a larger sum than the whole rental of the country, two-thirds of which is mortgaged; and if the Government and people of England do not assist the landowners of Ireland with the national resources, they must be impoverished. The Government is hastening to their aid, and has already pledged itself to the advance of several millions to help them. Had the people been richer, they could have sustained part of the loss out of their own resources. According to the proverb, things had got to the worst, and they must mend. The potato rot, therefore, operating through the great poverty of the multitude and the common feelings of humanity, is bringing about an equalisation of property in Ireland. Nature is there overturning—as she has done on many other occasions—a very favourite work of politicians.

It is fair to suppose that Nature, who is uniform, though multifarious, generally operates on a similar principle, and tends to bring about, at all times and places, that equalisation which Government, in this case, as in others, labours to prevent. She creates men nearly equal; they are all born destitute; and that primitive or normal condition of equality her laws always tend to restore. Gravity pervades space, and operates in the same manner

on the surface of our globe, and in determining the orbit of the planet recently discovered by Mr. Verrier ; it has so operated from the beginning of time. It is not conceivable, therefore, that the same power which has thus made gravity universally, and at all times, the regulator of the material world, of which man is a part,—which has adapted his eye to light, coming from a distance beyond the ordinary bounds of vision, should have made men at one time equal in point of possessions, and at another have decreed that inequality which now prevails. It is, however, conceivable that Nature, having created men equal, should continually tend to maintain equality, or restore it when disturbed ; and the case of Ireland, remarkable as a deviation from her laws, is an illustration of the mode in which she brings about that end.

“Money,” says Lord Bacon, “like muck, does no *good* till it is spread ;” and good being predominant in Nature, it is fair to presume that she diffuses equally the elements of wealth, as she diffuses the elements of fertility. Look into other parts of the material world, and admire the wisdom by which she dilutes and destroys the elements of disease, which man is prone to keep together, as he accumulates masses of wealth. To make death, the universal lot, fatal to life, man must crowd his dead in the city churchyard ; if they be not closely packed together, the poisonous matter is speedily dispersed by the sun, and rain, and wind, and rendered harmless to life. By heavy showers, running streams, and incessant changes of the atmosphere, the fetid matters which man gathers round his habitation are continually dispersed, and he must obstinately persist in despising her warnings, and in neglecting to follow the example of Nature, before she sends contagion and disease to punish him. If in spite of her teaching he will persist in dwelling in close pent-up streets, and will bar out the light and air by which she purifies his path, she visits him with disease and death. So in the moral world, her tendencies are all to an equal and healthful diffusion of wealth, and they are as continually thwarted by politicians as her tendencies to dilute and destroy the poisonous matter of contagion are thwarted by the ignorance of the very poor or the avarice of the rich.

Short is the life of every grasping and accumulating individual compared to the duration of the species. The greater any one makes his heap, and the longer he lives, the more numerous in general are the expectant heirs, amongst whom his heap, at his death, is to be divided. The magnitude of the prize brings

claimants. If he have no children he has probably numerous relatives; if he die intestate, and have neither children nor relatives, his property falls to the crown, which is pretty sure to disburse and diffuse it. In proportion to the magnitude of the heap the heirs find themselves exonerated from toil. They live only to enjoy, not to accumulate. Rarely is an avaricious father succeeded by an avaricious son; accumulation, as the rule, is at an end with the individual, and according to the course of Nature the equality which he had disturbed is in a great measure restored at his death.

The law, however, steps in at this point, and tries to stop the dispersion. It has created great feudatories to serve the crown, and it tries to keep up their semblance. William the Conqueror divided all the land amongst his chief followers, giving 846 manors to one, to another 400, and so on. He disposed of the whole of England; the reigning monarch possesses a very small portion of it. The crown has now become a mere powerless bauble, for which the people pay an enormous price; but the principle of maintaining great seigneurs, noble and rich families, a proud and opulent Episcopacy as the supports and companions of the sovereign, still prevails in the law. Though the estates granted by the Conqueror have been divided into many smaller portions by the progress of commerce and the incidents of inheritance, that has been accomplished in spite of the law. It has always aimed at preserving an aristocracy of wealth, after the royal power, to which aristocracy was originally an appendage, has been merged in the parliament. To attain this object primogeniture is cherished and entails consecrated. Every foolish and avaricious man is enabled at his death to counteract the natural diffusion of his wealth. He gives it all to one by the authority of the law, and continues it in possession of an eldest son for many generations. In spite of Nature, and with a manifest violation of the rights of posterity, the law tries to keep together the vast accumulations of honest but avaricious industry, and of disreputable fraud. It does not succeed, but it inflicts an incredible quantity of evil on society.

The present condition of landed property in this country, as well as in Ireland, is one proof of its failure. Much of it has passed from ancient families into the hands of mortgagees and monied purchasers. Numerous as are the nominal owners, compared to the followers of William, on whom it was bestowed, they are but *shareholders*. The land of England is mortgaged almost as much

as that of Ireland, and every man who has a lien on it shares the rent with the owner. The colossal fortunes heaped up in one age are often dispersed, and contribute in the next age to the heaps of fresh adventurers. The Thellusons have made way for the Arkwrights and the Barings, and the accumulations of a Beckford have been scattered by his successor. There are few examples of families continuing in trade like the Barings and the Smiths, after their chiefs have made princely fortunes. Younger branches may carry on the business, and, probably, the next Lord Ashburton, the present one being a younger son of the first Sir Thomas Baring, like the present Sir Thomas Baring, will amass no more. Though the second generation of Rothschilds continue their names in the firm, they are also men of fashion, keep stag-hounds, and, probably, spend their incomes. The Churchills, whose ancestor received a princely domain from the nation, are now poor as rats; and we can say at once, that nothing from the public purse, as the reward for public service, will be added to the fortune of the Duke of Wellington by the Marquis of Douro. So it is with naval heroes, Lord Chief Justices, Lord Chancellors, and First Lords of the Treasury. Their sons rarely or never tread in their footsteps, or increase their fortunes. To preserve them, while others, by professional services or successful commerce, accumulate other heaps, is all they can accomplish. In general, then, those who receive the great fortunes acquired in trade, or in professions, give up industry and accumulation, and are soon merged in the disbursing and diffusing classes. The law tries in vain to arrest this course, and fails to preserve in families the accumulated fortunes that primogeniture and entails are intended to preserve.

To uphold the power of the landed aristocracy against commerce, which diffuses wealth, the Corn Laws were maintained. The Bank of England monopoly, granted by the law, is an accumulation of money power, which it tries to preserve by ever-renewed restrictions. The increase of money and the increase of credit-circulation tend to diffuse wealth through society. Country bankers were sharing largely and increasingly with the Bank of England in the profit to be made by borrowing many millions from the public at large, on promises to pay portions of it on demand. Their customers shared these advantages with the customers of the Bank of England. Then a law was passed by Sir Robert Peel to limit their loans from the public, and confine this advantage as much as possible to the Bank of England. To evade the

law, the country banks issued bills to pay within a certain number of days; and the latest effort of the administrators of the law, to check the diffusion of wealth by this means, is a circular of the Chancellor of the Exchequer threatening the Bankers with new restrictions. The increase of a credit-circulation, by which those who have little or nothing, and, expecting to make something by their own exertions, borrow from those who have much, is obviously a means of diffusing wealth, as well as of encouraging its production; and the continued attempts made by the legislature to hem that in may be taken—like the laws of primogeniture and entails, and corn-laws—as examples of persevering activity in thwarting the natural tendency to equality of distribution.

Many more such examples might be quoted, but it will suffice to return to the example of Ireland. All the relief vouchsafed to the suffering people seems studiously administered and vociferously demanded in Parliament, less with a view to serve the people than to save the landlords. On no account are the waste lands, which might afterwards be valuable to the landowner, though now worthless, to be given up to the people, who might, by having them to till, be at once enriched. On no account are the landowners in future to be made—as in England—wholly responsible for the subsistence of the people on their estates. By some means or other, either by loans, or gifts, or continual advances, a great part of that responsibility is to be assumed by the state. On no account are the people to be allowed to help themselves. All the schemes for the future improvement of Ireland assume as their basis an increase in the means of the landowners. By their instrumentality, and for their profit, the land is to be drained and cultivated. To add to the value of their property, and enable them to sell portions of their estates to advantage, Railways were to be made by the credit or money of the state. The humanity of the legislature is subservient to its desire to save the landlords. The destruction of the potato crop, by dividing the produce, is tantamount to a division of the land amongst the people. The rent must be given up for their support; but the legislature opposes that. Pursuing the same policy that it has for ages pursued, from the settlement of primogeniture under Henry I. to the circular of the Chancellor of the Exchequer against country bankers, it is plotting and devising how it may still thwart nature, and maintain a great inequality of property in Ireland. All the evils of unequal distribution; all *the lassitude, ennui*, and arrogance of the rich; all the overspanned

toil and indurated feelings of the poor; most of the ignorance and much of the crime which the legislator essays to remove, may be traced to his continual efforts, as in this instance, to counteract the equal diffusion of wealth amongst all the families and all the children of men. He strives against himself, and is for ever busy putting down crimes by one hand, and fostering them by the other.

THE NIGHT OF TEARS.

"Speranza—voi ch' entrate."—DANTE.

SLOWLY roll the hours of night,
 Lingers long the rosy dawn,
 To the kindly mother, lone,
 Waiting for the welcome light,
 And the sweet lark's matin-tone;
 Worn and spent, disconsolate,
 Watching by her loved one lying
 Fever-racked and slowly dying.
 Little deems she gentlest spirits
 Tend upon her child away;
 But her heart is rent by sorrow,
 And she longeth for the day.
 Fainter, fainter breathes the daughter;
 Scarcely heaves the anguished breast,
 Soon shall sink the wrecking storm,
 And the wearied heart have rest.
 Now she goeth to the casement,
 Awhile to ease her of her care,
 Museth long—the weeping mother—
 If Death can mar heaven's glories fair:
 Now, she looketh to the stars
 Gemming the calm brow of night,
 And wondereth if her sainted child
 Shall dwell amid those isles of light:
 Now, she taketh holiest Book,
 Full of richest words of love,
 Whispereth gently to her daughter
 Of blest spirit-lands above;
 Now, from her deep mother-heart,
 Utters soul-expressing prayer;
 And the angels guard that chamber,
 And the Love of God is there!

Holy, earth-pervading presence,
Soul of the undying All,
Conscious when the star-worlds move,
And when roses softly fall.

Far, beyond the eastern hills,
Struggling with the murk of night,
Glimmers out the morrow's dawning,
Herald of the gladsome light.
And the "golden eye of day"
Opens on the homes of men,
The hind arises to his toil,
And life's murmur wakes again.
Now, within that saddest chamber
Love no more her vigil keeps ;
Weeping—weeping sits the mother ;
"The maiden is not dead—but sleeps."

They ever live, our loved ones parted,
The spirit-life refined and high ;
All creatures change, and droop, and perish :
Man only does not die.

The Night of Tears is passed for ever—
And, as twilight melts in day,
Hope proclaims immortal beauty,
And joys which cannot pass away.
Glad the mother takes the emblem,
Binding up her broken heart,
And foretelling times of gladness
When they who love shall never part.

Haverhill.

JOHN HAMILTON DAVIES.

A WORD OR TWO ON WORDS.

LANGUAGE is the faculty of expressing by words the emotions, desires, and necessities of our mental and physical existence. Language, however, in its general design, is not perhaps limited to human beings, but extends probably to the meaner portions of animated creation. Animals and birds have doubtless the power of obtaining by their peculiar utterance the assistance and companionship of their fellows. But to man, formed in the image of his Maker, was given the surpassing power, beauty, and worth of words. The excellence of language is commensurate with its

design, and with our necessity for it. It would be impossible to compute the amount of happiness or bitterness, of love or hatred, of joy or sorrow, or even of life or death, that has grown up from the utterance of a word—like a giant tree from a comparatively insignificant germ. Few of us but have felt, when brought to a stand at some of the cross-roads in life's journey, that our destination depended, in all probability, on the decisive tone (harmonious or discordant to our ear) of a word. Pages might be filled with examples of mental crises, wrought by the agonies of suspense in its various forms, which occur to all, and at which times the influence of words is felt to be peculiarly thrilling and powerful. A proper estimate of the capability of language will redeem words from their proverbial emptiness, and when viewed in their close and inseparable connection with *results*, they become things; deeds, by which revolutions are effected in the family circle—in the widening of friendships and acquaintances—extending by gradual advances through the great circumference of the whole social system. Nor will we say their influence stops here—they are golden links in a chain which may reach to heaven, whose undulations commenced on earth, may vibrate in eternity. Would it not then be an honour and a happiness to us to try and carry out, as far as in us lies, the great and ultimate design of speech, by substituting from our own hearts (which must ever be the test of their worth), words of kindness, wisdom, truth, and significance, for those of the opposite character which too generally mark our social intercourse.

How differently we feel and appreciate the force of language in our boyhood and in our more mature years! "He only scolded me," says a callous urchin to his fellows as he leaves his master's desk, agreeably disappointed at the non-reception of a castigation;—"he only scolded me, I don't care for *that*." See now the boy grown to man—the tenderness of his skin, over which he was so careful in days of birch and ferule, has been transferred by the invisible operations of expanding life to his *feelings*—and now he says:—"Ah, I could have borne all, forgiven all, if it had not been for *that word*!" Should we wish any one whom we had hurt by an unkind word to die without reparation from our lips? Can anything be more cutting to a heart not destitute of feeling, than the consciousness of having permitted such a wound to go to the grave unheeded? It is true, we may infuse a sharpness or a bitterness into our words which we do not feel in our hearts; but

while this is known only to ourselves, it can be no emollient to the feelings we may have injured ; and even should we endeavour to soothe them by the admission that " we did not mean all we said," how seldom is it attended with the desired results ! It is easy to recall the word we have spoken, but not so easy to remove the effect it has produced. We may drop a stone into the clear water, and we may take it out again immediately ; but the withdrawing of the stone will not restore the brightness and serenity which before reposed on its transparent bosom. An injured heart is a keen casuist ; it knows, intuitively, that the injurious word sprang from impulse—free, spontaneous, and unchecked by caution—and that the apologetic word was the result of after-thought and calculation—the first bore the impress of truth ; the second, that of design ; and it is needless to say which of the two has gained its credence. Members of family circles who seek in each other that love, kindness, and forbearance which is not expected from the world, let no root of bitterness spring up among you, but guard your hearts and words with watchful care, that nothing may escape your lips that is likely to injure the spirit of one who loves you ; for " there is that which speaketh like the piercings of a sword, but the tongue of the wise is health." Our keenest sufferings spring from our deepest affections, and our worst wounds are given by the hand we love best. The world has not half such capabilities of afflicting us, and for these reasons—we do not put ourselves in its power, by reposing confidence in it, therefore, it cannot deceive us—we do not give it access to our secret treasures, consequently it cannot rob us—we do not admit it to the inner temple of the soul, therefore it cannot touch the shrine—we do not leave our vulnerable points open to its attacks ; on the contrary, our hearts instinctively put on their armour of proof at its first approach ; therefore it has little power to wound us.

Cæsar presented a steady front to his murderers till he felt the dagger of Brutus ; and we may come off unscathed from our conflicts with the world, to receive, it may be, a mortal wound by the side of our own hearth-stone. " Words break no bones," says an old proverb ; true, they do not—it would be well if their power were limited to such fractures ; they do infinitely worse ;—they break hopes which may have been the life and nourishment of a young heart—they throw a deadening chill over the high aspirations of many a bright and noble spirit—they sever the mystic-

woven threads of affection that were fondly deemed all-enduring and immortal, and they break (perhaps, irremediably) many a tender and trusting heart, for hearts *can* break, "yet brokenly live on;" and thus they inflict bruises and wounds that the balm of Gilead alone can heal.

How, sometimes, does the mere utterance of a word, like the lightning-flash, array before our minds the imagery of which it is the representative! Let us suppose, for instance, you are a lover of Nature: you have been familiar with her enchantments—you have read lessons of love and wisdom from her expressive pages—you have laid up her beauties in your heart; but intervening years of care and anxiety have, perhaps, somewhat dimmed, not the lustre of *her* charms, but your perception of them, when, all unexpectedly—your heart jaded and weary—you hear, perhaps from children's lips, the words—"Daisies and Buttercups;"—in a moment you are a changed being! Those simple yet magic words have touched a spring which you almost thought had been broken and buried beneath the dust and rubbish of this cold and care-worn world; you are free once more; the breath, the fragrance, the music, the thrilling, refining, unutterable feelings of Spring are upon you, and delicious visions of early flowers, springing grass, deep pools, with verdant brinks, rich scents and radiant skies, prove your spirit's immortal congeniality with all things beautiful and pure. There are few things which hold the minds of men more spell-bound than the eloquence of the tongue; those for whom the subject itself may have but little interest, and those who may be at variance with the opinions of the orator, will alike throng to listen to the voice of the charmer. The proud and the lowly, the refined and the uneducated, agree to render homage to the spirit's power.

Never was that power more sweetly eloquent, more awfully subduing, than in the words of Him who spake as never man spake. Well might those who heard them be astonished at the gracious sentences which fell from His lips; such language was not doomed to be buried in the obscurity which in some degree shaded its Divine Author, nor its influence limited to the comparative few who heard it. The words He spake are written in an imperishable type, for all men, in all times—

"And better had he ne'er been born,
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn."

As the best things when perverted become the worst, so is the abused gift of language, in its several degrees, awful, deplorable, and pitiful. Without alluding to the expressions that come from the lips of the dregs of society, let us glance with sadness at those, who, laying claim to propriety and the respect of their fellow-men, daily clothe hypocrisy, deceit, and falsehood in the stolen garments of Truth. And why do they thus? Do they think their words will pass as current coin in that realm of mighty commerce—Mind? Do they hope they will be taken for pure gold by some who do not recognise the ring of the false metal? In some cases they may succeed, but not generally. Men's words are often suspected and weighed with a rapidity and accuracy they are little aware of, and when once they are found defective, they bear much about the same value as base coin. "Speech," says a Spanish proverb, "was given to man to conceal his thoughts,"* and more just satire was never levelled at a worthier object; but as long as blind man thinks he finds his account in duplicity, irony will be but a blunt weapon.

If proof were wanting to establish these cursory remarks relative to the power, beauty, and worth of words, it will be found in that book appropriately named the Word of God. The passages in that glorious volume upon this subject are most numerous, beautiful, and pointed; nor can a better conclusion be given to this brief and humble essay, than by selecting a few gems of truth from that inexhaustible mine:—

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue, and they who love it, shall eat the fruit thereof."

"The lips of the righteous feed many, but fools die for want of wisdom."

"Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad."

"A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A. F.

* The original property in this apothegm has been contested from the time of Doctor Young to that of Talleyrand.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. V.

THE HORSE WHO HAD AND THE ASS WHO HAD NOT TRAVELLED.

DIL, (a household diminutive for Diligence,) the grey old millster-horse of good old Geoffrey Grundstane, the miller; and STUMBLE, the plodding donkey of a hard-working and hard-drinking sandman, who had no other name we ever heard of than Sam, or Sandy Sam,—had stood now three hours at the door of the most popular hostelry in those parts—the Three Jolly Coopers—while Tossplot Tom (Grundstane's man) and Sandy Sam (his own man and master) were wetting their whistles within. The sun was insulting hot, the roads dusty, the water in the trough low, and the flies vexatiously troublesome, all the while these poor beasts of burden stood whisking their tails as a warning to the horsestingers to keep off, and twinkling their ears to alarm the flies on their tips, and shivering their skins to shake them off, if only for a moment, for they only took two or three turns, when down they came again, and closed their wings, and could not or would not let them alone: the poor beasties had finished the short repast or bait set out for their luncheon—hay a little musty, old chaff anything but toothsome, and water so dusty, that they were obliged to blow the top off before they could bear to drink it—for Ned, their ostler, was the most neglectful of grooms;—when, for want of something better to discuss, they got gradually into a gossip on those pleasing themes of all travellers—namely, the extent of their travels, and what they had seen. And these are themes upon which all travellers can dilate and enlarge, whether him who has scaled the abruptest Andes, adventurous of his neck; and has stood solitarily,

“Silent upon a peak in Darien;”

or him the Cheapside Bruce, born under Bow Bells, wishing to see the world of which he has caught glimpses from the gallery of St. Paul's, who scales the heights of Highgate, and, staring into the distance, sees no end to it, and dares go no farther.

Stumble led off the subject, and made two or three reflections,

in passing, so much to the purpose, that Dil looked admiringly in his long face, approving his intelligence: he was not so stupid as he looked, Dil thought to himself. An ass he was, no doubt—he would not have denied the soft impeachment himself, if put to him in a proper spirit—but, till his temper was nettled, he was an ass naturally of an amiable turn of mind; and as he expressed himself so modestly, he might make sure of a gracious answer from his grey, grave, old companion. Stumble began by surmising that as Dil was old, and had lived all his life, and had moved much about in the world, he must have seen a good deal of it, (and he had the air of a horse who had seen the world;) and, if it was worth his while to display his acquisitions, he could show that he had not thrown away his opportunities for observation, and knew a thing or two worth mentioning. Dil confessed candidly that he had gone over as many leagues, in his long life and limited circle, as here and there one; and possibly he might go over a great many more, all things agreeing. This hearing, Stumble surveyed him in silence, with that respectful homage which *we* pay to persons whom we wonder at; but when he added, that “It was not every one who had eyes who sees,” Stumble pricked up both ears, and in his reflective way, turned these words over and over for some time in his mind, and then could not perceive their truth. How eyes could see, and not see, puzzled his plain wits! But he surrendered the seeming paradox to wiser heads than his; and fell to lamenting the melancholy monotony of his life, which he described as a dull, daily round of drudgery for a bare existence.

“Here, my dear Dil,” he said deplorably, “do I spend my days, from spring to winter, from winter to spring, in going backwards and forwards from the sandpit to this town, from this town to the sandpit, and that is all the life I see from the year’s beginning to the year’s ending! Oh Dil, Dil, Dil,” he cried passionately, for an animal of his phlegmatic disposition, “I am so weary of it—oh, I am so weary of it,”—expressing his weariness the more intensely by repetition of it, “that I care not how soon I am done with thistles, and am taken hence from this dull world—to me!” And so saying he hung his head, and looked most miserable.

Dil regarded his dejection for some time in silence, and then said, “Ah, Stumble, my good fellow, you don’t know how discontented you are——”

"Don't I?" said Stumble, interrupting him, with a briskness and a brusqueness quite remarkable in an animal with his slow faculties.

"—without a cause, I should have said, if you had not stopped me," continued the patient Dil.

"Without a cause, say you?" said Stumble, his temper up. "You that have every comfort of life; a good warm stable—clean litter to lie down upon at night—as much corn as you can eat in the day—a good currycombing once a week—new shoes as soon as you want them—and are always kept clean and comfortable: while I have only a crazy shed, like a sieve when the rain comes down—nothing but the bare earth to rest my weary bones upon—as little coarse food as I can live upon—no combing but the scratching I give myself against the trees on the common, when I am turned out on Sundays—and though I have four feet as well as you, I have only two of them shod at this present writing; and you tell me that I am discontented without a cause? But this is the way of the well-off, all the world over!" said Stumble severely.

Dil did not mind his severity of speech, and said compassionately, "Well, these are certainly causes for discontentment; and, if they were mine, I would not—I could not—bear them! You are ill-used—why don't you run away?"

"It is easy to say why don't you run away! Didn't I do it once, and wasn't once enough? I did run ten miles away, and what a day of liberty I had of it! Ugh! I won't say anything now of having to carry all the boys of the village I rambled to two and three at a time, and all with sticks, and two with thistles, or teasles, it doesn't matter which, till, just as they were thinking they had had enough sport out of me for that day, and would have more to-morrow, the village-constable took pity on me, as he said, and clapped me in the pound as an astray. There I starved all night till I was owned by my tender master in the morning, who swore he would have the pinder's fee for pounding me—five shillings—out of my bones before he got home to his hut on the heath; and he kept his word, for he's a man that will keep that, if he keeps nothing else. But here he comes! So no more at present!"

The confabulation was cut short by Sandy Sam suddenly staggering out of the inn—and its wide door seemed hardly wide enough for him—in such a state of inebriety as was scandalous.

even in a person of his quality. Drunk as he was, however, he selected Stumble at once out of a miscellany of carters' and carriers' horses, ponies, and other animals; and pitching himself, or rather hitching himself, on his hind quarters, he gave him two jogging digs with his heels in his ribs, hiccapped "Home!" in pleasant imitation of the carriage-people of those country parts, and off staggered the sober Stumble, with a heavy cause of discontent upon his trembling haunches, to the hut on the heath-side.

Before the sober beasts separated that day, for they went different ways, Stumble glanced once round at his friend Dil, hoping to meet with some sympathy from him; but he, poor fellow, had enough to do to attend to his own private troubles: for Tom, having drank glass for glass with his friend the Sandman, was as drunk as him, and rather more, as Sam kept his seat, and Tom could not get into it. Dil stood as still as the stirrup-stone before the door of the Three Jolly Coopers, and still Tom could not mount him, but either slipped under his belly, or pitched over his back: so that Dil had his patience tried as well as Stumble, and wanted all the sympathy he had—for himself.

Meantime Stumble staggered for his master all the way home to the hut on the heath's side.

"There he arriving round about did pry"

how to get rid of his load: for by this time the Sandman was as fast asleep as a sultry-summer-sunday-afternoon alderman, worn out with his six days' worshipship, and blessing the seventh day, and allowing it to be a day of rest from everything secular save good eating, which is essential to good living. As he did not stir when he stopped, and still slept on, he let him sleep undisturbed for an hour, because he knew not how to get rid of him. At last he resolved on rubbing him off against the corner-post of the wattle hut; and thrice he tried the ingenious experiment, and thrice he failed, for his attached master only held on all the faster. Try again, Whittington! And he did; and succeeded in tumbling him off in a heap and on a heap of dry soft sand; and there he left him to sleep himself sober on an unmade bed, the earth his four-poster, and the sky his curtains. The ingenious Stumble then shook himself—then with his nose tilted up the latch of his windy shed, leaving the door to shut itself, (but a gust did it for both;) and then betook himself to his poor supper—a cold collation—carrots and their tops *au naturel*, for his wind; and lastly,

doubling his knees under him, he rolled wearily over in his bed of sun-dried furze, to dream of seeing the world he was so curious—for an ass—to see.

To return to Dil. When he had carried *his* brute to the mill-door, Tom tumbled off of himself—innately, intuitively, instinctively—into an empty hog-trough in the yard, where he courted coy Sleep, and she came to his proper bed. Head chambermaid of this huge inn, the world, she sees to their dormitories most strange bedfellows; but tucks them in nevertheless, and takes away the light!

Two days thereafter the Sandman, all alive again, paid the passing tribute of a call at the mill upon his quaffing crony, bringing the news of a fresh tap of ale at the Three Jolly Coopers, the inn to which they were addicted when dry, and that was often; and, having ascertained beforehand that the old miller was far away in a remote part of the country, which left his eye-servant at liberty to tipple as he pleased, accordingly it pleased Tom to tipple. Left standing in the yard, to find what entertainment he might, Stumble—a curious creature, as the Reader must by this time have begun to think him—strayed and straggled, at his own sweet will, all about the premises; and, after examining this, that, and the other thing, he lastly poked his inquisitive nose in at the half-open mill-door. He had never visited the mill till that morning, for miller's work was no part of his business; and great, therefore, was his asinine astonishment—he could not believe his own eyes for a time—when he beheld his old friend Dil going round and round, till it made him giddy even to look at him. At the first blush, he thought he must be troubled with the megrims, or the staggers, or he would never turn, and turn, and turn again in that ridiculous fashion. He looked at him once, twice, thrice; and still he kept moving mechanically round and round in a circle, like a dog running after his own tail. He could bear the dizzying spectacle no longer; and so he broke the silence painful to his feelings by abruptly exclaiming, "Why, Dil, Dil, my dear fellow, are you mad? or what, in heaven's name, are you doing there, turning round and round like a washing-wheel?"

Dil, who had not seen him all this while, for a good reason—he could not—started

"The well-known voice to hear,"

and said quietly, "Oh, I am on my travels!"

"Your what?" cried the staring sand-drawer; and he almost laughed in his friend's face—a liberty which a friend will take with a friend: "Do you call that travelling?"

"Yes," said Dil, placidly, "this is the style in which I take long journeys."

"And is this what you were pleased facetiously to call seeing the world?" said Stumble, somewhat sneeringly.

"Yes," said Dil; and he kept plodding on.

When he came round to the door again, Stumble looked at him very hard, and said, "Pray may I be allowed to ask what sort of blinkers are those you wear?"

"Oh," said Dil, "these are what we millers call goggles; and very serviceable they are!"

"As far as my poor judgment goes," said Stumble, "I should say you *must* see a great deal of the world with them on!"

"As much as I wish to see," said Dil. "It is only your idle fellows, like I shall not say who, that go staring about sight-seeing. When I have work to do, I don't want to be looking at it, nor looking off it. My good old governor, Master Grundstane, he it was who advised me to wear these goggles, because he knew that, if I did not wear them, this repeated turning round and round in a circle would make me as giddy as a goose, as blind as a bat, and as stupid as an——but I won't be personal."

"Oh," said Stumble, smartly, "for a horse that has seen so much of the world, you do well to avoid personalities! I know no persons in the world who are so careful *not* to be personal as those who are afraid of it." And he was so severe with his friend, because he felt nettled at being so trifled with—played with—and deceived, and by a friend too; and thus he resented the deception so long practised upon a mind too credulous, too trusting—firmly resented it. Your very foolish fellows have this firmness of resentment, as they think it, in excess; or, if they have it not, they make pretension to it, which serves their turn just as well as if they had, and it gets them a sort of reputation for being Stumbles—fellows of their word—brute-obstinate—not to be moved from an opinion they have once taken up—and consistent blockheads.

There was a sullen silence on Stumble's side for some time after this colloquy, during which the industrious Diligence, minding his work, and not his foolish friend, took a dozen turns round about the ring, leaving it to his very particular *confrère* to break the peace when he was in better humour, or to sulk away till he came

round to reason: for, as he had nothing to say to him, he said nothing, and went on with his work. And here it is our duty as observers of mankind, and Stumble-kind, and of every kind of kind, to warn the playfully-disposed, the pleasant practisers of jokes practical, and the facetiously-given in general, that if they design, at any time, to carry on a merry deception or mysticism, and to crack a joke upon the head of a friend, whom they respect all the while they are playing him this prank, and would not hurt for all the world—meaning nothing more than to teach him some good truth through the simple medium of a fable—we here warn these pleasant persons never, if they are wise, or would be thought to be, to select one of the race of the Stumbles for so *parlous* an experiment: for they are sure, the whole of that family—we know them—to kick at the lesson, if not at the teacher: perhaps at both, alternately; and a kick from one of that brotherhood is a *souvenir* of which no man who has felt it can speak lightly. We speak this and thus from experience, which is said to make even the Stumbles wiser than they were at one time.

Dil had now taken two-dozen turns round the ride, and Stumble was still doggedly silent: indeed Dil only knew that he was stupidly staring at him all this while by looking downward below his goggles, when he saw the shadows of two very long ears moving about, and a most ludicrous distortion and abortion of a head, sketched by that most ancient Cruikshank in photogenic caricature, the Sun, who was comically projecting the twinkling ears and hanging head of the creature who thought so much of himself in most extravagant proportions along the ground within the door. If Stumble had looked at his own shadow, instead of staring at honest Dil, how it must have humbled him! At length,

“Breaking the silence he with sweetness mended,”

as some poet has said of the nightingale, he made another caustic remark upon the obnoxious goggles. “And so you are obliged to wear those ugly—what-do-you-call-’ems?”

“Goggles,” said Dil.

“Goggles! ‘Phœbus, what a name!’” cried Stumble. “And you really do wear them, you say, to preserve your precious sight in travelling—hah! hah!—as you pleasantly call this monotonous, melancholy, mill-horse round?”

“Exactly so,” said drudging Dil; “and I have worn them off and on——”

"You could not wear them *off*: you can only wear them *on*," said Stumble critically, correcting him.

"Perhaps so," said Dil, bowing to his superior judgment.

"I am sure you could not," said Stumble.

"I dare say you are right," said Dil. "But we won't quarrel about terms."

"I will," said Stumble; and he kicked at a little cur that had crept between his legs, not knowing his "antic disposition."

"I won't," said Dil; and he let the little cur dog his heels without hurting him, as he was in the habit of doing. "However, as I was going to say when you rudely interrupted me——"

"I rudely interrupt you? Impossible!" said Stumble.

"——I have worn these goggles you despise for these ten years last past," said Dil; "Sundays, of course, and *news* and *thens*, and occasional trips to the town with our Tom, excepted; during which time I reckon that I have travelled thirty miles a day, on the average, in this mill-ride round. If you have a head for such calculations, cast up the working-days in ten years, deducting the Sundays, and you will find that I have travelled, in that time, in this monotonous, melancholy, miserable mill-horse round, as you call it, some thirty thousand miles. And yet I do not complain of the sameness of my existence: while *you*, who are as free as the air when compared with me, are ever murmuring, and making mouths at your hard fate! Oh, Stumble, Stumble! when will you begin to find out what a fortunate ass you are?"

"Bah!" cried Stumble, indignantly turning away; and, flinging his *dernier* heels out in disdain, he kicked the mill-door to, and left the gentle

"Guide, philosopher, and friend?"

in the dark.

Stumble and Dil never from that day spoke more. Tom and the Sandman, who quarrelled not about terms, so long as the ale was good, and the landlady gracious, as often as ever sat toe and toe together at the settle-table over a cool, quiet quart ("the last," always "the last," till another quart came in) of indisputable humming-bub; and when they could hold no more, so as to carry it off without spilling it, they staggered home on horseback and assback as before. But Dil and Stumble were no more sociable over the horse-trough at the door of the Three Jolly Coopers. Sam and Tom noticed the untimeliness of their beasts of burden, who erewhile would be pulling the clover out of each

other's mouths in the playfulness of friendship, and waiving their turn to drink with an "After you, Dil" sort of air, and "The trough, I believe, stands with you, Stumble" politeness. No more of these offices of friendship passed between these once-fast friends. The moral poet says—

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows;
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows:
One should our interest and our passions be,
My friend must hate the foe that injures me!"

On the contrary, Stumble saw a swaggering Captain—the leader of a waggoner's team—kick the gentle Dil in bully-like fashion, simply because he stood in his way to the hay; and if he felt anything, it was that inward satisfaction which spiteful minds enjoy when some one capable of violence does that which they would like to do if they dared.

The Sandman, who knew the disposition of *his* drudge, was quite right in saying that the misunderstanding was of Stumble's making or seeking; and good-humouredly boxed his head, and bade him be better tempered, and take example from Dil, who offered many times to make it up. But no: it was not in Stumble's nature, when once offended, to forgive. Dil would have compounded with him to kick once a-piece, mutually explain, and be friends again; but Stumble was determined the quarrel should not so easily be made up. Pythias was implacable, and Damon might be d——d for all he cared. Accordingly, Pythias would not even drink at the same time with Damon, though the trough was long enough and full enough for a troop of Stumbles, if it were a bumper-toast, and no heel-taps. He would not even pull a wisp of dusty hay from the same crate, if he saw Dil at it: he preferred to pick up the scattered waste about the ground. If they met face to face, and Damon looked, with all his habitual mildness of expression, in the severe eye of his dear Pythias, that "once-familiar" gave him the cut decided—treated him to the cold shoulder, as the phrase goes—turned away—turned right round till tail diphthonged with tail—sent him unmistakeably to Coventry; and if, after this, he persevered in forcing himself into his company, he walked off to the other side of the way, and placed a good turnpike-road—a three-waggon-wide interval—a disrespectful distance between him and Damon: for there is no creature so unforgiving as an incensed scion of the great Stumble family, when once he takes a prejudice into his irritable head. Therefore,

you worthy wayfarers all—you gentle Dils and Damons of every degree—if you would eschew falling out with these particular villains, begin by not falling in with them. But, if you are haply obliged to mix, and *not* mingle, with them in the thoroughfares of this world, take good heed what you say in their presence, and speak as if you spoke by the card: for these Stumbles have no notion—not an inkling even—of tropes, figures, metaphors, fables, similitudes, parables, riddles, enigmas, crotchets, conundrums, puns, quirks, quibbles, quiddities, quodlibets, and such like questionable figments of the ingenious wit. They have ears, eyes, minds, apprehensions, and comprehensions for the literal only. Therefore avoid them—come out from among them—be not seen with them! Meet not with them—eat not with them—drink not with them—think not with them—talk not with them—walk not with them: for your ways are not their ways; but presently, with the discreet Dogberry, discharge yourself of their company: for, truly, they are “neither fish, nor flesh, nor good salt-herring!”

The Moral needs no further pointing; nor the Tale any more adorning.

ONWARD !

THERE is a voice in everything,
In every plant a lesson lies,
And every insect on the wing
Declares some maxim as it flies.

One autumn morn I careless laid,
Reposing in the greenwood shade;
Adown the vale the wind was sighing,
In many a woodland echo dying,
Wafting from flowers and fragrant trees
Sweet incense on its perfumed breeze;

And as it wildly swept along,
Down the deep valley—o’er the hill,
This was its everlasting song—
“O! Onward! Onward!—Onward, still!”

But as I listened to its sigh,
A merry bee came buzzing by,
It lighted on a budding flower—
Tarried awhile—then rose again—

Then chose another from the bower ;
 And thus—till it had touched each hue,
 From gaudy red to modest blue ;
 When having spent its busy hour—
 It flew afar across the plain,
 And as it sped, a voice I heard
 Re-echoed by each passing bird,
 Which seemed the universe to fill,
 'Twas " Onward ! Onward !—Onward, still ! "

A brook went rippling down the dell,
 And troutlets in its water play'd—
 While light the joyous volume fell,
 In many a picturesque cascade.
 Stones—trees—and thickets, vainly tried
 To stay its course, to stem its tide :
 Despite them all—in ceaseless motion,
 Meandering to its goal, the ocean,
 In eddying stream it whirled along,
 Giving an everlasting song—
 The voice of the incessant rill,
 Was " Onward ! Onward !—Onward, still ! "

Then, Onward ! Onward ! be our cry,
 Our hearts are firm—our hopes are high—
 Onward ! through childhood—manhood—youth :
 From fact to fact—from truth to truth !
 Onward ! till despots one and all,
 Before our noble war-cry fall :
 Onward ! till freed from misery's power
 The poor man knows a happy hour :
 Onward ! till rank be cast aside,
 With all its emptiness and pride :
 Till lofty names their grandeur smother,
 And man in each man—greet a brother !
 Onward ! till open—unconfined—
 Men's thoughts are free as God's own wind :
 Till peace shall every nation bless,
 And all the listening world confess,
 That *worth is—Majesty of Mind !*
 Till freed from trammels bigots lay,
 Casting all narrow forms away—
 Man stands upon the flower-decked sod,
 And lifts his rapturous soul to God !

There is a voice in everything,
 In every plant a lesson lies,
 And every insect on the wing
 Declares some maxim as it flies.

PRISON PETS
AND
FANCIES TO AID THE FRIENDLESS.

BY PAUL BELL.

I AM afraid, Sir, it is too well known in the market that I have no implicit faith in the Wisdom of our Ancestors ; and this being the case, I am apt to be as sore about the folly of our Brothers and Sisters, as the Miss Le Grands are, if anybody mentions the possibility of a Baronet cheating at cards, or a Countess addicted to what plain people would call "her cups," and those *not* tea-cups.—I could not help the other day wincing as if I was hurt, when I was reading of the Tain fisherman, who owned to having drawn blood *humanely* from an old woman, because she had bewitched his nets ; and was in *the habit of milking cows in the shape of a hare* !—I have neighbours at Oldham, Sir, worthy people, who pay their tradesmen and their taxes, who believe in Free Trade and Toleration : yet have a sneaking respect for an Old Man at the bottom of the Moor, who finds the factory people their lost property by looking into the water ; just as the redoubtable *Ben Somebody* of Cairo used to see in his pool of ink the Duke of Wellington, Shakspeare, and every one's relation without an arm, an eye, or a leg, for the entertainment of the then believing travellers in the East. And is this not enough to make a plain man angry ? To console him, again ; we have surely made great advances in self-control. Compare our last Manchester turn-out, when the apricots on Mr. Bloom's factory-wall were not plucked, with your Gordon riots ; when the mob made away with good property—not so much *against* The Pope—not so much to feed their own hungry stomachs, and to clothe their shivering backs—as out of sheer riot and wantonness ! And, in matters far minuter, yet which intimately concern our daily domestic peace, compare the Gentlewomen of 1790, who screamed at spiders, and fainted at the sight of a mouse :—became insane with terror when a Captain Rock paid their houses an evening visit, or Captain Macheath chose to "impound" their watches on their way home

from the county balls (with a parting salute, by way of making all things straight), with the average English wife or daughter of 1840 ;—strong without pretension, in her courage, quietness, and calm sense : less of a Cook, peradventure, than her grandmother was, but more of a companion ;—not so formal, not so quaint, not so courtly, possibly not so individual ; but more available, more tolerant, more helpful ; her economy (taking the word in its large sense), embracing interests and topics of which the *Lady Bountifuls* and *Lady Townleys* little dreamed.

When I look at this bright side of matters : one encouraging hope in human progress—this tangible result, coming home to bed and board, church and market ; when I turn these changes in my mind of an evening, and fancy—with a sort of *Rule-of-Three* philanthropy—how much better and wiser my grandsons and grand-daughters may be than myself—I have a feeling of light and warmth and comfort in my little back parlour, which money could not buy. 'Tis a sad *dropshort* during such a peep into Faëry Land—such a practical illustration of the Millennium—to be dragged back into Fools' Parish (*not* Paradise), into Knaves' Acre (*not* House of Correction) by the news, which, as Miss Le Grand primly puts it, "sometimes transpire through the medium of the public press." The other night, for instance, I was found out in my corner, by the voice of one of our young folks reading aloud a long account of Madame Laffarge in her prison,—of the devices by which that sentenced Poisoness (why not, according to Southey's principle of "*he-mise*" and "*she-mise* ? ") had managed to evade the ignominy of prison discipline—the fascinations she had exercised over all who approached her—and the confident expectations of a large party of friends, that she will be shortly set at liberty to "witch the world" with new adventures ! I could not gather that any new lights had been thrown on her guilt or innocence : (about which, allow me to remark, I was never wholly able to make up my own mind.) No : it was purely a case of breeding, fashion and accomplishments, winning the day—the triumph of her "fancy prison costume in imitation of Charlotte Corday," with its long peaked waist, and the muslin *fichu*, the elbow sleeves, and the long black mittens ; and "of her hair combed smooth in bands upon her forehead, and falling in two thick plaits down her back after the fashion of the women of Alsace"—the triumph of her lying in bed in bracelets and Swedish kid gloves ! because the elegance and distinction of her manner, and the persuasion of her voice, were

allowed to procure her exemption from getting up and being degraded by the garb of the Convicted Murderess! Had she been a Mistress Barnardine (not Barnaby), with a mannish presence, and a gruff voice, would this have happened, think you? Glad I should be to know the wretched creature proved innocent: who would not? but this remission of an unreversed sentence on the plea of fascination and refinement—this allowing of *pommade* to oil the hinges of prison-locks, and of a *Faubourg St. Germain* pronunciation to mollify stern Justice into connivance at a criminal's dainty humours—has something in it depressing, ghastly; savouring of the corrupt and cruel old times, which disturbs my chimney-corner tranquillity more than I can describe. And I think no other “*Poor Soul!*” or “*How interesting!*” or “*Quite a romance!*” from Miss Martha Le Grand, would absolutely have driven me,—old as I am, and staid as I ought to be,—into the intemperance of “using my nouns,” as a whimsical gentlewoman I know, once described the—ahem!—*ejaculations* of her son and heir.

Being, however, wiser—not to say more civil—I comforted myself that this was merely a bit of French romance—that such a painful instance of the power of Coquetry over Justice might be congenial to our neighbours,—a sort of *ballet* after the wondrous tragedy of the trial!—with its laughter of the Court and prisoner at the *brogue* of a country advocate (one M. de Chauveron), while from without came the charnel odours attendant on the examination of the exhumed remains of the dead man! but I believe that it would find small sympathy here—less imitation.—Yet what was the subject of our very next evening’s lecture: to the dissipation of my dreams in the corner how that our English world is becoming wise? Why, some one “read out” from the London paper, that “several individuals of the highest respectability in Winchester, Fareham, and other parts,” were about to petition Government in favour of the young Lady with the wonderful head of hair from the Channel Islands, who, last autumn, made off with the cash and jewel-box from the house in which she was staying! She had been, if I recollect right, “quite one of themselves!”—had been a guest among them for some time; much admired for her beauty and fascination—though, perhaps, not up to the Charlotte Corday toilette, nor to lying in bed with her bracelets on! Several of your London gentlemen, I heard say, had talked of making a party to go over the Prison where she was

shut up : it being "every Englishman's duty to look for himself into the penal establishments of his country from time to time!" And now Respectability is trying its best to set an example to the poor, the unlovely, the ill-educated, the friendless, the wretches "who have no *De* to their names," by stepping between this enchanting young person and her punishment.

"No!—the reign of *Airs* and *Graces* is not yet over," said I to myself, diverted somewhat sardonically by this manifestation of Winchester wisdom and Fareham friendliness! And then I called up a scene I myself witnessed, the only time I was ever in one of your London police-offices—a Bell in quest of his lost purse. Before my turn could come, the night charges had to be disposed of. A doleful group did these make. There was a bull-headed, black eye-browed fellow, who was accused of "brand-*ash*-ing a poker" at his wife, and at his wife's friend (who whimpered "Amen!" to every voluble spousal accusation), and who, brutal as he was, spoke up earnestly in favour of his being let to go to his day's work—there was a handful of miserable foreigners—yellow, grey, and green—those waifs and strays who camp out under the trees of The Park, and live, God (no, let's say the other Personage) knows how!—there was a contrite woman in a black shawl, with a pair of pattens on a hand-basket—who "had gone out to chapel—subsequently taken tea with a friend; and did not recollect anything afterwards." Of such was the staple of the party. But it had *its* Ornament, too,—its Beauty—its Fashion!—in a magnificent tall young creature, scarcely twenty: with superb violet eyes, auburn hair, rich enough to turn the head of Westminster, (not Winchester)—with a toilette which would have set Fareham on fire!—a pale-blue satin pelisse (and for a full yet well-formed figure, my Mrs. Bell assures me that there's nothing so becoming as pale-blue satin) and a white crape bonnet with three feathers. True, the last were somewhat dishevelled—not to say dirty: and one of the violet eyes had a rainbow rim. Policeman, P. 60, averred that the young woman was one of the troublesomest in The Almonry, and her offences on the vigil of that day, had been more than ever boisterous and aggressive. She stood and listened: with a mixture of mirth and meekness—a conscious beauty which rose superior to the black eye—and a knowledge "that her public was with her," disconcerting her accuser, who became affronted, spoke angrily, and was reproved accordingly—which would have made the fortune of an Abington—a Jordan—a Nesbitt! But the Angelo on the

bench was not to be seduced by such an Angel—the Magistrate triumphed over the Man, and in spite of her blue satin and her melting blue eyes, Cowslip was committed. I see her now, as, on leaving the court, she turned to us all, to Mr. Magistrate in particular, with a smile of eighteen, and a courtesy Elssler's eight-and-thirty years of experience couldn't beat,—“You'll excuse me, sir,” said she, “but I ain't going on The Mill!” We all laughed: who could have helped it? Even Policeman, P. 60, laughed.—What happened next, I cannot say: but I will take my affidavit to having seen those wonderful eyes, and that chesnut hair, that blue satin pelisse, and that hat and feathers, renovated not far from Charing Cross, within the week. Cowslip's “You'll excuse me!” had, somehow or other, in very deed and truth, excused her!

No! the empire of the Dancing Master has not yet shrunk to the Charity Ball-room, or to the Christmas Parlour. He has a larger stage, still, than either Mr. Lumley or Mr. Bunn can provide for him, however anxious be either gentleman “for the resuscitation of the precarious state of the Drama!” The real Educator who is, now-a-days, to stand betwixt the poor man and misery, is your Michau or your Delferier—your Miss Birch (without *rod*), or your Mrs. Rac *with*, who shall teach the culprit the sweetest reverence to the Court! Long live the Musician too!—as a moral engine, “touching other *chords*” than those taken by Wilhem, Hullah, or the Hutchinson Family. Twelve lessons from Sir George Smart or Crivelli, showing how you are to modulate your voice, and “always to speak upon your G,” may save you from Botany Bay. Will, then, the Margaret Catchpoles and the Nancy Sykeses to come, not do well to learn Poonah-painting, or the guitar at least? Ought not every man, woman, and child, qualifying him, her, or itself for living upon “their friends and the public,” to spend a week with Mr. Ross of Bishopsgate Street, (those whose motto is “Westward Hoe,” with Truefitt in the Arcade,) by way of learning the Charles *Moustache*, or the “Alsatian Plats” which have sunk so deep into the sympathy of Madame Laffarge's admiring friends? Such Ladies as are inclined to play the grand game had better possibly train themselves by mastering the Harp: since, as Miss Le Grand says, “that is truly the aristocratic instrument.” Further, by the same theory of calculation, persons marked with the small-pox, or who wear one leg shorter than the other,—all such as *speak in Irish, Scotch, Somersetshire, Rochdale, or the Fén dialect*

—whose eyes (to put it politely) “have their little points of difference”—are warned, now and henceforth, to take up honesty as the best policy. Winchester and Fareham will do little to spare ’em should they be once caught tripping. On the contrary, the best that they can hope for after having been “taken to the place of execution,” etc. etc. etc., is that some Novelist to come will “have mercy on their bodies,” by Daguerreotyping every wart, and squint, and halting step, by setting down all their “aspirated h—s,” their v—s for w—s, every twitch of temper, every chill of conscience, every grimace of grief, in some finely-spun paragraph,—drawing out the picture, in order that good boys may know what malefactors and malefactoresses look like; in order that, when they see any one answering to the description, they may tie a tin kettle to his tail, and, crying “*Mad Dog!*” indulge themselves with a day’s sport *gratis*, while they benefit Society by ridding it of vermin!

We have of late come to shrink from mixing Play and Justice :—the Drop and the Assize Ball-Room : to think seriously, not revengefully, of crime,—reverentially, not superstitiously, of Life and Death. I shall not soon forget how I was reminded of the difference in these matters, between France and England, by an anecdote which we owe to a lively little French Lady, who spent a winter in Halcyon Row ; as pretty and gay a humming bird as one could see : though bringing much trouble into our quiet failies, by her strange manner of dressing. She had teased her husband, who was a merchant, to take her to Algiers, some years since : having a fancy “to see something of the war” (like —, who the other morning stepped over to Ireland *to see the famine*). She was received there with great attention, and lodged in the house of the then Commandant. The main object of her journey was a failure. Just then there were no tribes to be choked, like wild beasts in their hill dens ; no chaces of Abd-el-Kader, in which a Parisian—like all Parisians a bad rider—could partake. But she was treated to charming balls and *soirées* ; encouraged to ask for half of *M. le Commandant’s* kingdom, and presented with all manner of “ravishing” country stuffs. Getting up, however, one morning, she was struck with an unwonted stir and fight in the square beneath her window. Odd preparations disturbed her while arranging her “Alsatian plats,” and on sending out her maid to inquire what was going to be done for her entertainment, she was cheered by the tidings of an event promising “a sensation.” An Arab

was to be executed, there and then, for some flagrant crime. Well, the nerves of the woman belied the training of the Parisian Lioness. Madame — screamed, turned sick, “*must* speak with M. le Commandant that very instant!” and as peremptorily as her sister Spirit, when she informed her milliner that “she *must* have her *embonpoint* put somewhere else,” acquainted her host “that she had not come to Algiers to see such nasty sights, and would not put up with this one!” “*Mais Madame,*” began that officer, who saw little in the horror, and less in the violent death—much in the discipline; but Madame — is not a woman to be satisfied with any man’s “*Mais...*” “No; she would go home that very hour! She would die on the spot; yes, die, if the poor creature was not pardoned....” “Why, then, of course, if she really made a point of it, he should be pardoned,” was the reply; and the Commandant vanished. In ten minutes, “ere she had her gown on” (at this part our Ladies were always scandalised), her host re-entered her room: at his heels came a gingerbread-coloured savage, some six feet high, who was desired to kiss the Lady’s feet, and thank her for his life. And Madame — told in triumph how this huge native, during the remainder of her stay in Africa, constituted himself her body-guard; would couch without the threshold of her chamber like a dog; trot reverentially after her vehicle in the streets,—how he followed her aboard the steamer when she left the place, to worship her for the last time! “I dare say,” she used laughingly to add, by way of winding up the story, “that so soon as we were out of sight, M — had the poor fellow’s head off! He had a taste for executions.”

“How French the whole story is,” used Miss Le Grand to say: enraged when I as perpetually asked whether she had so much as moved a finger to beg off the deaf and dumb child who stole “her best blue muslin” from the clothes-lines! I doubt there was jealousy of the French Lady, in her indignation: from the zeal with which she took up Madame Laffarge’s enlargement. To expect her to separate the Wisdom from the Folly in the story, would have been too ambitious: since others will read it without seeing, till it be shown them, the fearful want of principle it illustrates—will not think, till prompted, of the less guilty Arabs brought to the shambles, when no pretty woman was brushing her hair in M. le Commandant’s window! For assuredly, from fantastic forgiveness, the Pendulum of Injustice is naturally given to recoil to fantastic severity. The *leniency* must be set off by an example “to keep the balance

true." And thus Madame Laffarge's "bracelets," so to say, may be compensated by handcuffs on some unfortunate female, who has less talent, tact, and taste, and is under sentence for lighter guilt than still lies unremoved from her head!—while Winchester and Fareham may be shortly compelled to assert their principles in hunting out some evil-doer, if they don't mean to sit under the sentence of Southampton and Gosport, "for breaking down every barrier, and showing no difference betwixt Innocence and Guilt."

Well: good cometh out of evil! and if from the premiums offered to accomplished Vice, we get homely Virtue, the matter will in some measure right itself. But, till every ugly woman who cannot get up "an Alsatian plat" is convinced that poisoning is a dangerous line to take; till female guests in country houses will not commence predatory operations before Mr. Bochsa (their harp master) is paid off, I must put in a word for the ragged, and those not by Nature made plausible: for Crime in Ignorance and Passion that has never known a rein;—for worsted Miss Smiths, who cannot write pamphlets to prove their anonymous letters innocent and natural, and the gay Lotharios whose Coronets they so wished to wear, *insane*;—for the famine-bitten, whose spoil is merely a loaf;—for the "brand-ash-er" of pokers, who has never learned at school, that when, instead of going to the alehouse, he comes home after his day of hard work, Christianity compels him to bear, like an Angel, with the maundering of the wife, and the meddling of the wife's friend! In the meantime, if we cannot as yet by Act of Parliament do away with ignorance or hereditary corruption, do not let us expend all our love and watchfulness on those fortified by nature and grace against every incentive to vice; whom wantonness, not want, seduceth. Do not let us give the sour and puritanical such a good handle against all that is bewitching and refined and luxurious; as by showing that it can blind us into a cruel connivance at injustice to the "desolate and oppressed." Do not let us swell the procession that follows the triumphal car of Craft. The days are gone when "the Queen of France had no legs;"—when on occasion of the Baronet's wife going to be "churched," the *Parson Adams* of the parish thought it only due to her dignity to read the service thus:—"O Lord! save this Lady thy servant;" and the Clerk fervently to reply, "Who putteth her Ladyship's trust in thee!" Should we not then be ashamed of the rags of that silly old spirit which are left? Who has not been sickened by the wondrous

biography of the jolly Actress made a Duchess, wherein it was proved, that that "singular christian woman" never gave a breakfast at Prickle Place (with the Opera dancers to make her syllabub under the cow), nor a Ball in Prattle Street, May Fair, without having her Bible in her pocket?—What Lancashire man has forgotten how a very careless introduction from a skittish Peer and Lawgiver was so eagerly swallowed by a whole town, as to blind the most formal circle of Mrs. Grundys which England contains to the "*Pollyhood*" (as Walpole called it) of the Lady introduced?—But with these follies, not to say sycophancies, I would not meddle, did not graver disproportions and injustices belong to the family:—did we not hear of law authorities being "clasped round" by bracelets worn in a prison bed; of Winchester and Fareham in agonies at the idea of the Star of picnics, and the Pride of archery meetings sharing the fate of some huckaback Moll or Bet, who, so far from having enjoyed her "five quarters," has never been taught her Ten Commandments. It is a cant to represent crime as interesting; but it is a cruelty to withhold from those who are criminal with nothing to propitiate sympathy, the helping hand we give to the *confidante* of a Parisian marriage-brokeress, or to the Thief of good education, good family, and good surroundings. So long as we do this, I see not how we can take up our parable against the bribery of the Orientals; against the compensation doctrine of the Papists; or the *Lettre de Cachet* of a frivolous King's Mistress; or the knout and Siberia, as decreed by a Queen's Favourite—the Potemkin or Schouvaloff of his hour!

HOW AGNES WORRAL WAS TAUGHT TO BE RESPECTABLE.

"SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AGNES LED WITH THE TWO OLD LADIES TO WHOM SHE WAS SENT TO LEARN PROPER BEHAVIOUR."

WHEN Agnes went up stairs to bed the first night of her arrival at the house of the "two cross old ladies" aforesaid, a sense of dreariness and sickness of heart came over her, such as she had never known. For the first time she realised that she had been *sent away from the only relatives she had*, and that they had cast

her off; and there was no one else in the whole world who cared for her, or took any thought of her; that as she sat there in that chill prim little room, with its white sloping ceiling and narrow strip of threadbare carpet round the bed, miserable as she was, there was no prospect of anything brighter or better, that she belonged to nobody, and had been sent like a piece of lumber up into a garret to be out of everybody's way. Till now she had never paid much attention to all she had been daily told of her father's disgrace; but this night it came upon her heart, and crushed out all hopefulness or self-respect that lurked there. She was miserable and desolate, and in disgrace herself—a sense of guiltiness, for she could hardly tell what was added to all the rest, and she sat down upon her still corded box and wept bitterly; she had known little but sharp, hasty speeches—she had always been kept in a constant state of reproof, but henceforth she would not even have that—there was *no one* in the world to whom even in thought she might stretch out her arms, or address herself. Her long bright hair had fallen down, and her tears streamed like shining beads down the tresses that lay over her bosom; but her candle began to burn low and quiver in the socket, and hastily starting up she began to try at the cords that fastened her trunk, but before she had disengaged them, she was left in total darkness. By this time she was thoroughly chilled, and partially undressing herself, she found her way shivering to the hard bed, with its scanty white hangings, that stood in one corner. It was long before she fell asleep, and the two old ladies had finished their “family worship,” and were sitting in grim and astonished impatience before the shining teapot, which seemed to have caught an indescribable likeness to its owners. At length the door opened, and poor Agnes, with swelled eyes and pale face, entered. She was fully alive to the solecism she had committed against the domestic *convenances*, and began an apology, which was listened to as if it were quite needed.

“This time it does not much signify,” said the elder; “but another morning I hope you will not be absent from family prayers, it is such a bad example to the servants.”

After breakfast Agnes went up stairs to unpack; and as she placed her company dresses in the prim chest of drawers lined with newspaper, she felt much as one might fancy an unfortunate soul which has fallen under the displeasure of a magician, and been shut up in a stone jar. All her faults and faculties were

closely bound round her, but they were of no use ; she could not move in the numbing atmosphere of all-pervading dullness. The tears she had shed over night had relieved the miserable state of depression ; she only felt now very dull and hopeless, still she determined to try her best " to be a good girl," as nurse-maids phrase it, and to like the old ladies, if they would let her. She had a thoroughly affectionate nature, which was nearly starved out of her by the great dearth she had found of persons who would let her love them. She descended to the sitting-room, where the two ladies were engaged on a large piece of what they called "*plain sewing*," and Agnes took a seat at the work-table, and, like the "Curly Locks" of the nursery rhyme, began to "sew up a seam." It was an extremely neat room, but without one particle of taste visible in the arrangement of the grave prim furniture which was of an ugly and very old fashion.

A bookcase, filled with books of uniform size and binding, stood in a recess by the fire-place ; but they were all books nobody would ever want to read ; a long History of England, in many volumes, filled one shelf ; and a Cyclopædia, of every possible and impossible thing, filled the shelf beneath. There seem some books which have been written solely with a view to their being impounded in a bookcase, that it may be said that "no gentleman's library is *complete* without them." The genius of dullness seemed the presiding Lares of this asylum for books hard to be read ; there was a Dictionary, and Fordyce's Sermons to Young Men, also to Young Women ; a number of small Magazines, long defunct, bound according to their years ; but there was not a single book any one would take up and say, "Oh, I wanted to see this." There was no chance of finding anything unexpectedly ; it was a bookcase without any hope, everything stood stiff and declared in its appointed place, visible at a glance through the glazed doors. A print of the Princess Charlotte, and another of her husband, hung against one of the walls ; some ornaments of old-fashioned Dresden china ; little Cupids, with blue scarfs and pots of roses, were marshalled at equal distances on each side of a plain time-piece ; the chairs stood in their lawful places against the wall, but none of them seemed to have been invented for being comfortable ; a table, covered with a perfectly clean, but rather faded checked red table-cloth stood in the centre of the room, with a blotting-book and inkstand upon it—but no books were lying about. A

work-table was placed under the window which looked into the still grass-grown street—and at this table the three ladies were seated at their work. “Plain sewing” is by no means a stimulating employment, and requires to be flavoured with either scandal or scolding; poor Agnes, a pretty, giddy young thing—lying under a cloud—sent to them to be taught to conduct herself discreetly, was too tempting a victim not to be subjected to all *les peines fortes et dures* of all the lectures and systems of propriety and morality two old ladies of the very best starch could apply. But first, we had better describe Agnes’ new guardians.—The elder lady was a composed grave matron, with a pair of large round black eyes, that looked as if they could never shut, but saw everything and had the peculiar faculty of giving no sort of indication of what was passing within—she never seemed to be either vexed or pleased, but kept up a precise, steady, scrutinising manner, as if she were a secret emissary from Rhadamanthus, and was treasuring up verdicts at the bottom of her soul for his instruction when she returned; she passed for being a miracle of sense and strong understanding on the strength of seeming entirely unimpressible by anything she saw, heard, or understood. Those sort of people drive one to desperation; one may break one’s heart in the effort to get some sort of demonstration out of them, but all in vain; there they sit in stony and petrified superiority to all the vitality going on around them. This was aunt Priscilla, a very composed and *consolate* widow of many years’ standing; indeed, *who* the Mr. Priscilla had been, whose courage had encountered such a concentrated essence of feminine virtue, was only dimly known—it had been too much for his constitution, for he had been dead so long that nobody confessed to having seen him; she was dressed with scrupulous exactness in black silk and a net cap trimmed with lilac ribbon. Aunt Gertrude, the younger, was a round-faced, rosy, and *tant soit peu* jovial-looking dame, of about forty—she would have been good-natured looking had it not been for a suppressed malicious look in the eyes, which had the habit of lighting up with glee at the first word of gossip or scandal; she had a cat-like way of coaxing unwary victims to lay themselves open to her sympathy, which, so soon as they departed, hardened into a pitiless probe to manifest the length and depth of their short comings. There was something almost cordial in the genuine zest with which she told a tale of scandal. Her scandalous revelations had an air of friendly confidence which was

almost touching; so long as you were not the victim of them. She was a first-rate housekeeper, and very fond of giving maternal advice to young inexperienced married women, who found themselves unable to fight with sulky housemaids and rebellious cooks; but woe and double woe to the hapless confiding one who came to pour out her grievances and entreat her counsel, such reports were instantly afloat about her waste, extravagance, bad management, and matrimonial quarrels, that even the art of keeping down "the inflammation of the weekly bills" was too dearly learned—still she was not a bad woman, she only had more energy than she knew what to do with, and had an absolute need of some sort of excitement. She had never been married and was now quite resigned to her state of single blessedness, and found her solace in making and breaking matches for all her acquaintance. She was dressed in a large shawl-pattern gown, with a cap that looked altogether impossible, its component parts were so complicated.

Agnes stitched away in a subdued frame of mind, without venturing to begin a conversation.

"Are you fond of needlework?" asked aunt Priscilla, in her clear inflexible voice.

"Sometimes—but not particularly," answered Agnes; "it is so dull sewing when one is by one's-self."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Priscilla, "I must say I think one of the worst features in the present day, is the increasing distaste of young women for rational and useful employment. In you, Agnes, it is particularly unbecoming—what have you to expect all your life? If you marry, and become the mistress of a family, which is what all young women look forward to, you will find yourself woefully deficient. A woman has only a domestic life to expect, few are intended to be authoresses, and therefore it is my opinion, that the excessive devotion to books and accomplishments which is cultivated in their education, is a highly undesirable method of forming rational young women; it only makes them idle and irregular in their habits, and gives them no real strength of mind."

"Yes," said Miss Gertrude, "I must say I think you are right—you show your usual sense—young girls marry, and know no more of housekeeping than their cat. There's Mrs. Godwin,—poor young thing—she came down the other day with tears in her eyes, to ask my advice how she was to manage with her cook who will never let her go into the pantry, and who used only last

week seven pounds and a half of fresh butter, and they only four in family altogether, and no company—and the waste in candles and butcher's meat is frightful; only fancy her asking me if I thought eight and twenty pounds of meat too much to go in a week! But then,—as I told her,—she should look after things herself, instead of sitting reading in the parlour. She told me she always knocked at the kitchen door before she goes in! Goodness gracious! only to think of such poor things put at the head of a family,—no wonder men get ruined. I should not be surprised, mark my words, if Mr. Godwin takes to drinking, all through the extravagance of his wife. She told me how ill-tempered he was at the bill from Markland's for vegetables and poultry; only fancy, she had gone and bought asparagus when it was six shillings a hundred, ordered enough for them in the kitchen as well, because she felt awkward at having nice things cooked for the parlour alone."

"Ah!" said aunt Priscilla, "she thinks of nothing but dressing herself and trying to write poetry."

"What a very flighty young woman that Miss Barker is," cried aunt Gertrude, looking through the blind, "she is always walking out, and she actually came inside the stage all the way from Barnett along with a young officer, who got in a few miles this side of the town, and got out again just before the coach came to the stopping place—he got in for no good, I'll be bound; there was something very mysterious about the whole thing—there he asked about lodgings; but I'll get to the bottom of it."

"See, see, sister," cried Priscilla, "Mr. and Mrs. Butler are coming to call—they are crossing the street—how infirm she walks! I should not wonder if they come to ask us to tea."

A ring at the bell occurred at this moment, and an old lady and elderly gentleman were ushered in; they were received with open arms by the two aunts, for they were opposite neighbours, and a source of constant interest and excitement to each other.

The arrival of Agnes the day before had been an event fraught with interest to them, and they had had a lively altercation as to whether Agnes wore a cloak or a scarf; and their visit this morning was entirely to see Agnes, and hear all they could learn respecting her.

"Well, and so you have got your pretty niece at last! I said to Simon this morning at breakfast, we will just pop over and ask her to come in with her aunts to-night; it will be more friendly

than just leaving her to be brought by them, as if she were a work-bag or a lap-dog."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, young lady," said the pompous old gentleman, bowing till the little brown bob-wig which he wore nearly touched the buckles of his black small-clothes, which he persisted in wearing, because he believed he still preserved a leg which to put in trousers would be ingratitude to Providence, and hiding his light under a bushel, which he held the most deadly of all the sins. He was nearly seventy, but spare and erect, and full of a deadly lively vivacity, which was terribly oppressive. He prided himself on being still as active as a young man: this sort of well-preserved vitality is more wearisome, and far more painful to behold, than the natural decay of humanity; it is like nothing natural—the graces of childhood petrified into a caricature. He was very irritable and impatient, and snapped his meek little wife at every turn. Agnes was duly introduced, and the usual questions asked and answered. At last, after a desultory chat, when the old lady (Mrs. Butler) had ascertained beyond a doubt that the gown of Agnes was made of French merino, and that the buttons down the front were steel, and not glass; she felt her mind set at ease, and rose to go. "My dear, my dear," cried the old man, "you are so giddy; have you recollected to invite Miss Agnes for this evening, when we shall have the honour of making a small refecton to welcome her amongst us, and to introduce her to several of our worthy neighbours."

Mrs. Butler shook hands with Agnes, and quietly told her she should be glad to see her, and then they departed.

"So! we are to have supper to-night," said aunt Gertrude: "I wonder what they will give us. No doubt they have received their annual barrel of oysters from London, and we are invited to help to eat them."

The two opposite families generally spent an evening a week at each other's house to play at whist; but supper afterwards, was only to celebrate high and solemn occasions. Tea at six, dry biscuits and a glass of wine at nine o'clock, was the ordinary arrangement. This, with evening lectures on two other evenings, which they never missed, and a tea-drinking and gossip once a week at a sewing meeting which was held alternately at the house of half-a-dozen members, who had formed themselves into a charity for doing the poor people of the town, formed the circle of the amusements and recreations that awaited Agnes. The

evening, however, Agnes was not destined to eat the oysters, for just as she and her aunts were putting on their shawls and bonnets and clogs, to cross the street, a red-haired girl—the little servant-maid of Mrs. Butler—was seen rushing to the door; a frantic ring was heard, and a gasping entreaty that Miss Gertrude would “come over directly, as missus was took in a fit, what they call a *paralarsa* stroke!” This “stroke” was the occasion of a great change to the Butler establishment, and had much to do with the future lot of Agnes. Strange that the fate of a woman she had not seen till that morning, should influence the fortunes of Agnes; but are we not all living in a kaleidoscope, and the least touch suffices to change the combinations.

Aunt Gertrude lost no time in obeying the frantic summons of Mrs. Butler’s little red-haired servant, but trotted across the road as quickly as a pair of fractured clogs would allow, followed more slowly by her sister, Priscilla, whom even this exciting event had not moved from her stoical superiority. The door had been left open for them, and they entered at once into the little stuffy, oddly-shaped sitting-room, full of family relics and family rubbish, such as a succeeding generation with remorseless irreverence banishes from the parlour to the second best bed-room, and thence again to the attics, and finally to its last home in the lumber room. The poor old lady was sitting in her accustomed arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, with her face drawn frightfully awry, and seemingly quite insensible to all around her. Her husband, in a condition of helpless excitement, was alternately sitting down on his own arm-chair, on the opposite side, and jumping up again utterly unable to understand what had occurred. As she entered, Aunt Gertrude heard him saying, in a querulous, half-pitiful, half-angry tone, “Dear, dear, dear, this is very distressing! I entreat you, Mrs. B., to tell me what you would wish to be done?—but if you look in that ridiculous way, and refuse to speak, how *am* I to know—I am sure I wish to do all I can for you. Shall I put some more coals on the fire? Your hands are quite starved. Dear, dear, I wish somebody would come!”

By way of doing something, he attempted to lift the copper coal-scuttle, but in his agitation he dropped it, and all its contents fell with a distracting crash amongst the bright fire-irons and over the hearth-rug. This completely overcame him; he sat down once more, and began to cry pitifully, without perceiving his two neighbours, who were now standing over poor Mrs. Butler, and

trying to rouse her to speak to them. Luckily, at this moment, the surgeon was seen to pass by the window, and was called in: old Mr. Butler had been too distracted to think of anything so practical as sending for him. The old lady was removed up stairs, and proper remedies applied. Aunt Gertrude, who did not want for good-nature in her way, volunteered to sit up with her whilst Agnes was sent over to make herself useful. Their cares were not long needed; a second stroke followed during the night, and the poor old lady died the next day about the hour she had been first seized.

The arrangement of the funeral, which devolved entirely upon them, consoled much the two good ladies for the loss of their old friend. It is quite astonishing the comfort there is in mourning. No woman ever felt altogether wretched when she was to legislate for a new dress. The two aunts found it a very pleasant excitement to talk of the sudden death of their poor dear friend, and the dreadful loss it would be to them. However, the excitement gave to rather a painful height, when Mr. Butler also drooped and died. Agnes had just begun to hope that her last crape frill had been finished, and that no more "reviving" was needed for aunt Priscilla's black, lute-string gown, or aunt Gertrude's taphet, which were respectively to be worn to save the handsome mourning that Mr. Butler had presented to them, when news came over one morning that the master was very bad indeed. The doctor declared that nothing ailed the old gentleman—still the old gentleman died. He had found every thing and every body so new and strange after the death of his wife—he had felt like a lonely child amongst strangers—he missed her whom for fifty years he had been accustomed to scold, and worry, and feel gently superior to—he pined away, and, in less than three weeks, he had rejoined his meek, faithful old wife in the family grave. All this sickness, and death, and funeral business, to say nothing of the awful amount of stitching, and remodelling of ancient dresses that had fallen to her lot, was quite enough to damp the spirits of a lively young thing like Agnes; she, like the wisest amongst us, could only see what was before her eyes, and did not dream of the Pandora's box just opened for her by the death of old Mr. and Mrs. Butler.

In the afternoon of the day of Mr. Butler's funeral, a travelling carriage, with four post-horses, all covered with mud, as from a long journey through bad roads, drove rapidly up and stopped at

the door of Mr. Butler's house; a tall, ungainly, clumsy-looking man alighted, and after a short, and, as it would seem, impatient colloquy with the charwoman, who had been left in charge of the house, the stranger re-entered the carriage, which immediately drove off.

Aunt Gertrude was in the very act of lamenting the unaccountable absence of Mr. Butler's nephew from the funeral, when the carriage appeared, and suspended her tirade, whilst she cautiously looked over the blind to see what was going to happen.

"That will be Mr. Butler's nephew," said she. "What a low mechanical-looking fellow he is! No wonder Mr. B., who was quite the gentleman, and of an old country family, would never have anything to do with him."

"If he be married, his wife will come in for that set of garnets and pearls," said Mrs. Priscilla, with a gentle yearning after a legacy. "But, Agnes, child, what are you looking at? It is not becoming in young girls to be seen staring out of the window—for old women, like your aunt and myself, it does not so much matter."

The stranger actually turned out to be the aforesaid nephew of Mr. Butler, but he had also a name of his own; he was called Emanuel Wilkinson, and was more extensively known by that than by the more respectable, though obscure fact, that he had the worthy Mr. Butler, deceased, for an uncle.

He was Mr. Butler's heir, and remained two days in town to arrange about the property. The three ladies were sitting as usual at work before the window, when a ring was heard, and shortly after Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson was announced. He had called to thank the aunts for their attention to his relatives, and also to beg their acceptance of a few trinkets belonging to his aunt—the pearl and garnet were not included. Agnes was sitting in her usual place when he entered; she had looked extremely pretty in her half-mourning dress, high to the throat, and small cambric collar, whilst her shining golden hair fell in clustering curls over her work. She had always been accustomed to genteel, still-life society, and naturally thought Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson, with his loud peremptory voice and broad coarse accent, a most vulgar, unbearable person, and wondered how her aunts would condescend to speak to him. He was, besides, very ugly; his short black stiff hair stood up from his forehead; his sallow face was deeply marked with the small-pox; his thick lips and large

mouth showed his unsightly teeth whenever he spoke ; he did not seem to know what to do with his large bony hands ; his feet, which were still more clumsy, were displayed in more than all their legitimate space of ugliness by the strapless trousers, which had worked themselves half way up the boots. With all this, however, there was a look of shrewd good humour about his eyes, which Agnes did not perceive, but sat still, taking a disgust, such as only young girls can take. It was unpleasant to her to remain in the room with him. Her handkerchief fell, and he picked it up with awkward gallantry ; she could not bear to touch it, and left the room to look for another. She sat, of course, in perfect silence, and had her disdain entirely for her own benefit, as nobody thought her of sufficient consequence to make any interpretation of it. Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson, on his side, sat getting desperately smitten ; he thought her the prettiest and best-mannered young lady he had ever seen ; he prolonged his visit to an unconscionable length ; but as he was telling the two ladies all his plans with respect to his uncle's property, how he should build a mill, and make the fine water power in the meadow of better use than grazing a parcel of cattle, but to which his uncle would never consent, and that he should most likely build himself a handsome house, as he liked the thought of residing on his own property now that he was a landed proprietor ; — Mrs. Priscilla and Mrs. Gertrude listened reverently to these details, which would make them oracles to the whole town. At length Mrs. Gertrude ventured to inquire what he had done with the house opposite ; they felt more interest in what their next neighbours were likely to be, than in all the new mills ever built.

" Oh ! " replied Mr. Wilkinson, " nothing could have happened more fortunately. A very decent woman, one who has seen better days, has applied to me, and will take the house as it stands, fixtures and all. She wants to take lodgers ; so if you ladies can befriend her I shall take it as a compliment, for of course being my tenant, I wish her well. She comes a stranger to the town ; she seems a very inoffensive, quiet lady, and I let her have the house a bargain, for the things would have fetched nothing at a sale."

He now rose to take his leave, shook hands with the old ladies, and promised to come and see them again. As he passed Agnes he stood half confused, and offered his hand, which she did not dare to refuse ; but the instant he was gone she rushed up stairs, washed it, and then deluged it with *Eau de Cologne*, to dissipate

the shuddering disgust she felt. She thought of Mr. Wilkinson with a species of fright she could not account for, for he was nothing to her, though, to be sure, her aunts discussed nothing else the rest of the day, except Mr. Wilkinson and his plans.

Weeks passed along, and the monotonous life Agnes led with her aunts received no break. It was not the absence of visits and gaiety which made its monotony, but the entire absence of all objects worth the interest of a rational soul ; nothing to stimulate the intellect, or to cultivate the affections. Their life was an arid waste ; everybody was occupied in little details of household management ; dress, tittle-tattle, the narrow course of their *personal* interest engrossed them. News,—no one read even a newspaper, except the “ County Journal,” and then no one (in Agnes’ circle, at least) dreamed of reading even the abridged and diluted accounts of public events ; nothing beyond the “ local intelligence,” and the births, and deaths, and marriages. They were all highly-respectable people, who would have been shocked to death at any immorality, and have excommunicated any expression of opinion showing sympathy or tolerance for any one convicted of the smallest sin against the due and solemn routine of thoughts, words, and deeds, to which they were dedicated, as horses to a mill. They had no internal vitality to stimulate the torpor of their souls, and therefore greedily sought, by observations and criticisms, after every word and action of their neighbours, to keep themselves amused. It was like drinking drams on small-beer ;—very temperate and unstimulating beverage, amounting almost to teetotalism ;—but then they could not get anything better ; so nothing but the *principle* was given in, and they could only understand what came out in *actions*. The men were little better as regarded the amount of vitality and rational worth of their existence. They were principally country gentlemen on a genteel competence, and professional men ; for there were no manufactures to contaminate the gentility of the neighbourhood, which was an agricultural district. They were all high Tories, and talked of their own topics amongst themselves ; the women never joined, and there was an entirely different style and manner when they for a few moments looked away from their own talk, and addressed “ the ladies.” There was a subterraneous feeling of contempt, or at least indifference, to the judgment and opinions of women ; they were looked on as something altogether apart, and not admitted to equality of intercourse. This was never expressed in so many words, but it was a feeling that showed

itself in a thousand ways. It was a refined and ameliorated version of the Indian wives, who may not sit at table with the men. They were very rigid in their notions of what is proper in women, as all coarse-minded men are, which also marks all states of imperfect mental cultivation. They suspected evil on the slightest appearance, and had an instinct for putting a coarse construction on the most needless actions; in fact, the belief that all women would be bad if they might, seemed branded into their souls too deeply to come out in *words*; it only tinged every thought and feeling with regard to women, who were held by them in a state of *moral serfdom*. This it was that lay at the root of the dull, soulless inanity of the women; their apathy to all that was high and generous. No wonder their human nature stagnated in such an atmosphere, and was unable to animate their domestic life with higher and worthier sentiments.

Women are always a generation behind men in their modes of thought; and the men it is who must begin to have higher and nobler aspirations for women, before women can break through the dull thick indifference under which so many noble and delicate faculties, such high-minded devotedness and singleness of heart, lie crushed down; as it is, they act and re-act on each other: men are afraid of women becoming less agreeable, less useful to *them*—lest they should become less relative in their existence, lead their own lives for their own soul's sake, and not with an eye to the pleasure and taste of men alone; they are afraid of them being too strong, and therefore tolerate nothing but the reflex of their own minds and opinions, reproduced and exaggerated; they get nothing *fresh* in their intercourse with women; it is breathing over and over again the same mental atmosphere, and humanity is kept below its legitimate level. So long as women receive all their light through the refracting medium of the opinions of their brothers, and lovers, and husbands, they will never attain either wisdom or insight, and they will seem to justify the contemptuous speech we once heard from a clever man, which was, that "he never in his life heard a woman speak sense for five minutes out of her own head." Clever women are generally signal failures—they do not receive what they are told with undigesting meekness—they have too much activity in their own mind for that, and change and twist what instruction falls to their lot, into very fantastic results—the error that works the *mistake* does not lie on the surface; and the faculty to educe

wisdom and clearness lies still deeper, and has never yet been worked out.

If the *tone* of female aspirations were raised, if they were incited to be noble and fearless in heart, they would be every bit as *respectable* as they are now, or as Dr. Gregory himself could desire; for what is "respectability" but a leaden image of the pure and noble instincts, which ought to have their dwelling-place in the heart of man? An attempt like that of heathen savages to represent by their mis-shapen idol, THAT which must dwell like fire from heaven in the deep heart of man, before it can sustain a human soul in the wearing perilous toil of life?

The stimulus of "respectability" fails in the passionate emergence of REALITY. What a mockery is an appeal to the "respectability of the thing," made to one who is standing face to face with a great trial, as if RESPECTABILITY could swallow up TEMPTATION! No, it needs a mightier deity than this to control and direct a life.

But we are putting the MORAL of our story in the middle, instead of the end—a terrible solecism in the established etiquette of such things! A digression is always tempting to him who makes it; it looks like a sort of small inspiration; one follows it in the hope of finding something not promised in the programme. But now to return to Agnes. At the end of six weeks after the house had been painted and papered, and beautified throughout, the new tenant arrived and took possession. She was a quiet, meek little woman, who evidently had, as Mr. Wilkinson surmised, "seen better days," and much trouble and care also. The two ladies made an early call upon her; aunt Gertrude made many bustling and patronising offers of good-will and assistance; Mrs. Priscilla was mildly sententious, and they both returned home, declaring her a very respectable woman, who knew her position, and whom they were determined to notice. Then came the wonder and the question asked of each other a dozen times a day, "Who *would* be the lodger?" Time solves every perplexity, if he be only left alone; and in less than a month two lodgers were installed in the house opposite—one was a little, thin, wiry old maid, who had come to the town to give lessons in painting on velvet, and making wax flowers; she had the front parlour and the second floor bed-room. In the drawing-room was a young man of about eight-and-twenty or thirty. What *he* came for nobody could exactly tell; he made excursions into the neighbourhood,

and was away two or three days together; he painted water-colour landscapes, drew plans, read books, and received a great many letters; he was very good-looking, and very gentlemanly in his address. The two aunts made his acquaintance on the same day that they went over to view the display of wax flowers and painted velvet in the front parlour; and so well were they pleased, that the whole party were invited over to tea that very afternoon, in something more like an impulse of enthusiasm than had deranged the steady current of their lives for years. The aunts were also taken with a desire to be the *first* who had a bouquet of wax flowers under a glass shade in the window recess of their drawing-room, and also to have a pair of ottomans and a screen of painted velvet. To accomplish such dazzling results, it was decreed that Agnes should go over and take lessons in these occult arts. Agnes was thankful for anything that took her away from the everlasting sewing that went on every day from nine o'clock till three, and attended her lessons with great zeal. The drawing-room lodger often came down to have a chat. He lent her books and showed his drawings, and told her she might have any she liked to copy. There was a great force of romance smouldering down in the heart of Agnes, the least grain of sentiment thrown in would have brought a hundredfold in return; but the drawing-room lodger did *not* throw in the grain, and the heart of poor Agnes was destined to lie fallow. Amongst other works she brought from his bookcase a volume of plays, which she was obliged to read by stealth, as her aunts would not have tolerated such "perilous reading." This revived all her old longing for the stage. She got up in the middle of the night to act scenes from "Pizarro" and the "Castle of St. Aldobrand." She built castles in the air, of which she was the heroine; dreamed of the world, and all the shining gaieties of balls, theatres, carriages, and elegant dresses.

In the midst of all this, Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson came to lay the foundation of his mill; he was now constantly backwards and forwards, and spent every evening with the two old ladies. Agnes, by dint of dreaming constantly of her castles and her novels, continued to abstract herself pretty much from all that was going on, but her detestation of Mr. Emanuel had not in the least subsided; and it must be confessed nothing could be more unlike the heroes and angels of her imagination,—she had not the least idea of the *impression* she had made on the tough heart of that worthy man.

Her astonishment was extreme, when one morning as she was preparing to go to her wax-flower lesson, Mrs. Priscilla, with a prim smile of satisfaction playing round her mouth in spite of herself, desired her to remain at home as she had something to communicate to her. Agnes sat down in placid wonder; it had been so long since she had heard anything pleasant or amusing that it never struck her to hope. Mrs. Priscilla began in a clever calm tone. "Though I do not think it desirable that young women should have their minds filled with idle notions of suitors and marriage, yet when a girl is modest, well-mannered and pleasing in her appearance, it is not surprising if she attract the notice of the other sex—it is a thing she may reasonably look for—and it is the highest and most gratifying tribute a virtuous woman can receive, and she is doubly fortunate, when her admirer is a man of sense and character, one able to confer upon her a respectable position in the eyes of the world. For a girl in your unfortunate family circumstances, the protection of a sensible worthy man is more than usually desirable; and therefore it is with great satisfaction I inform you that Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson desires to make you an offer of his hand, and he has most honourably and properly communicated in the first instance with my sister, and we both join in our best approbation, and consider it a singularly fortunate event for you—of course you have no frivolous young-lady objections to offer, and therefore we shall give Mr. Wilkinson an opportunity of pleading his own suit to-morrow afternoon—I make no doubt you will receive him as a delicate-minded female ought to do. You will not seem too much elated by the compliment, a woman must always keep up her dignity in the eyes of the other sex, and not allow them to perceive the interest they may have secured within her bosom,—modest, retiring, and cold, ought to be the bearing of a young woman listening to her suitor."

"Agnes, child! what is the matter," said Mrs. Gertrude; "are you ill?"

"No," said Agnes, faintly; "but Mr. Wilkinson is so *very* ugly."

"A modest and truly delicate-minded woman never allows herself an expression on the beauty of her lover," replied Mrs. Priscilla, sententiously; "and beauty is a very frivolous thing beside the sterling and respectable qualities of Mr. Wilkinson."

"But," said Agnes, desperately, "he is very disagreeable, and after I married him I should be sure to see somebody I could have liked better, and then I could never be happy with him."

"My dear Agnes, let me never have such a shocking speech again. What would any gentleman think who had heard you! When a woman is married, it is her duty to love her husband more than any one else in the world, and no English maiden would even dream of doing otherwise,—she must be of an unhappy and depraved turn of mind if such an idea as that entered her head for one moment. She would no more think of getting tired of her husband than of her own father or brother."

"Yes, but," said Agnes, "one is supposed to take a husband from choice, and your relations you cannot help yourself about. And then," concluded she in a slightly heroic tone, "I do not love Mr. Wilkinson and never can——"

"I don't like to hear your head running on love," said Aunt Gertrude, "none but weak silly girls talk about it, and above all, never let a gentleman hear you—men do not like it—it looks forward and impudent."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Priscilla, "and let me tell you, although you may not believe me now, that however hot love may be at first, it all goes off fast enough, and at the end of six months you will only know from recollection whether you married for love or not; therefore, it is absolutely essential that your choice be made with prudence, and you allow yourself to be guided by those older and wiser than yourself."

"But why need I be married at all?" said Agnes.

"What else has a woman to look forwards to I should like to know?" said Mrs. Priscilla sharply. "A poor helpless forlorn creature she is, when left to herself—like a stray cat on a high road—unless she have some prudent, sensible man to take care of her. Very few women have your aunt Gertrude's strength of mind to make them respectable by themselves."

"You ought to be very grateful that such an opening is made for you," said aunt Gertrude, "for very few respectable men would like to marry a girl whose father was transported. I don't mean to reproach you with your misfortune, but to point out to you how desirable it is that you should not throw away such an eligible opportunity for making yourself respectable and independent, for no delicate-minded woman would wish to be

dependent, and a burden to her friends; and your unfortunate position will be a hindrance to you ever making your own way. However, you will think the matter over, and come to your senses by to-morrow, which will be time enough to return an answer."

Poor Agnes was no longer in a condition to listen to such sensible harangues. She was sobbing violently—she only heard her aunt's permission to withdraw, and left the room, and the kind-hearted housemaid found her a few minutes afterwards in strong hysterics.

"Dear heart, Miss Agnes, don't take on so; you will be doing yourself a mischief," said the housemaid, when she had administered such restoratives as first suggested themselves.

"And what is to become of me?" cried Agnes, wringing her hands; "I wish I were dead, I wish I had never been born! Oh why *did* my mother ever leave me behind her? How cruel she was to leave me with nobody to care for me, she little knows!"

"Dear Miss Agnes, don't talk in that way, but just tell me what is the matter?"—and she put her stout arms round Agnes, and seemed ready to cry for company; only that the prospect of a secret consoled her. Agnes told her all that had passed.

"Well to be sure! The old cats, that I should call them so! to think of going to marry such a pretty young lady as you to such an old fright! I would have nothing to say to him if I were you Miss,—just stand it out, they can't marry you against your consent, so just defy them. I would go out to service if I were you, before I would be made miserable for life, though I was to ride in my coach for it."

"But they will turn me out of doors," said Agnes, pitifully.

"Never mind, let them if they dare; all the town would cry shame, and if they marry you they won't bear it for you—take my advice, and just stand it out, and if they are stiff, show that you can be stout."

The step of Mrs. Priscilla was heard on the stairs, and her ally made a hasty retreat, leaving Agnes to encounter the fresh vials of her aunt's wisdom. At the sight of her, Agnes became so much agitated and excited, that Mrs. Priscilla was obliged to suspend her remonstrance, and ring the bell for the housemaid to undress her and lay her in bed. A few drops of laudanum were administered to compose her, and she was left to herself.

The next day, Agnes found herself in deep disgrace, and for days and weeks every species of tyranny and punishment were employed to conquer her "ridiculous obstinacy" as they called it; her aunt Mrs. Maitland wrote letters full of the most drying wisdom, extolling Mr. Emanuel Wilkinson to the skies, and entreating her "sweet niece" to recollect the disgrace of her father, and not to lose such an opportunity of settling herself, and restoring the credit of the family.

Letters came from her cousins, eloquent on the "advantages of making a good match," and assuring her that she was the most lucky girl in the world; but not a creature spoke to her of the duties and responsibilities that would be entailed on her: the respect for *those* was supposed to follow naturally and of itself in the wake of such a "respectable connection," and to be the legitimate consequence of her "respectable family education." Nothing was dwelt upon, except that she would have a "home of her own," that her husband would be rich, and would have everything she could wish for, and that she could have no *reasonable* objection to Mr. Wilkinson, a worthy, respectable, sensible man, who was doing her an honour by being attached to her. Agnes resisted obstinately for a while, but the daily worry of the continual dropping of sentences of worldly prudence, the absence of any one to sympathise with her, the dull vista of years of a whole life spent with relatives who wanted to get rid of her, the petty tormenting which was unmercifully exercised towards her, all conspired to break her spirit and make her desirous to get anywhere to be away. She was once or twice on the point of yielding, when a visit from Mr. Wilkinson, whom her aunts insisted upon her treating with civility, brought back her intolerable loathing, and reinforced her resolution.

One morning her aunt Gertrude, who was reading the newspaper, found an advertisement for a teacher in a Yorkshire school: she seemed struck with a bright idea. Laying down the paper, she said, turning to Agnes, in a persecuting tone, and with an accent of suppressed displeasure (although conscious that it was perfectly allowable); "Now Agnes, my sister and myself cannot put up with all this any longer: our lives are made miserable by your sullenness and obstinacy; if you persist in being blind to your own advantage, which is all we have in view, you must take your own way. You cannot blame us. *This is the last time we shall speak of it; some consideration is due to*

Mr. Wilkinson, take till to-morrow to consider what you will do. If you refuse him, then we must take some steps towards getting you a respectable situation in a school; here is an advertisement for a teacher, and in that case you shall apply for it. Now you may retire to your own room." Agnes slowly and sadly withdrew. In about an hour, her aunt Gertrude came quickly into her, with a small packet in her hand.

"See, Agnes," said she, in a more good-natured tone than she had used for weeks; "surely you are ruining the best prospects a girl in your position ever had, and all for the sake of a whim: look here, what Mr. Wilkinson desires our permission to present to you. His aunt's set of pearls and garnets all newly set, and looking fit for a countess; and this letter, too, so kind and proper."

Mr. Wilkinson had for once shown his tact. He had stayed away himself, and written a kind letter, hoping she would soon put an end to his suspense. It did the business. The next morning Agnes wrote under the inspection of her aunts a distinct acceptance of his proposals.

Every body now seemed to vie who should make the most of Agnes, and show her the most attention. She was going to be married, and to have a house and carriage of her own. Her aunt Maitland wrote that she must be married from their house, as they lived in better style than Mrs. Priscilla and aunt Gertrude, who were also invited to the wedding. Mr. Maitland presented her with a hundred pounds for her outfit; every body was delighted; and in the unwonted excitement of being made much of, and the pleasure of buying new dresses, Agnes grew half reconciled to the step she was taking, when Mr. Wilkinson was out of the way. The day came at last—there was no drawing back. Agnes was MARRIED, and Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Wilkinson drove off in a handsome chariot and four, with postilions in red jackets. They were to go to London and Paris, and Agnes was loaded with commissions for her cousins.

Here we will take leave of our heroine, as she is now a married woman, in a highly respectable position.

Some of our readers may think we have made a great fuss about nothing, and that Agnes was a very fortunate young woman, to have found a steady, respectable, wealthy man to marry her. Is there then nothing *real* in life, except a worldly position and the material advantages of a grand house, splendid

furniture, plenty of money? Are they of such overwhelming importance that they *deserve* a young girl should sell herself for money, body and soul? That she should for MONEY consent to fill a position that entails duties and responsibilities, which nothing but the most entire and perfect love can enable her to discharge? Do they *deserve* that a woman should swear to a LIE to obtain them, and by one comprehensive act devote the remainder of her days to the infernal gods? Do they *deserve* that a woman should brand on her inmost soul the burning shame of simulating, for MONEY, that holy, passionate love, which fuses two human hearts together, and of two separate existences makes but one? Yet all this a woman does who marries without love, for the sake of obtaining a worldly position. She who does this thing, may go to church in all the splendour of Brussels lace, and orange flowers—may have a dozen bridesmaids, and the sanction of bridecake and a special license, but she still *sells* herself, in the coarsest and most absolute sense of the term: she makes a *better bargain* than the poor wretch who stands in the street at night—the law guarantees its fulfilment, and society agrees to sanction it;—but the deep, burning degradation of the REALITY is the same in both. What is the race that can be expected to arise from such marriages as these? How can the *children* be noble, high-minded, MAN-LIKE, when the *mother* has crushed down all the deep passionate instincts of her heart, and ended by *disbelieving* them?

If, in the case of Agnes, we could look forwards, we should see the palsy of worldliness benumbing all the warm spontaneous impulses of her youth—her liveliness and giddiness giving place only to hardness and selfishness; her life's aim and object, heaping together the glories of upholstery—giving dinner-parties, and keeping up her consequence in the neighbourhood—the leprosy of intense vulgarity valuing only that which is *seen*, killing all the refinement and delicacy that is indigenous to youth. Then the intense ennui which follows, and like a vampyre feeds on the very life; for as all has centred in *self*,—and SELF alone has no sufficing vitality,—a thickened life-in-death is all that is left, unless she succumbs to terrible stimulants! This is not an overcharged statement. If a woman sacrificed only *herself*, it would be most piteous; but a worldly marriage is emphatically one of those cases in which the sins of the parents are visited on the children.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"You didn't call?" said Mrs. Daws; and Crossbone looked a savage assent. "The gentleman's gone up-stairs," added the unmoved woman; for it was not in the face or words of tyrannic man to shake her. "Well, I only say what I said when you brought her here—I know what I know."

"To the devil with you, and all your knowledge at your back!" cried Crossbone, and he jumped from his seat, and strode towards the door. There he paused; and from his lips dropt that manna of life, good counsel. "I tell you what, Mother Sulphurtongue; let me advise you neither to see nor hear.—At your age, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, not to be blind and deaf too." And Crossbone quitted the house, and strolling down the lane, turned into a little wood; possibly to think of the reward awaiting him; possibly to add to his knowledge of plants and herbs. As for Mrs. Daws, she looked full of slumbering destruction; and with a passing smile of conscious mischief, she betook herself to household affairs, calmly, patiently awaiting her time. She would wash up the breakfast-things, and well contemplate her measures.

We left St. James upon the stairs. In a moment he was at Clarissa's chamber-door. Determined upon making the amplest atonement within his power, he had resolved to restore the lady to her injured husband. Yes; he would himself lead her back to Mr. Snipeton's home; and, confessing the part that his weakness had consented to in the plot which, whilst unacted, seemed of such light account,—beg the good man's pardon; and pledging his noble word never again to offend, would cure himself of the unlawful passion by foreign travel; or he would try to fall in love with another. At all events, he was determined to make a sacrifice; and would crown himself, the conqueror of his own passions. What a vile, base, inconceivable scoundrel was that dirt-eating

* Continued from page 11, Vol. V.

apothecary; how atrocious was the part he had played; how degrading the association of a moment with him; and then, how satisfactory, how truly ennobling to confess a fault, the confession coupled with a determination of future amendment. And these varied thoughts possessed young St. James, as pausing, with the key in his hand, he was about to open the door: he listened; all was silent. Well, there was nothing strange in that. Again he listened: No, she was not sobbing—there was no sound of grief. Perhaps she was fast asleep. There was an air of peacefulness—of repose—in all things, that even confused him. After all, he had possibly wronged the apothecary: the man had been a little over-zealous; nothing more. Still, all was silent. He listened: yes; he thought—or then tried to think—that he heard a low breathing, as of deep slumber. Grief never slept so soundly—a torn heart sank not so suddenly to rest. It was plain, he had been too precipitate; that is, in his determination to restore the woman to her husband. She might, in her heart, despise him for his pusillanimity. In her heart, she might rejoice at the violence that supplied her own want of courage by bearing her away. And then, what a jest would it be for the world—for his world—should he think to play the moralist. He might be nicknamed Scipio for life. Still there was no sound; none, save that of lowest breathing. What a simpleton he had nearly shown himself! There could be no doubt that the woman loved him; and, the step taken, was profoundly happy for her deliverance. Placing the key in his pocket, St. James descended the stairs to have some further talk with the apothecary; the ill-used man who had suffered in the hard judgment of his noble friend. Now, whilst St. James, following Crossbone, takes counsel of that wise, worldly man, we will return to the Honourable Member for Liquorish; all the time tremendously indignant at the violence offered to Snipeton's household gods, and resolved, at the cost of any exertion or peril, to revenge it.

Mr. Capstick left Snipeton late in the evening, having exacted from him a promise that he would attend a council to be held at the senator's lodgings, in Long Acre, early next morning, should no news be obtained of the fugitive ere then. In the meantime, Capstick, advised by Bright Jem, had summoned Jerry Whistle, that meekest of human bloodhounds, to assist them. Late at night, Mr. Whistle had been possessed of all the circumstances. Whereupon, he had played with his watch-chain, and observed—"This sort of caper, you know, Mr. Capstick, is very often a put-up

thing ; very often, indeed. And I must say it, the evidence is all against the 'oman. Yes, I must say it, against the 'oman."

"But you have heard that the young man says she was carried off," said Capstick. "He'll swear to it."

"No doubt on it, so far as he could see ; very honest young man, that ; I hope, too, he'll take care of himself. Still, it's against the 'oman, and it's my 'pinion, any jury would so find it. Why, bless my heart, Mr. Capstick, and have they sent you to Parliament, and saving your presence, do you know no more of life than that ? Why, look you here. The young 'oman, they say, is like a full-blown rose, and the old man's as wrinkled as a prune ; there's a young nobleman, too, in the case, and—well, well ; depend upon it, if we find her out—and I'm safe to do that, or my name's not Whistle—she'll not thank us for our pains, I'm bound for it." And Whistle went his way.

Now, Capstick, though he would not confess it to himself, was nevertheless shaken in his faith by the officer—he spoke with such a weight of official experience. "Jem, I don't believe a word of it ; Mr. Whistle has seen so much of the black of life, poor man, he can't believe in any white at all—eh, Jem ?"

"He has seen a good deal, sir ; good deal. Wonder he doesn't look quite worn out, and quite wicked," said Jem. "For I don't know how it is, though wickedness and misery ain't catching, to look at 'em, nevertheless they do seem to leave a shadow in a man's face ; a something that's apart on 'em. I know now, when I've been digging among the flowers—ha ! I wonder who's looking at them precious carnations, now ;—I've always felt as if I'd got some of their brightness about me. A man that looks upon tulips, and roses, and flowers of all sorts all his life,—why, it's quite plain, he catches their good looks as I may say : for that's the beauty of flowers, they always look happy and good-tempered ; bits of innocence that almost seem to make us innocent while we stare at 'em."

"This is not a time to talk of such trumpery, Jem," said Capstick—and Jem winced at the contemptuous word, which, to say the truth, came from the throat, and not the heart of the speaker. "My opinion is that Mrs. Snipeton has been carried off by ruffian violence. I hope I don't think too well of anybody—I trust not—I never did in all my life, and I'm not going to begin now ; but I must believe her to be a guiltless, ill-used gentlewoman. And

then the man was knocked down in her defence—and, by the way, I was going to speak to you about that young man."

"Yes, sir, to be sure: he's now searching all corners, and swears he'll find his mistress, if he dies for it. A nice, honest young fellow that, sir!" said Jem. "Has it all in his face, hasn't he?"

"Why, to say the truth, I think he has; that is, he looks too honest. People who've so much of it in their faces, people who somehow make a show window of their countenance—well, somehow, I distrust 'em. Where does he come from? Who were his parents? Has he got a character, and did the parson of the parish sign it? If he hasn't, I don't believe in him. The fact is, I've been too easy all my life; and will never take a man's character again if it isn't written in a good bold hand, and properly authenticated. Who is he? Ever since he called at the Tub—well, those bees have a nice time of it, they have; they hav'n't to go down to the house—ever since then, he's been flitting about me, as if he was some mysterious puzzle of a vagabond that—why, Jem, what are you looking so hard at? What's the matter, man?"

"Well, sir, I must say it; though you are a member of Parliament—Heaven help you in all your misfortunes, say I—you hav'n't grown the wiser on that account. Don't you remember a poor little piece of a dirt of a boy called St. Giles?"

"Certainly; one of the things raised to be hanged; one of the little rascalities of life reared up that respectable folks may seem all the more respectable; one of the shades of the fine picture of life, bringing out the bright colours all the stronger. It's a pity they didn't hang him. Mercy's a bungling virtue, after all, Jem; and nine times out of ten, does just as much harm as mischief itself. Well, what of St. Giles?" cried Capstick, quite relieved by his burst of cynicism—quite refreshed with his own vinegar.

"Why, you know he was transported for life. A long time that, sir, for fourteen to look for'ard to," said Jem.

"Pooh, pooh; he went to a fine place, Jem; Botany Bay; lovely climate; six crops of peas in a year; pine-apples for a penny; and cockatoos so plenty, they put 'em in pies instead of pigeons. St. Giles—he!—he! a great man now, I've no doubt. Shouldn't wonder if he hunts kangaroos with fox-hounds, and drives a coach-and-four."

"Well, with any chance of that, I should say he'd never come back agin," said Jem, very gravely.

"Back again! Why, Mr. Aniseed, are you ignorant of the laws of your country?" cried Capstick, his eye twinkling.

"I am," cried Jem; "and when I know what a lot of wickedness is in some of 'em, I can't say that I'm not glad I don't know any more; saving your presence, agin, as a member of Parliament, and a maker of the same."

"Well, then, you do not know, perhaps, that if St. Giles was to put his foot in merry England, they'd hang him for the impertinence? Are you aware of that interesting fact, Mr. Aniseed?" cried Capstick.

"Why, without any conceit, I should hope I did know that much. But you see, sir, love of country is strong; though I don't know why it should be," said Jem.

"Nor I. But a man's love for his country is very often like a woman's love for her husband; the worse the treatment, the deeper the affection. To be sure, we're all of one family—all men; and that, I suppose, is why we quarrel and go to war so often. And a droll family we are, too, Jem. I declare, Jem, when I sometimes sit and look at that globe—for since I was made a member, of course I could do no other than buy a couple, one for the earth and one for the stars; in case anything should come up about boundaries of—"

"Of what? The stars?" cried Jem.

"No; not of the stars. And—though I would'nt answer for anything an Act of Parliament couldn't meddle with—when I sit and look at the globe, I do think that the family of man, as we call ourselves—even while we're grinding swords to cut some of the family's throats—the family is, after all, a droll lot. I often do pity my millions of brothers. When I'm in bed, I think there's my brother in Greenland going to turn out in the snow, to catch a seal for dinner; and there's my brother in Kaffirland making himself a very handsome sash of sheep's entrails; and there's my brother in India laying down his body for wheels to roll him into paste; and another Oriental brother standing upon one leg for twenty years, that he may pass to Brama as a cock passes to sleep; and there are thousands of other brothers notching, cutting, tattooing fraternal flesh in all shapes and all patterns; and there is another brother on the banks of the Bosphorus going

home from the purchase of a fiftieth wife, thinking no more of the bargain than if he had bought a tame rabbit ; and then there are crowds of other gluttonous brothers dancing round a brother tied to a stake, ere he shall be roasted—dancing round him, and, with epicurean eyes, anticipating the tit-bits of the living animal ; and there is another brother dying, with a cow's tail in his hand, as though that tufty queue tied heaven to earth, and he could climb to bliss upon it ; and there are millions of brothers playing such tricks, and, what is worse, permitting such tricks to be played upon them, that sometimes, Jem, I do feel ashamed of the family. I do. And then I have wished myself—since I have a habit of walking upon two legs, and any other mode of progress would be inconvenient—I have wished myself, Jem, an old, grave, patriarchal baboon, deeply buried in some forest ; some thick, impervious, abiding-place—some green garrison, made unapproachable by spikes and thorns, and matted canes and reeds, and all the armoury that Nature grows, to guard her solitudes. Yes, Jem ; sometimes when I have been out of humour with my family—that most quarrelsome biped lot—I have wished myself, as I say, an old baboon."

"Well, I never did that. But I do recollect this," said Jem. "Once, when I was a little boy, and had been licked for doing nothing, but saying I was hungry, and standing to it,—once I did wish myself a monkey, at a parlour window in a square, eating cherries like any Christian, though at the time they couldn't have been less than a shilling a-pound. I did wish that, and thought it very wicked afterwards ; but I never did, in my proper senses, wish myself a baboon, straddling about with a young tree for a walking-stick, like I've seen 'em in the picture-books. I never did wish that."

"That only shows you want ambition, Jem. But to return to our love of country, Jem, and young St. Giles."

"Well, all I was going to say is this. Suppose he was here—what would you do ?" asked Jem.

"Do ! As a law-maker, respect the laws. Give up the miscreant, of course," said Capstick.

"You couldn't do it, sir ; no, you couldn't do it," cried Jem with emphasis ; and Capstick, though he tried to look astonished at the contradiction, cared not, it was plain, to pursue the argument.

Early the next morning, Mr. Whistle made his appearance at

Capstick's lodgings ; and Mr. Whistle was so calm, so self-possessed, apparently so content with himself and all the world about him, that it was clear he had passed the last night in a manner most profitable to the ends of justice. With the customary flower in his mouth, he still hummed a tune, still played with his watch-chain. He seemed perfectly happy ; his heart was warmed with a great secret.

" Well, Mr. Whistle, about this most unfortunate lady," said Capstick. " Any news ? "

" News ! To be sure. She 's all right," cried Whistle.

" Right ! " echoed Capstick. " Carried off—torn away from her husband—and all right ? Mr. Whistle ! "

" This is rather a serious business ; not at all a common matter, Mr. Capstick. A very nice and delicate affair, I can tell you : and for this reason"—said Whistle, with his finger at his nose, " there 's nobility in it."

" Nobility ! That makes it more atrocious," cried Capstick. " That nobility should violate the laws—"

" Well, I don't know," observed Mr. Whistle ; " as they're born to make 'em, perhaps they think they've the best right to do what they like with 'em. Howsomer, it will be a difficult job ; a very difficult job," and Whistle shook his head.

" I can't see it. You say—at least I understand as much—that you have got good scent of the runaway."

" Scent ! What did I come into the world for ? I was made on purpose for the work. In course I have ; before I went into my sheets last night, I could almost have sworn where to put my hand upon 'em, and afore I got up this morning, I was moral certain of it ; and it's turned out as I thought ; in course, as I thought."

" Well, then, Mr. Whistle," cried Capstick, " there 's no time to be lost."

" We've the day before us," answered the officer ; " and we musn't spoil it by too much hurry, you see."

But here Mr. Whistle was interrupted by the announced arrival of Mr. Snipeton's servant ; and St. Giles, pale and haggard, presented himself. He winced, and the colour flew to his cheek as he saw the officer, who—still chewing the flower-stalk—looked calmly, nay kindly, upon the returned transport.

" Well, young man," said Whistle, " and what news do you bring ? "

"None at all, sir: none. I've not been off my legs all night; and I can hear nothing—nothing," said St. Giles.

"Humph! I believe you know one Crossbone, an apothecary? He was Mrs. Snipeton's doctor down in Kent, eh? Perhaps I'm wrong; but I've heard so," said Whistle, and he looked with a shrewd, magpie look at the interrogated. "And I believe this Mr. Crossbone is lawyer to a young nobleman, somewhere about St. James's-square, eh? And it was the apothecary, I think, who recommended you to good Mr. Snipeton?"

To all these questions St. Giles silently assented.

"Pray, my man," cried Whistle sharply, "do you know a gentleman, by name Thomas Blast?"

"No," cried St. Giles, quickly; and then he coloured at the falsehood. "Why do you ask?" he stammered.

"Nothing: I thought you might have known him. Howsomer, it seems you don't; and as his acquaintance isn't to be bragged of, why"—added Whistle, with a sidelong look,—“why you don't lose nothing.”

Capstick, who for the last few minutes had been shifting his feet, and vigorously biting his thumb, here cried out, "Well, but Mr. Whistle, it strikes me that we should immediately communicate with Mr. Snipeton. That wronged, that worthy man"—

"Left his home a little after daylight, sir," cried St. Giles. "I've been to Hampstead, sir. He's gone, nobody knows where."

"Poor man!" cried Capstick, "let's hope the best; but I'm afraid he's desperate. What's to be done, Mr. Whistle? What do you propose? Pray speak, sir; for I'm in such a flame, sir—pray speak."

"The first thing to be done," said Whistle, "is to hire a chaise"—

"Of course, instantly. A chaise and four, Jem; directly," cried Capstick. "Well, and what next?"

"Well, that I'll tell you, when the chaise comes," answered Whistle; and with this answer, we for a short time leave the party, returning to the neighbourhood of the house of Shoveller; the house so hospitably surrendered, for so much cash, to Mr. Crossbone.

In a small room in an old farm-house, about two miles distant from the prison of Clarissa, sat a party of three; two were engaged on ham and eggs, and country ale; eating, drinking, as *though* life to them had no other duties. The third sat silent

and sad ; with a heavy, leaden look, that seemed to see nothing. Now these three were Tangle, Tom Blast, and Snipeton. The old man had quitted his home to take the earliest counsel of his professional conscience ; and on his road to town had met Tom Blast ; who, as he declared, had risen early that he might seek the disconsolate husband, and pour into his ear consolatory tidings. Mr. Blast had spent part of the previous night, contemplating the iniquity of the case ; and determining within himself at once the wisest, and most profitable conduct. It was plain, that Mr. Shoveller looked upon his merits with a very contemptuous eye, and therefore, though he had duly assisted at the abduction of the lady, knocking down his young friend with a stern sense of duty and a bludgeon—therefore he felt that he should best perform his duty to his conscience and his interest, by doing service to Mr. Snipeton. He would, no doubt, pay a good sum for the knowledge of his wife's whereabouts ; and therefore Blast rose early, like an honest, thrifty man, to make offer of the pennyworth. And this intention Mr. Blast merely indicated to Snipeton on their first meeting, assuring him that as the day grew older, the information would ripen ; and with this hope Snipeton took Blast with him to the house of Tangle. It was here that Mr. Blast spoke out. It would be his ruin for life—there was no doubt of that—if it was known that he had peached ; he would be hunted all over the world, and never know a moment's quiet ; yet he had, he hoped, a conscience ; he had been an unfortunate man, always trying to do the right thing, but the world never letting him do it : nevertheless, he would not despair of honesty and a good character ; with a quiet, happy, comfortable old age to end with. And so, as it was a wicked thing to part man and wife, and he could not think where people who did such wickedness could ever expect to go to, he would at once tell Mr. Snipeton where Mrs. Snipeton was for—yes, for ten guineas. Anybody who did not care to be honest, would have asked twenty, but he would say ten at a word ; leaving anything beyond that to the generosity of Mr. Snipeton.

“ And you are not aware, Mr. Blast,” said Tangle, “ that at this moment we may take you up for an accessory ; that we may cage you, instead of paying you, eh ? ”

“ Well, and what if you did ? ” asked Blast. “ You might lock me up, I know ; but you couldn't unlock my mouth. But it's

like the way of the world ; you won't let a poor man be honest, if he would. A fine handsome young gentleman's run off with this old gentleman's wife, and ———"

"There—no matter—hold your peace," cried Snipeton. "You shall have the money"—whereupon Blast immediately held out his hand—"when the—the woman's found," said Snipeton.

"I can't give credit, sir ; I can't, indeed ; and for this reason, you see, my character won't let me. Because, supposing I give you up your wife, and you don't give me the guineas, well, I've such a bad name, and you're such a respectable gentleman, all the world would be on your side, and nobody on mine." We know not whether this reasoning weighed with Snipeton ; but he counted out the ten guineas upon the table, which Blast duly took up, counting them again.

"For such a beautiful cretur as your wife, it's cheap, sir ; I must say it, dog cheap."

"No remarks, fellow," cried Tangle ; "but let us to business directly." Whereupon they left Red Lion Square ; and, a few hours past, were in pleasant Surrey, at the farm-house already named. Their meal finished, Mr. Tangle rose, and with Snipeton held whispering counsel. Then Tangle left the house, recommending Blast to remain with his patron, duly advised to watch him, in the fear of treachery. And so two hours passed, when Tangle returned ; and again whispering with Snipeton, the husband, with rage newly lighted in his countenance, quitted the house ; Tangle, in his turn, taking charge of Blast.

To return to St. James. His good genius—shall we say good, for he thought it so?—led him to Crossbone, who, it will be recollected, had walked forth, it may be to contemplate the profitable prospects of his future life ; it may be to peep and peer in hedge and ditch for health-restoring herb. Crossbone—there was magic in that knowing man—speedily reassured the timid nobleman. Clarissa doated upon him—was only too happy that violence had been used—and, in a word, what would she think of him if, with the dove in his hand, he again flung it into the sky, when it must needs go home ? Had he, so handsome—so spirited a gentleman—no fear of the laughter, the ridicule of the world ? What would it say of him ?

It was very odd, that the thoughts of the apothecary should so harmoniously accord with his own. St. James was determined. He *would see* Clarissa ; would passionately seize the advantage offered

him. He would be an idiot—a block—a stone to think otherwise. And with this new resolution, St. James returned to the house ; Crossbone promising to follow him.

“And do you mean to murder the sweet lady ?” asked Mrs. Daws of St. James, who started at the hard question.

“Murder ! my good woman ? What do you mean ?” And his lordship blushed.

“You’ve the key of the door, and she ha’n’t had no dinner,” was the old woman’s cutting answer.

“Here is—stop ! I will myself see and apologise to the lady.” Saying this, St. James mounted the stairs, and placed the key in the lock. One moment, reader, ere he turns it.

An opposite door, unseen by St. James, is ajar ; an eye, gleaming like a snake’s, looks from it—looking murderous hate. It is old Snipeton’s. Tangle had effectually performed his mission, winning over Mrs. Daws ; no difficult achievement, for the old creature—warped, withered, despised for age and ugliness—had a woman’s heart that revolted at the duty forced upon her by her master. Snipeton had resolved to watch from his hiding-place ; to listen to the words of St. James and his wife, that he might distinguish between treachery and truth ; and so he had promised himself that he would suffer the interview, and calmly—very calmly—listen. Such was his thought. Weak man ! St. James was about to turn the key, when Snipeton, with the strength of madness, sprang upon him, and whirled him from the door. In a moment, St. James’s sword was in his hand ; in the next, through the body of Snipeton ; who, reeling, drew a pistol and fired. St. James was scathless ; but the bullet did its mischief ; for Tom Blast, rushing up stairs, received the unwelcome piece of lead—a sad alloy, it must be owned, to the ten golden guineas.

And now the cottage is filled with visitors ; for Capstick, St. Giles, Bright Jem, and Jerry Whistle—with a couple of official friends—arrive at the door. Snipeton, speechless, with looks of mixed agony and hatred, pointed towards St. James. Whistle at once divined the truth. “My Lord, I ax your pardon,” said the polite official, “but you’re my prisoner.” St. James slightly bowed, and turned away, followed by the two officers.

“And there’s another,” cried Tom Blast, “there’s St. Giles—horse-stealer—returned convict—you know him, Jerry ; you must know him—I’m done for—but it’s something to hang that dog.”

"'Tis too true, mate," said Whistle to St. Giles, "you must go along with me."

"With all my heart!" answered St. Giles. "I see there's nothing left me but to die; I may be at peace then."

Capstick tried to speak, when his eyes filled with tears, and he seized St. Giles by the hand, and grasped it. "I knew you—and hoped better—but take heart yet, man, take heart," said Capstick, whilst Bright Jem shook his head, and groaned.

"Come in, come in directly," cried Mrs. Daws, with her hands fast upon Crossbone, "Here's the good gentleman killed—murdered."

Crossbone looked at Snipeton—felt his pulse—and said, "Who'd have thought it? So he is."

New Books.

THE BATTLE OF NIBLEY GREEN. From the MSS. of a Templar; with a Preface, Notes, and other Poems, by J. B. KINGTON. Fcp. 8vo. H. Colburn.

This book, which, from its close print and disproportionate amount of prefatory matter and notes, is at first repelling, will be found on closer inspection to be full of most interesting details. Although Mr. Kington has not thought proper to announce it on the title-page, he is a professor of the law, and one who has studied it in its oldest form, to extract from it more than mere argument in the courts of our "Sovereign Ladye the Queene."

However this mode of study may have benefited him professionally we know not, but individually we rejoice in it, as the light of a strong imagination has given to these old dry processes and forms the intelligence of realities. From Fitzherbert, Littleton, Glanville, Bracton, Master John Manwood, and others, has he gleaned ideas of the true life of the days of "Merrie England;" and certainly deduces from them a different picture to that of my Lord John Manners. In addition to the scenes given in the chief poem, "The battle of Nibley Green," we have, in a learned and well-written introduction, an account of the lawless violence and ferocity of the times: when fifteen hundred men could, in defiance of the King's peace, meet in open day, and, with all the formulæ of regular war, wage battle with each other, leaving one hundred and fifty corpses on the field. This, too, only in the year of grace 1470. Doubtless, it was then considered as a necessary and indestructible evil by the wise, which to suppose could

ever be remedied was to imagine that human nature could be annihilated. Arguing then, as so many do now, of as bloody and useless frays between neighbouring nations.

The most interesting portions of the work, however, to us, are the abridgments at the end of the volume, including one of Manwood's treatise on the Forest Laws, and which, in a modest farewell, Mr. Kington tells us, "will be found to contain, in the quaint language of the author, as much of his book as is essential to the understanding of its subject." There is also a treatise on "Villeinage," extremely interesting, and which, while it reveals the miserable bondage and debasement of the actual tillers of the soil, exposes many vulgar errors still current as to slavery in England: showing the curious fact that society has completely outstepped the law, though the dried and obsolete framework still remains hung up in the old law books. Indeed, the author assures us it only requires two lies and one improbability to revive villeinage at any moment in England. As the subject is curious and the sentence a fair specimen of the easy and lively mode of treating these dark legal subjects, we must give his own words.

"*Such having been the System, can it be re-established?* If so, it must be by confession in a Court of Record! Now the argument of Mr. Hargrave is, that the Confession of the Villein was not a corruption of blood, but an admission of the immemorial antiquity, which was otherwise requisite to be proved. *Non constat*, he is a Villein by confession; and, although it would be always open to his children to show that the grandfather was free, so as to break the requisite chain of immemorial descent, yet, leaving posterity to assent or dissent, as it might be advised, what, in fact, stands in the way of a re-institution of Villeinage in the present generation? Two lies and an improbability! Let the writ be brought, that is lie No. 1, and the confession be made, that is lie No. 2,—it is easy to fancy the indignant dignity of Lord Denman, the affronted good-nature of the Chief Baron, and the elaborate repugnance of the presiding head of the Common Pleas; but, given the Writ, and the Confession,

"*'If you deny it, lie upon your laws!'*"

"Our only reliance, consequently, is on the improbability. Alas, for Old England, if Young England should be resolute to restore the Golden Age! For how easy to conceive a Dorsetshire Labourer, or a Ten Hours' Agitator, too happy to become the Villein of 'Lord Henry,' assured, as he would be, of plenty to eat and drink, and a reasonable amount of leap-frog and cricket!

"No! there is no help but in Parliament; and it is to be hoped that neither its wisdom, nor its humane feeling, has been exhausted in—Repealing the Statutes of Jewry!"

The whole treatise is full of such curious and important matter, and rendered in language so unusually popular, that we earnestly recommend it to the reader's closest attention.

We should have liked to have given some idea, by extracts, of the

brutal tyranny and selfishness of the Forest Laws and of the circumstances of the bondmen lowest in the state; but our space forbids. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Kington, with the most liberal and proper sympathies, has no vulgar diatribes against the system, but exposes the horrors of the state by minutely and learnedly unfolding the circumstances as gathered from the best authorities.

We should also have liked from other causes to have sweetened our leaves by the Treatise on the Forest Laws, for amidst all its barbarisms the sweet breath of nature pervades its pages, and treats so of the wildness of the woods, and of wood-craft, that it refreshes the town-wearied spirit even to read of it: for example—

“Vert, of *Viridate*, in old English ‘Green-hue,’ because of its greenness, is either ‘Over Vert,’ which ‘the Lawyers do call Hault Boys,’ and is all manner of ‘Great Wood;’ or ‘Nether Vert,’ which the ‘Lawyers do call South Boys, and that is properly all manner of underwood, and also Bushes, Thornes, Gorse, and such like; and some men do take Fearn and Heath to be Nether Vert, but it cannot be so, unlesse that the same be underwood, or of the kind of underwood, as Master Fleetwood saith.’ And the ‘Forest Lawyers have a third sort of vert, which they do call Special vert, which is every tree and bush within the forest that doth bear fruit to feed the Deer withal, as Peartrees, Crabtrees, Hawthornes, Blackbush, and such like; and the reason is ‘because the offence in destroying of such vert is more higher punished then the offence in the destruction of any other vert.’ And all Vert in the king’s woods is ‘Special;’ but in the woods of a common person, only ‘such trees as do bear fruit to feed the Deer. And the ‘Forest Lawes do as specially regard the preservation of the Vert of the Forest as they do the Venison;’ first, because the nature of the wild beasts is ‘to resort unto the woods and great coverts, wherein they take their cheerful delight and felicity, to be secret and quiet in their couches;’ second, because they ‘do bear fruit which is food for the Deer in winter,’ when they ‘do feed upon Acorns, Hawes, Sloes, and such like,’ and failing that, ‘the Foresters that have charge of the wild beasts must provide Brouse-wood to be cut down for them;’ and, thirdly, it is so specially regarded—*propter decorem*; for the ‘grace of a forest is to be decked and trimmed up with store of pleasant green coverts, as if it were green arbors of pleasure for the King to delight himself in, as it is written, in *Libro Rubro Scaccarii*,—i. e., The Red Book of the Exchequer.”

Of the poetry, or rather the verse of the book, we have as yet said nothing, and simply because we did not find it the most interesting portion. Mr. Kington has so modestly addressed his readers on the subject, that had we a worse opinion than we have of his poetical powers we should not be inclined to test it too severely. He versifies, because numbers are easy to him, and he has warm and powerful sensibilities, which he is delighted to utter. These certainly prove that he has some of the requisites of the poet, and undoubtedly, in imagination he is not deficient. His chief poem is novel in construction, and very readable; and if a certain imitative vein pervades it, it is imitation of the noblest

forms of poetry. Chaucer and Coleridge seem to have left their style and music in his mental ear, and he is no unworthy follower of these two great revealers of nature. In common with most modern versifiers, he has a tendency to diffuseness that exhausts his powers and wearies his readers. We could have wished he had condensed his chief poem, and published it by itself. We trust the graceful union of learning, both legal and archæological, with a fine relish for the beauties of nature and an earnest sympathy with all that is liberal and humane, will bring the volume to a second edition, and enable the author to give it the benefit of removing any redundancy of expression; and also to give a type larger and more worthy of his principal poem. As it is, we cordially recommend it to readers interested in the olden times, as well as in the progress of society, and promise them they will not bestow their time unprofitably nor unpleasantly in its perusal.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS. Parts I. and II., forming Vol. I. THE LAST ALDINI AND SIMON. Sq. 16mo. E. Churton.

THE works of George Sand have long been to the respectable English reader the Atlantides of modern literature, regarding which, all sorts of fabulous narrations prevailed. That there was something very tempting about them was universally conjectured; but there was also something equally dangerous. The golden apples were beset by a foul and monstrous dragon, whose pestiferous breath would deal death or worse to all who approached them. Some few years since, to mention them in what is termed respectable society, was an outrage, and a mark of revolutionary audacity or of corrupted morals. Time, however, which does so many good and so many bad things, at length softened even the hostility raging against Sand. A few bold men ventured to assert Sand's genius, the undoubted power of writing she possessed, and the intense interest of her stories and penetration into human character. Being unknown, the great organs of literature let her slumber on in her obscurity, only now and then referring to hers as something even worse than the common run of French novels, more dangerous, because more powerful. One or two less cautious than the others at last attacked her as grossly immoral, and detestably revolutionary. From this time she began to possess an English public, and now transferred from the disreputable regions in which she first appeared with Paul de Koch and Eugene Sue, she emerges under the patronage of a most graceful and refined translator, and in a very pretty dress makes her curtsy under the auspices of a fashionable bookseller.

If such is the fate of genius in the nineteenth century, what have we to reproach "the dark ages" with? If a writer of so much power, of so much nobility of purpose, can, by the malignant aspersions of prejudiced, and perhaps ignorant opponents, be so long kept from

a due appreciation, in a country not twenty-five miles from her own, what wrong may we not be doing to other writers of the same country, who have been as equally and as bitterly denounced?

But such misstatements could never operate, were it not for the general state of ignorance prevailing on foreign subjects in this country; and this, notwithstanding what is termed our constant and perpetual connexion with the Continent. But, in fact, our connexion with our foreign neighbours is very much the same as that with our next-door resident in London. We know what sort of a house they have outside, see them occasionally pass in and out; may know Mr. So-and-So's profession, and observe that Mrs. So-and-So is fat or thin, old or young; but there our knowledge ends: and so it is with France. Hundreds and thousands scamper through it, some without knowing, and most without speaking the language. There is no cordiality, and little communication; though in an age of real civilisation, we ought to think France no more a foreign country than any of our provinces. The high road to Paris should be as easy as the high road to Birmingham, and the inhabitants as capable of communicating. Were this the case, Sand's works would not be looked upon as something far worse than Monk Lewis's; nor would it matter whether Lord Palmerston or M. Guizot agreed or disagreed as to going to war, which would, indeed, seem so absurd, that it would be as surprising as to declare it against Scotland, and put Edinburgh in a state of siege. If anything will aid, with the good application of railroads, in bringing about a really neighbourly feeling, it will be such writers as Sand, whose only aim is to set natural right on its own broad basis, reversing the pyramid of society, which has too long been poised on its apex.

The two volumes now first given the English public by Miss Hays, if any fair sample of her writings, prove her to be the greatest writer of fiction we have: if indeed it be the office of fiction to inculcate high and just feelings by delineating the progress and results of human feelings and impulses.

That a nature so potent as Sand's; so capable of penetrating and appreciating human character in all its varieties; and so complete, doubtless in its own functions, should disregard the stale conventionalities of an effete and exhausted form of society is a necessary result. So high a state of nature: so complete a development of humanity, spurns at the unreal distinctions of society as true philosophy discards the scholastic frivolities of the middle ages. Such writers come to vindicate and re-assert human nature, and examining the artificial existence supervened on the natural, pronounce it a fraud, a cheat, and a monstrosity. Those bred in the corruption and existing by it, then decry as sacrilege this severe process, and assail with unrelenting violence the social Hercules. The principles of nature have so long been abandoned that they are decried as something monstrous: and it is feared that a demoniac anarchy will ensue, if the rotten scaffolding that has been used to force or to sustain humanity in a conventional

form be removed. But this is to be guided with much the same spirit and much the same philosophy as that which formerly consigned the insane, not to physicians and anodynes, but to dungeons and stripes. The conventional keepers of the world have even manifested a dread, the result of their ignorance, of human nature: and its passions, appetites, and all its elements have by the best been treated as things to be destroyed; and by the worst as causes for torturing the race. As the minds of men have been gradually opened up and informed, this feeling has given way, and dark prejudices and fears have slowly taken their flight. Men have dared to look up and to examine, and many of the regulations of society have been found to be not the offspring of reason, nor compliances with the inevitable nature of things, but the selfish and tyrannous usurpations of the few. In France, and on the Continent, these kind of influences have remained much longer in force than here. The worship of rank: the influence of priestly craft: the cumbrous machinery of the law, a mixture of obsolete forms and theological subtleties, until the breaking out of the first French Revolution moulded the national character into a very crippled and crooked state. The violent effort then made, by overthrowing the institutions that fostered these evils, could not eradicate the prejudices of previous ages. Though not fostered by the laws, they are still maintained by a large section of society. Pride, superstition, and servility can only be eradicated like other moral evils, by moral means. To aid in effecting this, appears to be the great aim of Sand: and though, like many reformers, she may go to an extreme in her detestation of the formula and conventionalisms that sustain the errors she would assail, still it must be confessed that she has many excuses in so doing. Of a naturally noble and heroic nature, which ever must have a magnanimous love of truth, she has almost bidden farewell to her sex. Her genius is greater than such an accident of her nature. She has seen in France what a disreputable position woman holds. Still a medium for barter: still treated as a baby, till transferred by her guardians to a marriage of convenience; and then allowed by way of compensation to indulge that flow of the sympathies which at some period or other, with its troubled stream, guides and controls the conduct of every human being. Feeling all this with a power and completeness commensurate with her highly developed nature, Sand sought, in complete freedom from conventional restraints, that fulfilment of her mission which she could not find within them. It is a perilous position to take, and one that nothing but such genius as Sand's could sanction; for in too many instances such a step would be but an abandonment of self to the appetites and not to the spirit: to the sensual and not to the moral.

The course this authoress has pursued, whatever effect it may have had on her private reputation, has been extremely beneficial to her experience as a writer; and such a course is manifest in the power of her writings, as different as it is superior to her national contemporaries. The interest she creates in her readers is pure and intellectual; the

grand object of her works being to develop character as modified by, or in antagonism with, political and social arrangements. Had no such political or philosophic notion induced her to write, she would have been a great author; for she possesses the genius that stimulates to observation, and has the faculties which enable her to communicate the results. Her great forte is character, and therein she so essentially differs from her countrymen, whose power generally rests in the interesting involvement of their story, which creates a succession of climaxes to excite the feelings, and too generally substituting for the delineation of character a minute analysis of morbid monstrosities. Even *Mons. Sue's* works, equally characterised by high political and philosophical motives, must be ranked under this general description. *Madame Sand* more nearly approaches the temperate and profound writers of our best school of fiction, there being no forced or exceptional views of human nature, but a delineation of its generalities individualised.

We have speculated at unusual length (for our pages) on the grand distinguishing characteristic of *Sand's* genius, and have done so because she has received so much injustice from the writers of this country. She has been accused of immorality, because she rejects the standard affixed by convention to morals; but in the works we have seen we find a very deep and healthy morality, demanding for human nature that natural exercise of human passions which unabused and unperverted is the foundation of virtue. In no French author that we have read is there so little stimulant applied to the appetites, and so little of that sickly sentiment which, professing the highest intellectuality, only arises from a super-refined sensuality. *Sand*, in our opinion, is a far safer author to trust to young ladies, in even their present exotic state, than *Byron* or *Bulwer*. She will arouse them to a better existence than a sort of innocent *seraglio* life, and "waking the soul by tender strokes of art," certainly "will raise the genius and mend the heart." It is too frequently seen that the inanity which is the result of the modern exotic mode of education leaves the individual open to the sudden and violent assaults of passion, or even appetite, and thus it is that so many beautiful girls make sudden leaps from the most apparent purity to the utmost abandonment. They, in truth, are not at all educated, though they may have been highly schooled.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak individually of the two novels now presented to English readers by *Miss Hays*. The first, "*The Last Aldini*," consists of the notions of right of a low-born man, the son of a gondolier, and his moral combat with himself. It is to show that a nice sense of honour may be entertained by those without "blue blood" in their veins: an almost unnecessary lesson to us, but by no means so to the numerous small aristocratic circles on the Continent. The characters are fully and admirably individualised; but as a tale of real life it is not so agreeable to us as "*Simon*," in which an interest, deep and continuous, is created from a few simple characters of every-day life. Here are none of the disgusting monstrosities of

human nature, which too much disfigure the pages of every other French novelist we are acquainted with. Here, as in all her novels, the easy and happy development of character is the great charm; the personages being as well known to us and as fully recognised as human beings as if our real acquaintances. It is this apparently unconscious felicity of delineation that places Sand amongst the few great writers of fiction. With such knowledge of character, she has of course the powers of the satirist, and humorously delineates the weaknesses of our nature. We had intended to conclude with some little specimen of both her modes, the heroic as well as the satiric, but have only space for the latter. The following is a portion of her character of a returned *émigré* nobleman, who has made his fortune during his exile, by trade.

"From this time till the following spring, the Count de Fougères lived in the town, where he had hired a house, and gave entertainments to the whole province. He met with the same servility from all classes; he was rich, of a good family, and for provincial dinners, his were not without merit. He was, moreover, sufficiently in favour at court to obtain trifling situations for incapable persons, or to prevent punishments merited by bad conduct. Dependants pander to vanity better than friends. M. de Fougères was on the road to enjoy a good reputation, and what is called public esteem, but which implies a fitness for civic honours. On the day after his arrival at Fougères, he had set labourers to work; as if by way of retaliation, the white house of the brothers Mathieu was converted into a granary, and the corn granaries of the castle were reconverted into parlours and drawing-rooms. The substantial repairs were not considerable; the body of the old castle was sound and solid. The masons were employed in rebuilding the towers, in clearing away the ruins which encumbered them, in narrowing and regulating the ancient enclosure as much as possible. With all this labour they succeeded in making an ugly house out of the old castle; very inconvenient and odd, but large, and furnished with apparent richness. As a great deal of gilding and high-coloured stuffs were seen passing, it was not long before M. de Fougères was accused of displaying dazzling luxury; but a connoisseur would soon have perceived that in these showy objects there was very little of real value. M. de Fougères preserved, in his choice, the medium between the ostentation of the old nobility and the economy of the spice merchant. He led during this half-year a very unquiet life, and which seemed to partake exclusively of his habits of commercial bargaining. He went from Paris to Guéret, from Limoges to Fougères, with as much facility as his ancestors would have traversed the distance between their bed-chamber and the gallery of the chapel.

"He bought and re-sold, and speculated upon everything; he astonished his contractors by his cunning, memory, and punctiliousness in the smallest details. It was soon known throughout the country that there was not so much to be gained from him as was at first anticipated. It was impossible to deceive him; and when he had calculated the value of an article to a centime, he would declare that the profit of the seller should be *so much*. This *so much*, with all his justice, was so little, in comparison with what they had hoped to extract from his vanity, that they were all greatly discontented, but

average specimen of the class. There may be one or two who live some twenty or thirty years ahead of him, but there are more who linger as far behind. Easy in his circumstances, benevolent, and contemplative, he realises the rural peace and happiness of the poets. He may occasionally glance at the controversial topics which fill the newspapers, or at the local squabbles which go on around him, but it is only to contrast them with a state of things which will know nothing of such ignoble matters. War, religious and political rancour, blind national jealousies and self-seekings, he speaks of mildly, as things proper only to the childhood of mankind, and which must pass away in the course of nature, even as the rudeness and recklessness of the boy are changed for the soft manners and generous sentiments of youth. 'How can mankind,' says he, 'be expected to be otherwise, at this day, than what they are? For want of a sanctioned or intelligible system of philosophy, they do not as yet know the constituent elements of their own nature, and of course act entirely at random: from an ignorance of the laws of physical nature, they expose themselves to innumerable miseries which might easily be avoided. The causes now at work must in time produce very different results.' There may be something of what the world calls enthusiasm in my friend's calculations, but the insanity is an amiable one; and it is impossible to help being affected, at least for the time, by the sweet hopes and moralisings in which he indulges. Upon the whole, I find a few days of the twentieth century now and then a great treat."

As publishers, Messrs. Chambers are at the head of a class, created, by their prescient and enterprising spirits, to which the public are largely indebted. They set the example of producing books at prices truly suitable to those to whom pence are objects of very serious thoughts; and they have greatly aided that permeation of sound literature, which forms so necessary a ventilation to the mind in crowded societies like ours. In so doing they have gained their own reward, in moral satisfaction and pecuniary returns; and we are glad to see, that unrelaxing in their efforts, they are opening still wider flood-gates to let in knowledge truly to the people. How much it is still required; how ill and injuriously, in many instances, the want is supplied; and how important it is that the supply be abundant and pure, and as a necessary consequence captivating and fascinating in mode, we cannot now stay to inquire. It is a momentous and interesting question, well worth inquiring into; and if any one doubt it, let him purchase one number of every penny publication issued in London alone.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER VIII.

FORTSMOUTH DOCK-YARD.—JOHN DOWNS AND HIS FOREIGN FRIEND.—PRODUCTIVE POWERS OF HANDS AND ENGINES.—HARDING AT WORK.—THE EXIT OF MR. DOWNS.

"THIS is a German gentleman, and a particular friend of mine. He has come a long way on purpose to see the Dock-yard!"

"I tell you," said the police inspector, who stood by the porter at the Dock gates, "I tell you, he can't be admitted. There's a standing order against the admission of all foreigners."

"That's very illiberal."

"It's the order," muttered the inspector drily.

"No, it isn't."

"You'll find it is."

"No, I shall not."

"I tell you, once more, he can't be admitted. It's of no use to persevere in this way! You ought to know better."

"And so I *do* know better than you think, Mr. Police-officer. Can't I believe my own eyes? Not admit foreigners! Look yonder! What do you call that? A tall stalking-horse, with a long lantern-jaw as yellow as a kite's foot—a small muff stuck underneath a large vulture-nose—a Mother Shipton hat—and a beard like the face of spades! What do you call that? Something of the cut of a foreigner, I should say."

"That gentleman has come in with an Admiralty order. But one of the police, as you see, goes every where with him."

* Continued from page 210, Vol. V.

"Oh, very well, Mr. Inspector; then will you be so obliging as to obtain for this gentleman here, just such an order, and let him also be attended by a policeman—all politeness—like the one I see yonder."

"I tell you what, my friend,——" (the Inspector here made a grave pause) "you will get yourself into trouble. I shall not admit *you* now, without knowing more about you. You've written in the visitor's book, I see, 'John Downs—Brick—something—Stourbridge,' Brick—what is this?"

"Brickmaker, to be sure—what else does it look like? My name is John Downs—I am owner of a clay pit and clay works in Stourbridge—the clay is called fire-clay, because it makes furnace-pots, fire-proof bricks, backs of grates, chimney-pots, and fire-men's hats. I hope it will have to make hats for the police-force before long. My nephew carries on the works. I am just come home from Nova Scotia. I was shipwrecked among the St. Tudwall's Islands, and other rascally rocks off the coast of North Wales, in the steam-ship "*Endeavour*," Captain Bright. He and I were washed overboard together; but we picked each other up on a great floating boom, and drifted ashore somehow. Will *that* do?"

"I do not think I shall admit you."

"But you must, though. Do you mean to say you will not send my name in to the Warden of the Yard for permission with the rest?"

The Inspector, unmoved by this appeal, now bent his eye upon the German friend who came with Mr. Downs.

"As for this gentleman," said the Inspector, "it is quite certain that he cannot be admitted; and I must also send a constable with him to see where he lives, and make a few inquiries."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German, with staring eyes, like a man suddenly waking with a new idea—"Mein Gott!—be they so goot and me to my house let go! Allow they me—allow to me! I will to mine hotel, mit obedient foots off hasten!"

This excited and somewhat curious speech, bursting suddenly from the lips of a grave gentleman, who up to this moment had never uttered a word, or even appeared to understand very well what was going on, caused much merriment among the by-standers; and this was considerably increased by the hasty retirement of the speaker—and by one of the police as hastily following on *his* steps.

Mr. Downs would infallibly have gone with his friend—but he had been told that he *himself* should not be admitted. He was therefore determined to stay.

When a severe man is unexpectedly amused, he usually relaxes his severity in some degree; perhaps also the Inspector perceived that there was probably nothing in all this but the dogged wilfulness of Mr. John Downs, and no dangerous visitor of Her Majesty's Dock-yard. He therefore approached Mr. Downs with a conciliatory face; and notwithstanding the heat of his atmosphere, calmly laid one hand upon his shoulder.

"Now, supposing you were in my place—as a reasonable man—and that you had strict orders not to admit any foreigner, unless by express permission—*would* you, as a reasonable man, allow any one to pass without that express permission?"

This complimentary appeal to a faculty he did not possess, evidently softened and gratified Mr. Downs, besides that it placed his imagination in the position most gratifying to his obstinate character.

"Why, no," said he, slowly. "I can't say—only you did not tell me at first about the Admiralty order; which was wrong. But never mind."

With these words, Mr. Downs lounged forwards into the Yard. A policeman presently afterwards loitered off in the same direction, looking carelessly on all sides, and at every thing, except at Mr. Downs, who went just where he pleased.

A party of visitors had previously advanced into the Yard, and were beginning to explore its various wonders with curious eyes. Forward they went over spaces of sharp uneven stones, or not very even flag-stone causeways, across moveable wooden bridges, and iron-bound bridges, and beside the brinks of deep docks, into which they peeped down—and along the causeways and brinks of ponds and basons, wharfs, and pier-heads, and pump-works, and beds of piles, far down in the mud, and interminable sea-walls. Over the winding ways of stone and wood-work, they wandered onwards; and round the scaffolding and platforms of building-sheds, and up and down the ranges of stairs, and over timbers and planks, descending between a thick forest of slant supporters down beneath the keels of new skeleton hulls of vessels upon the stocks. Then, away again the party heavily trudged, till they found themselves very near the point from whence they started; and some of them went into the boat-building house, and some into the

mast-house, where the main-masts of first-rate ships are ranged along the ground—and looking like long wooden round-towers, or huge barrels fitted one into another length-wise, with iron bands over the joints—and some of the visitors, their feet and ankles aching with exhaustion from travelling so much over the uneven stones of the Yard, seated themselves outside upon very long, straight, slightly-tapering, cutter and schooner masts, each made out of a single tree from Dantzic or Riga, and now in process of finishing off with a polish. No one could pass—not even a policeman—without giving a glance of admiration at these beautiful “sticks.” At the extreme end of one of these sat John Downs, wiping his forehead with a great India-silk handkerchief of saffron and brown.

The most vigorous of the party now prosecuted their researches down by the side of the anchor-tier,—a long range of mighty anchors, such as Vulcan himself would have been proud to own, (and with reason, since he never made an anchor equal to any one of them), and standing twelve abreast. After this, they looked into the rope-house, but gazing down the long perspective lines of the rope-walks,—nearly one thousand two hundred feet in length,—ending in a narrow spot of light, with men that looked like mice standing on their hind legs, moving to and fro at the extreme end, the dismayed visitors retired from the prospect of such “a walk” after all their previous labours.

As this party were slowly dragging their weary limbs towards the Dock-yard gates, they met a fresh party just coming in, full of alacrity, who having performed the round of the Yard in a cursory manner yesterday, had now come with the intention of taking a more leisure survey, and chiefly with reference to some of the wonderful engines and machinery of the place. This latter party was joined by Mr. Downs. He had become interested in the various works, and had forgotten his recent contest. A tall, grey-haired gentleman, of aristocratic bearing, led the way towards the block manufactory. A policeman politely stepped from behind a pile of wood close by, and opened the door. Here they found themselves amidst a whirl and whiz of machinery above and below—the whole place was full of it. Above, there were rumbling rows of droning and snoring drums, turned by steam-power, and connected by straps with the block-making machines below, in which circular saws, hammers, and broaching, morticeing, scoring, and gouging chisels, spin or fly up and down, or perform “to order,” looking like grey shadows from the intensity of their motion. A

piece of timber is laid down—a circular saw gracefully descends towards it—sings its way through it—and again as gracefully ascends to its place. Ten of the solid pieces of wood thus produced are fixed in an iron wheel—off spins the wheel—and certain tools being gradually advanced in front, a stream of chips instantly pours out, like an arching fountain, and in a minute the wheel stops, and ten ship-blocks are perfectly shaped, and ready to be carried to another machine for the next process of boring, &c. Thus, from a solid length of timber—a hard tree-trunk, shorn of its boughs and bark—in the course of a few minutes are produced ten perfectly formed blocks, (or “pullies,” in landsman dialect) smoothly grooved and polished, and ready to be fitted with polished box-wood sheeves inlaid with brass, all fashioned out of the rough material by equally rapid processes. At each fresh transformation, the tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman turned to some ladies of his party, and said “It’s like magic!” They went on from room to room, and from engine to engine. From one of these last, a rough, dingy sheeve (or block-wheel) came forth a fine polished article, as if from a cabinet-maker’s hands, and of a totally different colour. “It’s like magic!” observed the tall gentleman to the ladies, in explanation. Presently they saw an engine busily at work in paring the outside of a large iron bolt, which it did with the softness and noiseless ease of paring an apple, the iron curling off in the same manner. “It’s like magic!” remarked the intelligent and courtly gentleman to the ladies by his side. “No, it isn’t!” muttered a voice from behind. Everybody turned to look at the speaker. It was the burly Mr. Downs, who stood with his head on one side, gazing at the engine, and displaying the knowing air of a man who has comprehended the action. Not deigning to take any further notice of this rude fellow, the aristocratic personage led his party onwards to other works. The block-house was presently deserted of all its visitors, except a policeman, who was tying his shoe. Mr. Downs accompanied the party to the blacksmiths’ forges.

Here, among other wonders, the visitors saw the enormous iron hammer which can strike a blow equal to twenty tons, and yet it is so perfectly under command, that with the very next blow it can crack a hazel-nut shell without smashing the kernel. One of the blacksmiths being asked if this was true, replied, “Oh, yes sir,—we did it very lately when Abraham Parker was here. He sat in a chair, and all the other beards and turbans stood round for to see.

We pounded flat a thick bit of iron with one thump—and we then cracked a nut for him in three leetle taps, and guv Abraham the kernel.” The tall, grey-haired gentleman requested to see this feat performed, and as he was known to be a friend of the Admiral Superintendent, his wish was immediately complied with—and the kernel of the nut was handed to him. He presented it to the ladies, bowing, with an appropriate comment—“It’s like magic!” said he :—“Ahem!” coughed a loud voice near the door. Everybody turned in the direction of the abrupt sound, and saw the heavy, insolent shoulders of a man slowly lounging off through the door-way.

Mr. Downs continued his way alone, and soon arrived at one of the *caisoons*, which are used instead of dock-gates in those places where the pressure of water would be too great for any gates to resist. The *caisson* was rising from the water. There was a loud and banging sound of numerous pumps at work in the inside, and Mr. Downs, observing a small, square hatch-way on the deck, approached it, and descended the ladder. The interior of the *caisson* was filled with convicts, as thickly crowded as bees in a hive, and all at work in pumping out the water to raise the machine. No sooner had the adventurous intruder made his appearance half-way down the ladder, than the whole bevy of convicts set up a loud shout of derision, mingled with cries of “Columbus!”—“Peeping Tom!”—“a Philistine!” These shouts and cries they continued without ceasing, and also without a moment’s cessation from the pumping, until Mr. Downs re-ascended the ladder—a performance which he did not choose to accelerate beyond one step a minute; so that, by the time he reached the deck, a crowd of workmen, visitors, police, and apprentices of the Yard, had collected round the *caisson*. Through all these the wrathful face of Mr. Downs made its way, and its owner now bent his course through the building-slips.

The bell now rang for the workmen to go to dinner. During their absence, Mr. Downs rested himself upon a spar in front of the mast-house. After all the noise and busy hubbub of the place, the entire silence that had ensued was very remarkable; equally so was the solitude. Not a soul was visible, unless perhaps a lonely policeman, sauntering in melancholy abstraction round some distant corner. There might have been a straggling visitor or two like Mr. Downs, who had not chosen to leave the Yard during the dinner-hour; but if so, they must have gone round the sea-

walls, and were perhaps sitting mute among the blocks of granite. However, at half-past one all the workmen returned, and the noise and activity were immediately resumed.

Approaching the huge hull of a first-rate ship which was in process of building, Mr. Downs ascended the broad, slant ladder of the outer scaffolding on one side, and, gaining the platform, walked leisurely round the enormous structure. It was the "Royal Frederick:" she was built for three thousand and ninety-nine tons burden, and was to carry one hundred and ten guns. Having performed the circuit upon the workmen's platform, he again stood beneath her towering stern, and gazed upward at its embattled heights. A small, dark aperture, rather low down, met his eye, and two shipwrights at this moment creeping in with some timber upon their shoulders, Mr. Downs forthwith crossed the planks that led up to it, and, bending his head, groped his way in after them.

He paused with his second step, partly because he discerned no means of proceeding any further without falling through gaps on all sides, and partly because he felt confounded by the scene before him. He found himself in front of a strange and busy darkness, that indeed might have suggested to some imaginations the chaotic inside of a new planet which was being wrought into form. As no outlines were distinguishable, there could be no idea of dimensions. Howbeit, the new planet was all made of wood-work inside; John Downs felt sure of that. It was a world of cross-beams and timbers, upright and downright—above his head, beams and timbers all crossing and traversing, and thick and three-fold, so that scarcely any daylight could be seen in looking up. Level with his feet, and his knees, and his breast, lay all sorts of loose planks, some of them pretending to be for the means of passage to and fro, with here and there half or three quarters of a ladder, just knocked up anyhow with a few bits of wood and a rail or two, or a notch; and beneath him more cross-beams, and uprights, and slanting timbers, and lumbering masses of wood unfixed, and small platforms of planks with men standing upon them, doing something, while candles or lanthorns were seen dimly shining far in the depths beyond, some of them stationary, some moving about and suddenly disappearing. Nothing seemed to have any shape. Men were distinguishable in all directions; but were recognised by instinct rather than the eye; for even the figures of the men, as well as the objects that environed them, were shapeless. Amidst all this, the noise and confused din were prodigious—the constant

blows of innumerable hammers of different weights striking upon wood and metal, mingled with the hacking of axes, the chipping of adzes, the lumbering of beams, the clatter of planks, and the varied voices and tones of the workmen, produced in their entire effects much such an impression as might have been experienced by a visitor to the interior of the Tower of Babel. As to the work that was going on—it was inconceivable. Every man seemed to be working at random; and each group, so busy upon a strip of platform, or huddling together below over some great mass of timber, appeared to be exerting themselves with no definite object or effect. As for the stranger who had ventured in, and who, with his back up against a wall of timbers, was expecting some such rude and uproarious reception as he had experienced on entering the *caisson*—and with a ten-fold force of numbers—nobody appeared conscious of his presence any more than if he had been invisible. Still, as no one ran against him, or jammed him in any way with a beam or plank, it seemed probable that the workmen did really see where they were going, and knew what they were about.

John Downs, however, was not a man to be prevented or impeded in his intended course by any effect of wonder or “most admired disorder,” neither were his nerves of a kind to experience anything more than a very temporary vibration, be the cause what it might; he therefore began to grope his way forwards. While every rib, and beam, and stantion was solid and immoveable as rock, every ladder, plank, and platform was loose—indeed, nearly all the passes of communication were along loose planks which bent, or slipped, or danced beneath the feet, and usually leapt up at one end as the last foot left them;—yet a fall from any of them would be likely, and in some places certain, to precipitate the unfortunate intruder headlong down into a dark abyss of timbers. Mr. Downs had been accustomed to sundry dangers on the brink of his own clay-pit and other works in Stourbridge, so that he moved warily and without any serious apprehension; still, he wisely considered that a man out of his element was not quite the same man, and it would be as well to avoid the chance of broken limbs or neck. He accordingly clambered up the next hurdle-like apology for a ladder he came to, and continued to ascend by such other means as offered themselves to feet or hands, till he arrived at what was evidently in course of formation into a long deck—in all probability the main deck. Something like form and order were here attained. It was possible to see almost from

one end of the ship to the other, so comparatively few were the interruptions; and after contemplating the countless succession of huge beams of dull, pink-tinted African oak that stretched across, ready for the laying-down of the deck-planks, Mr. Downs began to step from one to the other, intending to make his exit at a port, and so leap down upon the building-platform outside. His passage across these beams was, however, retarded by two causes—the circumspection required in taking each step, because the gaps between were literally precipices of timbers and beams, leading down, in some places, to the very keel in all its darkness; while the other retarding circumstance was the divided attention he could not help giving to the steps he was taking, and to the action of one of the shipwrights on the opposite side, who was driving a long bolt into one of the braces over the lining. The iron mall, or hammer, was very large, with a long handle, and the bolt to be driven in was higher than the man's head. The action was peculiar. He swayed himself gently aside, so as almost to turn his back upon the object of his aim; then raising the mall with his right hand close to the iron head of it, he whirled himself round together with the mall, letting his right hand slip down the handle, so that, before delivering the blow, both hands were at the extreme end of it; thus giving the full swing of the semicircle described by the entire length of the handle, and adding his own weight to the blow. And such a blow it was! It seemed as if it would have knocked down an ordinary house. Yet these tremendous blows were delivered in regular succession during several minutes, and with such apparent ease, that after each blow it might be thought he had ceased—yet round came another thunder-clap as before.

Now, Mr. Downs, "albeit unused to the melting mood," did greatly admire the dealing of these heavy blows. He liked to look at it. It did him good. It was the sort of satisfactory thing he enjoyed, and could so seldom find. He thought with a smile of the porter's lodge at the Dock-yard gates, and how he would have liked, when the admission was refused to the worthy German merchant, his friend, to have knocked the lodge about their ears with just such a hammer as that—and in that fine style. Mr. Downs forthwith stepped from beam to beam, and seated himself near, in hopes of having more of it. He fancied the form of the shipwright was familiar to him somehow, though he could not recollect where he had seen him.

A gang of twelve or fifteen shipwrights were at work near the man who had just been driving in the iron bolt, and one of these now approached him with several strong wooden pins, or rounded stakes, in his hand. "Dinna ye want these trunnels, mon?" said he, in a broad Scotch accent.

"I shall presently," replied the other, laying down his mallet, and taking up an adze, with which he proceeded to chip and level some of the timbers.

"I'm just thinkin' anent the feegurin' o' the fractions an' deecimals,—an' I canna see if $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch are equal to ane inch; $\frac{1}{2}$ equal to ane; and $\frac{7}{8}$ equal to ane—I canna a'thegither discern what's the uteelity o' sae mony feegures for the same quantity."

"Why, the use of those figures is not for the whole number of one, but for the fractional divisions. Don't you understand, Sandy?"

"Aweel noo;—I begin. Eh, it's a vera gude thing to ken the feegurin'. There's nae hope in this world without it."

"I know very little about it, myself.—Give me one of those trunnels."

"But ye ken the fractions an' the deecimals weel aneuch to satisfy the new regulations frae the Lords o' the Admiralty; sae ye can haud fast your post as leading mon—an' that's a blessed gude."

"You are looking forward to promotion, I see. Hand me up that trunnel-mallet."

"Nae doot, I am. What is this life given to sinfu' mon for, but to work for his promotion? I confess my ambition is to become a leadin' mon like yoursel."

The shipwright to whom this was addressed continued to hammer in the trunnel; which operation being completed, he paused.

"Learn to use your adze better," said he; "and your axe, and your mallet: have a good eye to form, and proportion, and the strength and fitness of things; and as you are sober and industrious, you will establish a character in the Yard, and you will be thoroughly qualified for a leading man, and will in time be made one."

"Wi' fractions an' deecimals, forbye."

"Pooh!"

"Pooh? Have na the Lords o' the Admiralty sent doon their orders that nae shipwright shall haud the post o' leadin' mon

without the cannie feegurin'? Nae question but the examiners will a' be vera parteek'ler."

"If they insist upon this, the effect will soon be instructive to the Lords. Give me another trunnel."

"Instruct the Lords o' the Board! Produce an *effect* upon a Lord! Dinna ye talk that gate."

"The effect will be this, Sandy. The apprentices who have just left school, or are still at school in over-hours, will be the most expert at these fractions and decimals; and they will as soon as possible be made leading men, without possessing any of the requisite knowledge and practical experience, and be placed over the heads of those who are competent in realities. Then, these reality men, like myself, will leave Her Majesty's Dock-yard, and the theoretical lads of leaders will very soon, by their blunders, bring the Lords of the Admiralty to their senses."

"Eh, mon! hoo can ye talk o' bringin' a Lord to his senses? We maun study the feegurin' wi' Gude's help."

"But the practical authorities in the Yard will humour all this nonsense, so that it does no mischief. Now, go on with the lining."

The shipwright here proceeded to examine the dimensions of some thick planks that were near at hand; and by way of a final comment upon the Admiralty order for studies, which had taken such possession of the mind of Sandy Morrison, he wrote with a large pencil of red chalk upon one of the planks, "A figment of some old cock!"—when the point of his pencil broke.

Sandy Morrison slowly read this in a whisper of awe—"A feegment o' some auld cockie!"

The shipwright, having sharpened the point of the pencil with the edge of his adze, added "ed hat;" and Sandy again read it out with increased awe in face and voice.

"A feegment o' some auld cocked hat! Ye mak me tremble outside, an' laugh within, Master Harding."

"Harding!" shouted Mr. Downs, rising, "to be sure; that's the name I've been trying to recollect, for I knew you almost directly!"—and Mr. Downs went up to Harding, and shook him heartily by the hand. "You remember me, of course; you thought I was lost, didn't you?"

"No, I did not."

"Yes, you did; you *must* have thought so!"

"No, I saw you get astride upon the boom, and I heard from the Welshmen ashore that you had safely reached the beach with Captain Bright, and had gone off straight to Bangor together."

"I'm very glad to meet with you again! I have often thought of the service you did me with my bales and packages on board—my speculation in peltry."

"You lost them all, though."

"No, I didn't—yes, to be sure, I did—but that is no reason I should forget what you did to help me in stowing them in a safer place, just when the storm was coming on; and not only I, but every one else in the ship had some service or other to acknowledge. I don't know what we should have done without you. You brought a good many ashore on your raft, I heard?"

"Not many, I am sorry to say; but as many as it was safe to put upon her."

"You brought old Mr. Walton, the timber merchant, among the rest—and his daughter—and the pale-faced, book-read gentleman, didn't you? You staid some days with them in Wales, I was told."

"Yes, I did—they were all very nice people—very kind to me. I shall never forget it to the end of my life."

"Aha, you had a happy holiday after a rough voyage and wreck?"

"Yes, too happy for a workman, who has to return to his work. It made me think too much of many things that are of no use to think about. I almost wish I had not staid there. However, I have got over it now; and am well at work again."

"That's right. A man should never let a good holiday make him wish for another too soon. Old Walton's rather an odd fish, isn't he? I shouldn't wonder if we see him here soon."

"Coming here!"

"Yes, very likely. A German friend of mine wrote to him only this morning on matters of business between them. Well, how does it fare with you here—briskly, I suppose? A man who can use his hands like you, always finds himself wanted somewhere; only I didn't well understand what was the matter between you and the Admiralty. I heard your mate here call the Lords of the Admiralty a set of fig-merchants in old cocked hats, or something of that kind."

"Eh, sirs! dinna ye blether sic whigmeleeries anent the Lords. I never caa'd their Honour's fig-merchants—it maks the

flesh creep an' thirl on my banes to hear you say I caa' them sic a name."

"Why, you *did* call them so, or something as bad! I heard you."

Harding had resumed his work during this dialogue. He, however, listened to it, much amused.

"The Lord forbid it! and forgie ye for sayin' so. Here 's Harding, the leadin' mon o' our gang, an' he can bear weetness that I never caa' the Lords feeg-merchants."

"Nor old cocked-hats?"

"Na, o' my Screepture aith. I only read frae a plank what was wreeten there, whilk said that——"

The voice of Sandy Morrison ceased abruptly, and his eye stared at the nearest port-hole, along the lower edge of which the glazed rim of a policeman's hat passed noiselessly,—and disappeared.

"Come," said Harding, laughing at the dismayed look of Sandy, "come and hold this iron bolt while I take the mall. The policeman was not attending to what you said."

A sudden thought struck Mr. Downs, and he ran and looked out at the port-hole.

"How many policemen are there in the Dock-yard?" exclaimed he hastily.

But Harding was at work with his heavy mall, and made no answer.

"Many, no doubt;" cried Mr. Downs, "and yet the same fellow has always been within sight!"

Out of the port-hole leapt Mr. Downs upon the builder's platform—along it he ran, and down the steps—and away after the policeman, whom he soon overtook.

"Am I treated like a foreigner of distinction, I should like to know?" exclaimed he; "or by what right, and by whose orders do you devote so much of your valuable time to me? I was not aware till this minute of all your polite attentions; but now I fully appreciate them. How many hours have you been engaged in looking up at the wind—loitering round posts—tying your shoe—scratching your nose—taking a sight at a timber-stack—or humming a hymn in the common metre behind a door? And now you must come and listen to my exchanging a few words with a shipwright! As if I cared for your hearing me say that the

Lords of the Admiralty were fig-merchants! And so they *are*! It was I who said that, not the shipwrights; they could not help what I chose to say. I say it again. They *are* fig-merchants—and what is worse, they carry fractions and decimals in old cocked-hats!"

"Do you intend to follow me in this way? and talking in this way?" demanded the policeman with threatening composure.

"To be sure I do—and what then?"

"Oh, very well."

"And what then?"

"Nothing," said the policeman drily, but glancing towards a particular corner of the Yard, he walked in that direction, close attended by Mr. Downs.

"A *free* country!" continued Mr. Downs, extending both hands as wide as possible, and raising his voice—"a free country, do you call this? A man might as well be in Spain, and have his heels constantly dogged by the black masqueraders of the Inquisition, if one can't come to see a mere Dock-yard, supported by public taxes, without experiencing such treatment as I have met with to-day! But I have seen enough, I promise you—nothing shall tempt me to go near the rest of your works. Your copper foundry—your rigging-house—your model loft—your sailmakers' loft—your flag-ship, gun-wharf, and the great biscuit bakers at Gosport—no power on earth shall make me go to see them. And I will take care, too, that my German friend never sets foot within a hundred yards of them. As for me—pshaw!"

The policeman had just turned round the corner of a square brick building, and Mr. Downs found himself the next moment in the hands of four of the police. Fully comprehending his position, he disdained remonstrance, and was borne off in resolute silence to the station-house.

THE POETRY OF AGE.

It is a praiseworthy effort of every-day philosophy to extract from an uncomfortable subject something of that hidden spirit of truth and beauty which is visible in the higher orders of Nature ; and since Age is an evil, in the opinion of mankind, more devastating in its effects than the simoom, or the avalanche, or any other dispute between the elements and the surface of the earth, we would suggest some few topics of consolation on that stage of existence, which is as incidental to civilisation as it is to savage life, and as closely allied to happiness as it is to misery. If old age were considered in its true light,—not as the season when the frame is weary and satiated, and selfishness has preyed upon the few good feelings that have been left from the contest with the world ; but as the full time, when the various faculties have been tried and proved, it would be looked upon as the calm eventide of the busy day, the garner of experience which has been gathered with toil and trouble, the winter whose bright spring is yet to come. But thus it cannot be ; for while the motive of man's reluctance to appear old and decrepid may arise from personal vanity, the instinctive dread of age is closely connected with the best feelings of a woman's heart. A wife may watch the furrows on her husband's brow, and yet not believe them to be produced by age : to her affectionate heart he may still appear in the proud maturity of life ; her looking-glass gives back her own altered face, and she shrinks from the cold or careless glance that tells her she is guilty of becoming aged. But if there be truth in this, let her also remember that the attraction of mind to mind will exist to the last, and while esteem and respect remain, if one small link of that wondrous chain of love be broken, the rest will be but more firmly riveted by time.

There are many peculiarities about old age that are lost sight of, in the thirst for observation in all that concerns youth. Watch the thoughts of an aged person attentively, and you will see how little they are occupied by retrospection. It is not that he would say with Fontenelle,—“ Had I again to begin my career, I would do as I have done,” but it is, that the powerful impulses of life no longer existing within him, they have been forgotten

in all but their effects. It frequently occurs that in the listlessness and indifference of age, we find no trace of the mental activity and energy of character that has once existed. The old woman at the door of the almshouse who has retailed the last particle of gossip to her next neighbour, may have passed through an ordeal which a diplomatist would have shrunk from, had the ploughshare been of gold, and the lookers-on princes. Let us turn then to what are called, so emphatically, old women; not to those who, having been described as *passées* some twenty years before, are in the last stage of inventive despair, but to some who have yielded at discretion to the conqueror Time, and are wrinkled and withered and grey-haired, and have not endeavoured to appear otherwise. They are the type of that change that passes over every created being whose existence is prolonged beyond maturity. They fare alike with the insect and the bird; the eye grows dim, the wing droops, the hum of one and the song of the other is heard more faintly; but let the span of life be what it may, one brief day or "fourscore years and ten," the gradual decay comes in the same form, and is productive of the like result.

No man looks with a less kindly eye upon his brother or his friend because age is creeping stealthily over him; and if woman could feel that she were regarded with equal lenity by her master, the fearful doubt would be dispelled, that sometimes clings too closely to her heart, and with it the only drawback to the consideration of age in the light in which it has been placed by Providence; for it has been hallowed by the voices of young children, and the reverence of manhood from the patriarchal times; and sad and lonely is the fate of him who has no one in this wide world to minister unto, and revere.

One of the happiest descriptions of extreme age is to be found in a play written by Nathaniel Lee in the year 1680. It is a gem that will survive the exaggerated frame-work in which it was placed, but, like much of the poetry of the seventeenth century, is now but little known:—

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellow'd long—
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, LIKE A CLOCK, WORN OUT WITH EATING TIME,
THE WHEELS OF WEARY LIFE AT LAST STOOD STILL."

A. P.

THE VISIT TO THE TOMB.

“Ahi dispietata morte !—Ahi crudel vita !
 L’una m’ ha posto in doglia,
 L’altra mi ten quaggiu contra mia voglia.”

PETRARCA BALLATA, 1^{mo}.

[Charles II. of Spain, a short time before his death, visited the burial chamber in the Church of St. Lawrence, where lie interred the bodies of the Kings of Spain and the Royal Family, all ranged round the tall black crucifix. He caused the coffin of his much-loved wife, Marie Louise de Bourbon, to be opened, and there—such was the skill of the embalmer—she lay unchanged before him, in all her remarkable and well-remembered beauty, after an interment of eighteen years. This occurrence finally unsettled the mind of the hypocondriac king, who died shortly after.]

Oh ! let no sound of merriment
 Upon the breezes swell,
 But the low and smothered wailing,
 And heavy funeral bell ;
 Oh ! let no martial trumpet
 Thrill thro’ the summer air ;
 Let none the warrior’s harness,
 Nor courtier’s vestments wear ;
 Around the fair and valiant
 Let sable garments fall ;
 And sound the solemn dirges,
 And gather up the pall ;
 And banish all the passions
 That crowd this mortal life,
 And make the heart a battle-field
 Of long and deadly strife ;
 And banish all the laughing hopes
 That fill the breast of youth,—
 Those glories of life’s morning path,
 Born of a fond untruth.

A courtier-train is leaving
 Th’ Escorial’s palace-gate —
 ’Tis not for war nor joyance,
 They go not forth in state—
 The noon of day glares o’er them,
 Yet smoking brands they bear,
 And on each other’s faces
 In silent horror stare.

A monarch goes before them,
 The king of kingdoms three—
 Castille, Leon, and Aragon
 Do homage at his knee—
 For him the golden galleons
 Plough through the Western Main ;
 And foul with blood, and black with fire,
 The New World bows to Spain !

A king there goes before them !
 His brow with care is ploughed ;
 The agony that pales his cheek
 Breaks forth in wailings loud :—
 " My days are fast departing
 In bitterness and pain,
 Yet will I look upon her,
 Gaze on her once again—
 Nor God nor man shall turn me,
 Nor awe nor fear dismay ;
 'Tis passion, not affection,
 That fades with life away !
 Louise, I'll gaze upon thee
 Now Death hath worked his will,
 Thy white shroud wrapped about thee—
 All lying dark and still ;
 And those who sought thy presence,
 Obsequious and gay,
 Ay ! those shall pay thee homage,
 And grace thy Court to-day !
 Come on !—why loiter ye ?—come on !
 The high-born, fair, and brave—
 My Queen a Court is holding—
 A Court within her grave ! "

The portals of St. Lawrence
 Received the trembling crowd,
 The shadowy aisles resounded
 With prayer and anthem loud ;
 'Twas now the shout of madness,
 'Twas now the sob of woe,
 While hurrying swiftly onward,
 Down to the vaults below !—
 Down to that funeral chamber
 Where sleep the Spanish Kings,
 O'er whom the tall black crucifix
 Spreads out its night-like wings—

Strange type of Hope undying,
That lamp which lights the dead !
The cross, kept in the sepulchre,
A vigil dark and dread !

"My Queen ! my love !" — the Monarch
Rushed forward to the bier —

And laid his face upon her,
With love that knew no fear !
And the hot tears rolled quickly
Down o'er the senseless breast ;
And sobs and sighs broke sadly
Upon the tomb's calm rest.

"Louise, hadst thou been living,
Thy hand would press my head ;
Thy slender hand would wipe away
The bitter tears I shed !

Thy tones of chastened music
Would breathe into mine ear
Of holiest, sweetest tenderness
The words I pine to hear !
For who, like thee, could banish
The gloom that shades this brain ? —

For who, like thee, could win me
To life and love again ?

Thou wast the pure, bright angel,
To whom God gave in care,
The worn and wayward spirit,
The stricken heart I bear —

Why did He take thee from me,
To throne and crown above ?

Why left He me behind thee,
Forlorn of hope and love ?

Sole flow'r of my life's wilderness,

Star of my clouded Heaven,

Had I more grief at losing thee

Or joy when thou wast given ?

I scarce dare look upon thee" —

The Monarch raised his head,
And gazing, wildly uttered,
One long cry — strange and dread ;

For there she lay before him,

Unblemished by the tomb,
As young, and fair, and beautiful,

As in her life and bloom ;

Her hands were clasped upon her breast,

As in some holy rite,

Sweet slumber seemed to have o'erta'en
 Her orisons at night !
 As sunset's glories blend with gloom,
 So smiled her lips in death ;
 Her dark hair lay in waves around—
 The gazers held their breath—
 Some mighty drag arrested
 Our nature's sure decay,
 And there, in bridal beauty,
 The lost and loved one lay !
 Again the stricken Monarch
 Bent on her icy breast,
 And bitter tears shed o'er her,
 And burning kisses prest—
 " Ah ! did I ever wrong thee ?
 Did ever word of mine
 Dim with the tears of sorrow
 Those dear fond eyes of thine ?
 Was ever thy heart's gladness
 Darken'd by my despair ?
 Had I a part in sowing
 The death that cankered there ?
 Thank God ! I can acquit me
 Of thought or deed unkind—
 No wrong by me committed
 Can I recal to mind !
 And love like mine, my lost one !
 Hath eyes more sure and keen
 Than all earth's sworn Inquisitors,
 And Judges that have been !
 Farewell ! my country calls me
 From thy lone side to-day ;
 Else would I sigh my spirit
 Amid these tombs away !
 Else, from this darksome sepulchre,
 Nor prayer nor pomp should bring
 Thy lost, thy sorrowing lover !—
 Thy husband, and thy king !
 I go, Louise ! but speedy
 Will my returning be !
 Ne'er, ne'er again to leave thee !
 To rest once more by thee !
 No tread will break thy slumber,
 Till those who bear my bier
 Shall lay my corse beside thee—
 My home—my heart is here ! "

Mrs. ACTON TINDAL

THE WRITING AND PRINTING REFORM.

PART I.—PHONOGRAPHY.

"The invention all admired, and each how he
To be the inventor missed ; so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet, unfound, most would have thought
Impossible !" —MILTON.

THE ability to express our thoughts and ideas upon paper, by written characters, whether for our own use at some future time, or in the transactions of business, or to send to some beloved relative or friend, "over the hills and far away," so that he may know what we would inform him of as well as though we "held sweet converse together," is indeed a priceless blessing. To render this *art*, then, more easy of acquisition—and that the system we are about to explain does this we hope to satisfy our readers—is surely conferring a benefit upon the whole human family.

There are *two* ways of expressing our ideas upon paper, viz., the *hieroglyphic* and the *phonetic* ; but the former of these is too tedious ever to be brought into general use. The latter is the principle on which our present mode *professes* to be based ; but it has departed so widely from it, that to learn to read, instead of being (as it would were it purely phonetic in its character) an art easy and pleasant of accomplishment, is one of the most difficult tasks of our life. To illustrate the absurdities and inconsistencies caused by this departure from the phonetic principle, we will give a few examples, the first of which shall be a list of our present vowels—a, e, i, o, u—followed by a series of words, in which the same sign or letter is used to represent other sounds, promising that each vowel contains the *true* sound of the letter :—

a—fate, father, fall, fat, many, wander, cellar.
e—me, pen, England, there.
i—mine, mint, fir.
o—no, not, prove, women.
u—use, but, busy.

Nor are these different sounds all the inconsistencies which these *five* unfortunate, hard-worked letters are made to perform ;

for they are often not sounded at all, as the *a* in *zeal*, *e* in *heart*, *i* in *pierce*, *o* in *journey*, and *u* in *guest*.

The consonants also teem with difficulties. Thus, in the word debtor the *b* is not heard at all. *C*, which takes the sound of *s* in *ceiling*, changes into *k* in *call*, and is not pronounced in *scissors*; whilst *g* is hard in *give* and soft in *ginger*. The different sounds assigned to some of our combinations of letters are truly ridiculous. Who can tell the pronunciation of the frequently-occurring one of *ough*? Is it *ow*, as in the word *plough*? If so, then of course *cough* will be *cow*, and *dough* *dow*! If *oo*, as in *through*, then it will turn *trough* into *troo*, and *enough* into *enoo*!! The different sounds attached to this combination have been exhibited in this couplet:—

“ Though the tough *cough* and hiccough *plough* me through,
O'er life's dark *lough* my journey I'll pursue !!! ”

Again, if the true sound of the combination *ch* be heard in the word *chair*, what are we to call such words as *chaise*, *chorus*, and *schism*? and if *sign* contains the proper sound of *s*, what becomes of it in *resign*, *measure*, and *Grosvenor*? If we spell post *p-o-s-t*, why should not *b-o-s-t* be *boast*? Such, too, is the magic power effected by prefixing or affixing a letter or letters to some words, that by preceding laughter with an *s*, it turns to *slaughter*; the addition of *gh* to *thou* makes it *though*, and by adding thereto *t* it is metamorphosed into *thought*; and hanged, by simply prefixing to it a *c*, becomes changed!

These are only a few of the absurdities we could adduce; but where would be the good of proceeding further—to say nothing of lack of space—seeing that it is computed, that out of the fifty thousand words of which the English language is composed, only *fifty*, or *one in a thousand*, are pronounced precisely as they are spelt? Is it not a disgrace to us, that such a state of things has been allowed so long to exist? It need no longer exist; and, therefore, *must not be allowed to exist*. In these days of general education—when all parties are straining every nerve to increase the means of instruction—surely a system which does away with these anomalies—which cleanses this Augean stable—which converts this one “great lie” (as the English language has been termed) into one “great truth”—which renders the learning to read easy, pleasant, and rapid—deserves, at least, an impartial and earnest investigation of its claims by every friend of educa-

tion and progress. Such a system is PHONOGRAPHY; and on these grounds we bespeak for it the attention of our readers.

Phonography, or the writing of sounds, is the invention of Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath. It has not inaptly been termed, "*Talking on Paper*." Its superiority over the present mode of writing consists in its brevity—the ease with which a knowledge of it may be acquired—the rapidity with which it may be written—and its truthfulness. Proceeding on the principle, that our *written* signs ought to be a faithful representation of our *spoken* sounds; and that, in order to secure this, no sign should, in *any case*, represent more than *one* sound; and that simple dots, strokes, and curves, are as legible as our present cumbrous letters, and far more expeditiously written, Mr. Pitman has produced a system combining at once the *utile et dulce*. His alphabet (we call it an alphabet—although it does not commence with A, B,—for want of a more expressive name) consists of *six* simple vowels—arranged in the following order: e, a, ah, au, o, oo, and represented by dots and short strokes—and thirteen consonants. Each of the vowels has also a short sound, which is represented by a lighter stroke or dot, as the case may be. The following list of words, in which the long and short sound of each vowel is heard, will explain this arrangement:—

Full.	Stopped.
e.....cel.	ill.
a.....ale.	ell.
ah....alms.	am.
au....all.	olive.
o.....ope.	up.
oo....food.	foot.

The vowel *o* having no short sound in our language, its light form has, for convenience' sake, been assigned to the sound heard in the word *up*. "From these six simple vowels," says Mr. Pitman, in the "*Manual of Phonography*," "several series of diphthongs and triphthongs * * * are derived. The diphthongs are divided into two classes, proper and improper * * *. The proper diphthongs—*i, oi, ou*—are represented by a small angular mark * * *. The two series of improper diphthongs are represented by small curves placed in the position of the vowel which enters into combination with *y* (a modified *e*) and *w* (a modified *oo*). From the proper diphthongs—*i, ou*—two triphthongs (*wi, wou*) are formed, by prefixing *w*: they are represented by a small right angle.

Of the *thirteen* consonants, *eight* (making in the whole *twenty-one*) have a *heavy* sound, which is represented by the same sign as its corresponding *light* sound, but written heavily. We give them, as the vowels, with a word following each, in which the true sound of the letter is heard :—

Light.	Heavy.
P.....rope	B.....robe.
T.....fate.	D.....fade.
CH.....etch.	J.....edge.
K.....leek.	G.....league.
F.....safe.	V.....sare.
TH.....wreath.	TH.....wreathe.
S.....hiss.	Z.....his.
SH.....vicious.	ZH.....vizion.
R.....for.	
L.....fall.	
M.....seem.	
N.....seen.	
NG.....sing.	

Of the reasons for this arrangement we will let Mr. Pitman be his own exponent. He says, "The present system is founded upon a minute and careful examination of the organs of speech, and the result has been, that we have deemed it expedient to arrange the vowels and articulations, not in the old alphabetical style, but according to their natural sequence. Thus the letter *p* stands first ; it is the least complicated of all articulations, being formed by the very edges of the lips, and not requiring the assistance either of the teeth, the tongue, or the palate, in its production. Next in order stands *b*, then *t*, *d*, &c. The rest follow in a perfectly natural arrangement ; the explosive letters being taken first, proceeding in order from the lips to the throat ; then the continuous consonants in the same order ; and, lastly, the linguals and nasals."

The truthfulness and order exhibited in Phonography are not, however, its only recommendations. By the judicious introduction of a few very simple contractions, it is adapted to the English language as the best system of short-hand extant ; and for these reasons,—that what is written in it may be laid aside for future use with as much certainty as the common long-hand ; that, unlike stenography, correspondence not only may be, but is, carried on in it with the greatest facility and certainty ; and that what would require *six* hours for accomplishment in the old system, may, by a person well acquainted with Phonography, be

performed in *one*. To those who have much writing, what a blessing this must prove. To clergymen, ministers, and the literati, what a saving of time a knowledge of this system would effect. To all connected with the press—editors, reporters, readers and compositors—the advantage arising from a practical acquaintance with phonography will be readily apparent. One mode of contraction is as follows :—*T* being written thus | when made only half its usual size | and used in connexion with some other consonant, becomes *tt*. By adding a small hook on the right-hand side of *t* we get *tl*, on the left-hand side *tr*; right-hand side at bottom *t-shn*, left-hand side ditto *tn*. And this principle applies to the whole of the consonants. The halving law applies also to these double consonants. Besides this, each vowel and consonant, when standing alone, is used to represent some frequently-recurring word of our language, in which the sound of the consonant is distinctly heard; thus *p* represents *up*, *b* *be*, &c. &c. By still further contractions and abbreviations, it is made, for the use of reporting, the shortest of all systems of short-hand.

PHONOPEN.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

No. III.—A RELIGIOUS SUBJECT.

THERE is a small pair of bright, black, young eyes, peeping good-naturedly out from under a *nine-cornered* shovel hat (for your Beaver, if designed by Durandus and stamped by Neale, *will* get nine corners, perhaps more, in the course of a year and a half's parish business), which I meet some thrice a day coming and going—a thin pair of legs trotting along in large, coarse shoes, and a lean yellow hand perpetually on the outstretch for some other to shake—which are worth a good five pounds a year to any one who cares to keep alive his idea of unobtrusive piety and Christian beneficence in human form; and to be convinced that there is “a soul of goodness” which can survive the dripping of party uncharitableness and the batterings of controversial wrath—that there lives a being who can stand upright and free in spite of authority and domination of Man's making, to speak the truth; and to act up to his speakings. The Curate of St. Simon's will

never set the Irwell on fire by his inventions. The Ladies, I find, call him very prosy in the pulpit; and the Editors of The Holy Poker, The Fiery Furnace, and The Symbolist, severally point to him as a "*slip-between*"—as one who, during the fierce strife waging between the Infallible Man and the Scarlet Lady, takes no part in the struggle; under pretence "that the day's duty is enough for him." He has some uncouth absent tricks which will stand betwixt him and preferment (if, indeed, he wished for it); but for these, as the Lover says in the song about the woman who cannot read,

I love him all the better.

And just now, as Church Tones, and Church Tiles, and Church Tales, Church Costumes, and Church Cakes, Church Development, and Church Denunciation, are all the fashion—why should not I

Share the triumph and partake the gale!

(the quotation, I am informed, employed by Mrs. Blackadder on the occasion of her own marriage), and offer *my* contribution of A Religious Subject to your gallery of Worthies and Zealous Industrials!

I must first, however, warn the Ladies (chief purchasers, they tell me of novels Papistic, Puseyite, McNeileite, Muggletonian, Methodistic, Incognito-Lingual, and Plymouth-Fraternal) that my "Religious Subject" has a cut, a cast, a character of its own; a doctrine, too, quite as good as the very best of theirs. Yet I have nothing new to impart concerning the Reverend Mr. Russell, who argued one gentleman out of Infidelity, and enticed three young Ladies into Infallibility. The consumptive Cottager—child of rude Parents—who perpetually chances to fall into the way of the Impenitent, the Careless, and the Despondent, just at the critical moment of their complaint, is, this time, warm under the blankets, forbidden to speak, since there are hopes of her recovery! The Brother and Sister of old family; who are poetized into truth by haunting their own beautiful Church; and by flouncing, frilling, and painting it up into "favour and prettiness," by ringing of bells, and chaunting of very ugly music, arrive at a refined peace and serene obedience, which places them beyond the shocks and assaults of that low-bred Cromwellian creature, Private Judgment, (giving them even a *dab* of pity to spare for poor John Milton).—Mr. Eustace and Miss Agnes, I say, are too busy over their *Black Letter*, to "show" in my simple story of Pewterer's Passage. There is nothing, moreover, about "the unconverted Heathen," begin-

ning with the Irish, unreclaimed from thriftless habits—there is no peep at The Holy Week at Rome ; for or against The Pope with his fan of feathers (like Scott's Dame Nelly), or about the *Miserere* ; or in admiration of the beautifully-behaved English, who take bottles of beer with them into the Sistine Chapel, and work their way with corking-pins to "the anxious benches" where they can see best—not a word destined to knock down that gigantic Sin, "struck to stone," Cologne Cathedral—not "a waving" of a Bishop's petticoat—not a shadow on the wall of a Vicar—not an orphrey, nor a brass bason for the offertory—nor a pinch of sulphur for the cooking of those who believe in dancing, and countenance Play-actors. "What, then, in the name of patience," cry the eager, energetic fair ones, who throng about "Books on Religious Subjects,"—so called, "like bees around a honey-crooke"—"are you going to give us, Mr. Bell ?—or is it merely a trick to make us listen to some of your mockery ?" &c. &c. &c. &c.

No trick ; my venerable Female Brethren ! (so the Reverend Onesiphorus Wheazeley was in the habit of styling the Dorcas among his congregation)—the good old Curate of St. Simon's is a Religious Subject, if there ever was such a being upon the Earth. Subject to the circumstances of most narrow fortune—subject to a love of Peace—subject to a sense of active self-sacrificing duty—subject to a humility which is proved by its very unconsciousness—subject to a respect for his calling, which leaves him not a moment's time for quarrelling about precedences, or wrangling about trifles—subject to pain without its leaving a trace of soreness or sourness—subject to sorrow, which has mellowed his heart, not destroyed his happiness : as innocent as a child—as indefatigable as a middle-aged man—as wise and indulgent as a father—I know of no fault in "dear uncle Vavasour," as my children call him ; and but a few foibles. One is a love of dumb animals, which makes him sometimes break off in the midst of Church matters to be neighbourly with every ragged little cur that comes up to him in the street. It has stuffed his memory with impossible tales of Dogs that would not go to Chapel*

* It is to Mr. Vavasour that I owe my knowledge of the Epitaph in Camberwell Churchyard on the Lady who, as it now stands,

Went to Heaven and left her dog behind.

The *c* and *l* in "clog" (for *cumber*) having worn into the one Letter. I never saw the Curate of St. Simon's ruffled, save once—when this solution destroyed a story on which he dwelt with fondness.

—Dogs that only jumped up on corduroys, worn by Tory thighs—Dogs that preferred brown bread when their Masters were poor, and war-prices obtained—Dogs that would never cross a railway without a flag in their mouths—Dogs that barked when old Barnabas Dockwray the Clerk made the wrong responses, and the like—enough to set up Mr. Jesse with stuff for a score of volumes. I have heard him say—considerate man!—that he would publish these, if he had time; and if it was not “for fear of taking the bread out of the mouths of those poor authors;”—he with his meagre hundred a year! His other propensity is for a pipe; and his enemies tell—unable, however, to bring one single witness—that he once absolutely mounted the reading-desk with “a yard of clay” in his mouth; unaware of being thus furnished, till—on opening his lips to pray, the utensil dropped, and broke, to the scandal (saith the Lie) of all present. If the thing ever happened, it must be now forty-five years ago; and do you expect me to agree with Miss Martha Le Grand, when she adduces a story of such long standing (as apocryphal, too, as that of my namesake and The Dragon) by way of reason for the poor Curate of St. Simon’s being the poor Curate of St. Simon’s still:—when Mr. Scrupler has married a rich wife, and Mr. Niblett another, and Mr. Blaze, (who compared H.M. the Queen Dowager to the Queen of Sheba, Dorcas, Helena the Mother of Constantine and Saint Elizabeth, all in one sermon) is already the Rector of Cooborough; and to be made, they say, a Bishop!

But while we are talking about Bishops, and not “getting on,” I cannot but remember a passage of dear good Mr. Vavasour’s youth, which may, perhaps, better explain his present obscurity than the tale of the tobacco-pipe. Once upon a time, he was Chaplain to the Bishop of ———. Now, in those days (not as now) Bishops did strange things. One, for instance, would attend at the Palace on Sunday evenings, behind the chair of the Lord’s Anointed, and shuffle his cards for him—unable, pious man! to take his own episcopal part in the rubber, till midnight had struck!—There was such a feature, in many an ecclesiastical residence, then, as a back staircase for the Chaplains . . . and the Ladies’ maids . . . There were prelates in buckskins, (I never heard of “a pink”) who never failed to be riding abroad on “a visitation,” when the hounds were out. To this past dispensation, belonged poor Vavasour’s patron, the Bishop of ———. The Symbolists might describe him as a

mighty Card-player—since he managed, by trick after trick, to amass a treasure for his enormous family, on which some seven fortunes since have been founded:—and as an eager Hunter—for he never failed to bring down his game though he were all day in the saddle—but to plain people who “call a spade, a spade,” he was merely a smooth, bland, urbane gentleman, who raised his eyes from the ground once a week, and his voice into a *forte* once a month, who had secret texts and smooth words for the greatest and the least of his subjects; and whose whole life was spent in “doing the civil thing”—to borrow the Duchess Dowager of Preston’s designation of church-going.

Now, following a curious law in Natural History (which I am invited by Miss Martha Le Grand, some once a month to discuss) his Lordship of ———, like other Prelates, had what some German writer calls “a daughter-full house,” was the parent of eight fair young ladies, and one, to be gentle, “less fair than honest,”—I am loth to believe in Virtue and Beauty as one;—in ill-looks and Vice—but Miss Aurelia was “a hard bargain,” for one who desired as devoutly, as her father, to turn every treasure to account. Snub (not in nose, only, but in her whole figure) silly, satirical: with a sort of awry notion that men were to be best bewitched by contradiction, but lacking the means of carrying it out—she was in every one’s way: spoiled the harmony of her grouped sisters: made a discord in their chorus:—set right her Papa (she was the only child who dared to called the bland Bishop “*Papa*”) in his divinity—at some portentous dinner openly rallied the man of men just when he was about to take the leap, and propose for one of “the Nine”—patronised low people when anybody was to be vexed by it—“had out” the topic of topics which was most inconvenient (when ever did great man’s table lack such a secret?) with all the tact of a provoking temper—got up when people were going to bed, and went to bed when people got up; and in short, seems to have been as fair a subject for the poisons of a Lucretia as ever molested “a venerable circle.” There was no quieting her; no hiding her; no putting her out of court, no pensioning of her off: and what would become of her, was a standing object of curiosity with all who knew The Bishop and The Bishop’s Daughters.

Now, one day, it chanced, when His Lordship of ———

was alone in his study, more than usually exasperated, at some openly paraded fit of perversity on the part of this amiable creature, that another of his chaplains, Vavasour's devoted friend, begged an audience, and with a face which promised a piece of news worth having. For to men so great, men so small often present "a table of contents" (as it were) in their countenances: so that if the humour of the hour be not for scandal, or sympathy, or church formality, or lay licence, the august listener may be spared long preambles—and the palaver be cut short.

"Mr. Onley," said the Bishop, "you have made some discovery in my household."

"In your Lordship's family—Marvellous penetration!" replied Mr. Onley: the latter half of the speech, being an "*aside*."

"In my family? What is it, Sir? You know, I am a man of few words—Which?" And the Bishop gasped: as he said to himself—"That unlucky girl again! Might it not please Heaven to rid me of her!"

"It is my duty to acquaint your Lordship," said the soft spoken and suet-complexioned Mr. Onley, "that an engagement has just been entered into, betwixt Mr. Vavasour and"

"Not Miss Aurelia?" interrupted the Bishop.

"No, my Lord but Miss Rhoda."

The Bishop leaped from his chair, as Mr. Onley averred, a yard upright. His daughter Rhoda had been long a favourite speculation of his. A Marquis had looked at her, a Baronet wanted her, a great manufacturer with thirty thousand a year, had invited her to stay with him during our Kersal Moor Races (though the man was a Whig). She had been noticed at court, as having a peculiarly courtly bend in her figure: and was not without parts as well as personal charms—a turn for small diplomacy—a smattering of languages—and a soothing way, which no silly Lordling could resist:—and she to have dared to engage herself to that Mr. Vavasour!—and the worm to have lifted his eyes to such a height! It could not be! But Mr. Onley was sure of his facts: had proofs (no matter these to my story)—had eaves-dropped, and guessed and patched circumstance to circumstance to some purpose—as an intimate friend should do. And shy, and absent, and unworldly as Vavasour was, he was convicted of having absolutely managed to seduce

the affections of the choicest of the Eight episcopal virgins—Aurelia hardly counting as one of the flock!

Calm, however, and demure sate his Lordship of ———, taking in the length and breadth of the horror—the first shock of wonderment over; and, smiling compassionately on Mr. Onley, and pastorally admonishing him of the danger of “mistakes?” he dismissed him. But the step of the mischief-maker was hardly across the threshold, when the Bishop’s bell was rung more impatiently than Bishop’s bell should be, and the offender there and then summoned to his lordly presence. Jedwood Justice was there and then to be executed upon poor Vavasour, for the tremendous severity of which he was little prepared.

“Come forward, Mr. Vavasour,” said the Bishop, as the absent blushing little Chaplain hurried in—almost out of breath with emotion, and consciousness that he had been about a desperate piece of boldness—“Come forward, *dear* Mr. Vavasour!” and the speaker faced the small man, with that large pair of pale eyes,—open to their widest—of which so few were ever permitted to see the colour; “Take a seat, my young friend,” continued the Prelate, with all the unction of secret enjoyment, and self-congratulation in the invention of a master-stroke. “Weldon, inform Miss Aurelia that I shall wish to speak with her in ten minutes from this time: and do not interrupt us on any pretext whatsoever.” The butler departed pompously, and the Bishop paused. I hope my shy readers will enter into the especial comfort of that pause, to one already so ill-assured and agitated as poor Andrew Vavasour.

When the suspense had done its work, the discourse began: in the most honeyed of prelatical tones. His Lordship “had sent for the Chaplain, to consult with him on a matter of peculiar delicacy and interest—to give the young man, moreover, some small token of the affectionate, he might say, *paternal* interest, which he felt:—One of such singular Christian attainments as Mr. Vavasour, who would be so welcome as an acquisition to any family”—the poor little Chaplain began to gasp—“whose prospects of rising to the highest distinction in the Church were so serenely assured—must, indeed, be alike a charge and a pleasure to every head of a flock, whose sense of responsibility included the happiness present and to come of every human being within the sphere of his influence. In brief, Mr.

Varasour," continued the merciless Bishop, turning his eyes full on the half-fainting listener, "I am aware of what has been passing in my family: occupied though I may have seemed to you, with the more momentous interests of my public charge. You are attached, Sir, to one of my daughters; and your attachment is returned."

If the Bishop "had a way with him" which would have ground a heart of stone to dust—how much the more was it likely to bear down and confuse one who was already in the hot and cold fits of delicacy and conscious guilt—who felt as burglar might do, when fancying he is carrying on his designs in solitary darkness, who should find himself—on the sudden blast of a whistle or tinkle of a bell—picking locks in the full blaze of a glass-room or greenhouse, with an entire family (not to mention two Bow-street runners!) looking curiously on. Never fluent or well assured, save when in the pulpit, poor Varasour tripped, and tumbled; turned every colour of the rainbow, unable to confess, or to deny; or to utter his thanks, or to arrest the march of his awful friend, by one solitary qualification or remonstrance! Shame never sat on the stool of Repentance much less comfortably.

"I see, my dear friend," resumed the Prelate, with an almost imperceptible smile, "I see your emotion. Cherish it, keep your feelings fresh: they are among the sweetest possessions of the soul! You would thank me, perhaps; but one day you yourself will know what a father will do for the happiness of his daughters. If I have smoothed your path, so do, also, when you shall meet with some youth as calculated to make a superior woman happy as you are now. Pray do not speak: I see, I see! And now, having given you my paternal consent and blessing—let me hand you over to one, who, I am aware, at this moment, is an object of far dearer and deeper interest to you. Weldon," continued the ruthless man, ringing in his *factotum*, "inform Miss Aurelia that Mr. Varasour and myself desire the pleasure of her company. I shall but say two words, my dear Son, then leave you to your own full hearts;"—and as he spoke: Miss Aurelia entered: the living picture of the "Expressive She," in Hood's inimitable design of "The Dissenter's Marriage."

Was ever bashful lover in such plight? There was something about the Bishop not to be trifled with:—a "musical twang" as

old Aubrey says of the spirits—in his voice, as emphatic as the agreeable invitation “*Master Barnardine get up and be hanged!*” yet, withal, a covert mockery, which made its way to the very heart of the hearer, though he could have died before turning to protest against the wilful error, or, to say, “*Man! I see through you.*” “Don’t kick me with your civility!” exclaims some one in a play—and desperate is the estate of him, who, considering himself kicked, has, yet, not composure enough to return the courteous insult, with point, decision, and advantage. And then that woman! hideous, and harsh; empty and evil, mean and mocking!—Vavasour knew not how deep she might be in the conspiracy! He *might* be the man of her choice!—I once heard him preach a sermon about “people married against their wills,” which opened as it were a trap-door, for me, into his own depths of terror on the occasion. He thought the amiable creature smiled: conscious of her power—that he saw a look of agreement exchanged betwixt father and daughter. There was no time to be lost. In another moment he and the Wicked One would be affianced! He *must* speak: but though he strove so to do, with the passion of a man in a dream—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth!—He turned east: he turned west: there was a beautiful garden full of flowers and song-birds, close outside the window: as quiet and inviting as if neither Bishop nor Bishop’s daughter was within. He yielded to the impulse of his terror, dismay, and perplexity—dashed through, and was on the lawn—ere he became aware that in his frenzy to escape from the treasure offered to him, he had demolished the costly plate of glass. If Love will break through stone walls, what wonder if Aversion has force enough to make an end of a fragile window?

This catastrophe was all that was wanted to complete the measure of Vavasour’s distress! He fled: was never seen or heard of more within the walls of the Episcopal Palace: and that day three weeks, his fair and fickle Rhoda married the great manufacturer. So, as the song says, “there was an end of her,” as well as of her humble lover’s prospects in the Church!

Novelists are very fond of persons destroyed by a great disappointment. With those who call themselves “religious novelists,” calamity is always made to precede conversion. The best natures are deepened not sharpened—softened not soured, by trial. Perhaps—the idea of advancement once “killed dead”—the Curate of Saint Simon’s has been a better man ever since the catastrophe:

more free to do his fullest duty by his neighbours: more open to the love of every one among them. Other people will not *enter into controversy*: he seems, positively, unable to understand what it means. And this damages him with sundry ladies of his congregation—"A good man, dear Mrs. Froggatt!" is what you will hear about him from one out of every ten persons,—“but lax in his doctrines!” Nay, one irate Virgin, displeased at his lenity over an argument about original sin, did threaten, not long since, to memorialize Vavasour's Bishop on the subject. But how could she keep her word, after he had sat up for three nights with her gardener, when the latter had broken his leg?—And what wonder that certain of her friends,—eager possibly, to see a quarrel undertaken at another's cost,—sigh when she is mentioned, and say, “Ah poor thing: mollified by mere works!”

Then, when we are speaking of quarrels—how *can* one forget that the great feud between the Brudges and the Spindletons, which had kept our neighbourhood in water very nearly as hot as Mr Stagg's furnace at the corner of Pymlett Lane, was made up in half an hour, after sixteen years of progress—by the Curate of St. Simon's?—no one could or would tell how:—He himself was always in a bustle (which I take leave to think very nearly as much of a subterfuge as a fib direct) whenever he was asked, which of the two, it was—Mrs. Brudge, or Mr. William Spindleton, who spoke first—and made the apology. Did he not, also, so manage Mr. Packbury, that, at a period, when indulged temper menaced the old gentleman's reason, he changed all of a sudden, and is now as reasonable as most gouty folks? Then, during this weary strife of Catechisms and Dogmas, Pusey and Anti-Pusey, it is admirable to see how he has steered betwixt the stone altar, and the velvet cushion—between smooth formality, and harsh fanaticism!—“When the right time comes,” I have heard him say, “let us settle these matters—meanwhile cannot we all be friends?” Good man! the time will never come for one so virtuously busy on Earth—till he gets to Heaven—“and there” I take it, as my Mrs. Bell says, “people have something better to do than wrangling about Surplices and Gregorian Chants.”

But though I could dwell for pages more on the religion of my Subject—and for pages more tell of his kind acts to great and small—I had best not become tedious. So I will only add to the catalogue, the great scandal which he has outlived:—this, in itself, no mean testimony to his excellence and popularity.

Though not young—though poor—though absent to the point of putting a shoe instead of a prayer-book into his pocket, when he set forth to admonish Mrs. Froggatt—Mr. Vavasour has all his life been an object of great anxiety to the females of his congregation; and “a good wife for him” has been wished by so many, that it has evidently meant (when a Lady was the speaker, and single,) “a good wife of my choosing.” Few men pass through this ordeal without giving due offence: not so, however, Mr. Vavasour: too innocent, and too honourable to be charged with a moment’s coquetry with any mentionable woman: whether before or after dinner (there is much, dear Ladies! in this “*whether*”)—and the solitary objection made to his admirable conduct, took the form of Miss Dripps—who has always been serious about Papistry—saying that she was confident Mr. Vavasour must have taken a vow of Celibacy; and *that* she could not “stand by, were he ten times the favourite he was.” But there are some who assert that Miss Dripps was a disappointed woman; who maintain that a certain sermon “about over-confidence in expectation,” preached about the time of her censure, by Mr. Vavasour, might, obliquely, touch her case. But that cannot be: there is no obliquity in any of the proceedings of the Curate of St. Simon’s.

You will judge, however, of the consternation of all our Ladies, when, one fine Tuesday, the fact broke out, that a widow gentlewoman, and her daughter, had arrived, on the preceding evening, at Mr. Vavasour’s lodgings—to live with him! Perhaps Truth, when naked, is always less dangerous than when it hath “a cocked hat and a walking cane.” And the monstrosity of the announcement so stunned us all, that nothing was left to learn. The Curate made no mystery of the fact, though he was in a wondrous bustle, and, as he confessed himself, “truly taken by surprise.” An old friend—who had been in trouble—and who thought the air of Pewterer’s Passage would agree with her . . . And then there was always such a danger of single men growing selfish—and her little girl was just the charge he should like. . . . of such clauses was made up Vavasour’s incoherent explanation to my Mrs. Bell; who, being in an eternal state of civil war with the Ladies of our Row, stopped him point blank on the causeway, to learn “what we were to think.” “Quite right! like yourself, dearest Mr. Vavasour,” was my wife’s reply—delighted at having the first confidence. And then he went, bubbling on, to tell ~~how~~

every body in the house was so delighted! "Plush," this was his own peculiar dog of dogs, "had been aware, for some days, that odd things were going on; and had never failed to pull the postman's coat-tail every morning; and, what was more extraordinary, he had declined taking his daily walk—not to be out of the way! And Plush had expressed his willingness to take a part, by giving up *his* little luxuries too! I, my pipe—he his liver—Ah! Mrs. Bell, these dumb creatures might set some of us an example—and had jumped without invitation (having first wiped his paws very clean) into Mr. Meckell's lap!" &c. &c.

"And when is the day to be, dear Mr. Vavasour?"

"THE DAY?" was his reply, in a tone of terror more unaffected, my wife assures me, than ever she heard from man, woman, or child. "O, I hope people won't fancy *that*! It would make her so uncomfortable, poor thing!" and down the Row shuffled the Curate of St. Simon's, chased, as it were, by some painful thought.

It was his old love: the Bishop's Daughter! Years and years before that time had her gold become dross. Her manufacturer-husband proved unfortunate in business, and from being unfortunate, became unkind to her. His vast fortune had melted away—and with it his little love. And her prosperous sisters had declared it, according to Prosperity's fashion, to be all her fault—some (these were the serious ones) speaking of "judgments"—others (these were the worldly) deducing it from "the horrid political opinions" of the man she had married—and Saints and Sinners alike, agreeing, in the easy and soporific *quietus* to their own benevolence—that "as she had made her bed, so she must lie in it!" Mrs. Vicar Dartmouth could not have any communion with one "who would bring Unitarians about the house." Lady Soley "must think for the Earl, as well as herself." So those who would take her in, might. And as she fulfilled the Johnsonian definition of being "ugly, and sickly, and foolish, and poor"—no one would have compassion on the luckless Rhoda, save He who had walked through the window to get rid of her sister: the Curate of St. Simon's! Of course they were not married; but in his lodging she died, after slowly wasting for many years. The bodily privations to which he was reduced thereby will never be known; but week by week his spirit became *more and more* that of an Angel; and I used, without knowing

why, to look out for him, as he passed, during the last months of his inmate's life ; little guessing what it was that put into his face the smile which did my heart so much good ! He is bringing up the little girl : we think, for my second boy—but, naturally, do not wish this divulged.

Now—tell me, friendly and affectionate Reader—whatsoever be the complexion of your creed—have I not kept my word, and treated you to “A RELIGIOUS SUBJECT?”

POEM TO LEIGH HUNT ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

THE spirits of immortal friends—long passed
To realms beyond the echo of Time's foot
Marking the years and hours on earth—this day
Regard thee :—Shelley from his radiant sphere,
Which with his spirit's poetry maintains
A silvery symphony ; and finds its strain
Enriched in tone 'bove that of sister-stars,
And grown the voice of Freedom, Truth, and Love.
Keats from some Planet with a mythic name,
Hyperion's Bard received into his shrine.
Lamb from an orb that like Memnonian lyre
Sings in th' eternal sunshine of his soul.
And Byron from a world with music jarred
As by internal earthquake ;—he thee hails
Victor o'er private woes more stern than his,
'Neath which he wailing drooped—a sun-blind Bard.

They view the fountain of thy spirit, still
Ever-fresh springing from the earth, as when
They drank its waters here ; which make the air
Around them buoyant, morning-like ; inspiring
With a new youth their spirits quaffing them.

Thou sittest in thine age upon Time's shore,
Watching that bark of Truth surmount its tide,
For aiding which in storm her wreckers black
Smote thee in deadlier days : thy fortunes bear
The scars of bloodless honour to thy tomb.

The birthdays of the men baptised in blood,
Who call gore glory, and name horror honour,
Blinding man's conscience which they cannot kill,
Beget the birthdays of her fatal foes,

Truth's sentinels,—as storms the rainbow bear.
 Who pass her watch-word down the path of Time;
 Who keep alive her beacon-fires, which show
 Her true face; countermarch dark Falsehood's arms,
 And tear the chaplet from her veiled brow;
 Proving a nightshade her misnomered laurel;
 Cutting the gordian net around men's souls.
 But for them, Good, might die out of the world.

As many a hearth—that sanctuary blest
 From th' outer world—is smileless made by them
 Who lure men from it in false Glory's name;
 So many a home thy heart and fancy bless
 With their outpourings:—turning passive things
 To enchanted ministers of Delight and Love.

The childhood of men all—is poetry.
 But 'tis an amaranth of unfading bloom
 In oh, how few!—the wintry world-bligh/clings,
 With all the canker-worms that eat the heart
 To hollowness. Its spirit of delight
 And wonder at all Nature's simplest forms,
 And her sublimest,—sickens from the soul:
 By parents chilled who have outlived the sense,
 Poisoned by weeds of earthy care and wrong,
 Cut by the whistling hail of scorn and slight.
 The heart-filled, open hand of brother love
 Closes at meeting no returning grasp;
 Till self-defence begets self-love alone.

Lo! the Leigh Hunts arise!—whose beings have
 A constitution, in delight and love
 Too vital to be killed in childhood's growth,
 Or take the world's contagious blight when men.
 A natural religion in their souls,
 A sense of lovely mystery in all life,
 Of a spirit in all nature kin to man's.
 With all the strength of manhood's utterance
 They pour their natures into weaker hearts.

But oh! they have their guerdon: and thy life
 Has doubled been in thoughts and feelings great;
 In acts to bless thy age's memory late;
 As who ascends at eve the mountain's height,
 Shall yet bask radiant in the sun's last light
 When men in plains below grow dim in night.

FRANCIS WORSLEY.

THE REVOLUTIONARY FIREBRAND.

WE live surrounded with terrors : volcanoes are boiling beneath our feet ; the lightning is darting above our heads ; every day, something on which we had reposed in security is suddenly discovered to be but a thin plank thrown across the bottomless abyss ;—so heedless are we of the fearful mysteries of our existence, till some penetrating eye detects them, and some voice of warning betrays them ! We dance heedlessly on the green sward, quite unconscious of its being the soft covering of a grave. Suddenly a kind and anxious spectator, or, probably, some “vested interest” makes us aware of the fact, and our dance ceases—our merriment is chilled. How much we owe to those attentive alarmers—to those sensitive appreciators of the hidden evil—to the warning voice which checks our laughter with the sudden revelation of the grave !

As if there were not horrors enough, another horror has been detected ; as if our social existence were not sufficiently perilous, another danger has been discovered. There is—though many know it not—a fearful pestilence stalking abroad. There is a Firebrand flashing in the air, and on the eve of being hurled into the powder-magazine of the State. The horrible scheme of the Gunpowder Plot is paltry, in comparison—sinks into an insignificance of which Guy Fawkes, hoisted on ‘dirty boys’ shoulders, is the only adequate symbol.

“God bless me !” exclaims the alarmed reader, “I was not at all aware of this. I have heard of the ‘Church in danger,’ so long, that it has become like the cry of ‘The wolf,’ and I settle my fears with the proverb, ‘creaking doors, &c.’ But what is this Firebrand ?”

You may accuse us of paradox, if we answer truly ; and yet we must not prevaricate. Know, then, that it has been discovered, aye and demonstrated, that the great Revolutionary Firebrand, which is to make our “Glorious constitution” an inglorious heap of blackened ruins, is no less a thing than this : the earnest Protest against Wrong !

If you see millions suffering from injustice, and you protest—

earnestly, solemnly protest against the cause, you are lighting a Firebrand. If your soul sickens at the degradation inflicted by the Lash, your squeamishness must be silent, or you will be raising a Firebrand in the air. If you think you can perceive, on the one hand, the brutalising effects of Capital Punishment, on the other its wretched inefficiency in diminishing crime, you must not utter that conviction, or you will be casting a Firebrand into society. Think what you please, but beware how you utter it, unless you belong to the "right thinking and enlightened class." Sicken, if you will, but dare not to protest. Dare not to tamper with the edifice which Time and the misery of millions has sanctified; dare not to remove even a withered branch from that Tree, under whose branching shade our forefathers grew up, lest, in removing the blighted branch, you peril the stability of the whole. The Tree is a noble tree, with all its tortuous misgrowths, with all its paralysed limbs. You must respect it for what it has been. It has its defects. It has also its great qualities. The defects are inseparable from its greatness, and therefore ought not to be removed. Attempt to remove them, and you light the Firebrand.

You will be told that there is wrong in the world, there always has been, always will be. Our life is a "mingled yarn"—the evil is inseparably woven in with the good. What, then, is the use of raising seditious cries about particular wrongs? If you protest, you endanger "vested interests." If you endanger these you endanger the welfare of the State, and, as the State is composed of all classes, including the millions, it follows, by a very beautiful deduction, that your protest is a dangerous Firebrand, which, if listened to, will destroy even the millions in whose favour it is made, since their welfare is, of course, bound up with that of the State!

"Is it, then," we hear some sarcastic gentleman observe, "indifferent what sophisms are put forth to gull the credulous people? Shall not a far-seeing man stigmatise the sophism which lies under that Protest? Is not Falsehood always a Firebrand?"

Falsehood is always a Firebrand; but is seldom called so. Falsehood is laughed at, exposed, or disregarded—men know that its empire must be short. Truth, when ruining "vested interests," is endeavoured to be stifled, under the obloquy of a name. Truth alone is crucified!

Let any man rise up and preach against imaginary evils, or in

favour of inapplicable reforms, and he will meet, indeed, with abundant sarcasms, but the utmost to be said of his opinions are—"They are crotchets!" But, let a man arise to utter the thought which is struggling for utterance in the dumb millions—let him preach against a wrong which thousands feel, and which the wrongers know exists—then, when he is uttering a living truth, when his voice is the voice of those who cannot speak, when his word is a spark of unextinguishable fire, that lights up the souls of his hearers, and clears away their doubts—then, opinion is not sneered at as a crotchet, it is vilified as a Firebrand. Then rises the voice of warning and of lamentation; then are the lovers of social order called upon to repress the profligate abuse of Liberty of Thought.

So true it is, as Heinrich Heine strikingly observes,—“Everywhere, where an earnest spirit speaks out his convictions, there also is Golgotha!”

COBDEN ON THE CONTINENT.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

RICHARD COBDEN was a commercial traveller once—and although the world may not at first blush think it—Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. Sometimes on the road—sometimes on the rail—an active emissary of Manchester; he distributed his patterns—collected his debts—opened up new connections—consolidated old ones—wrote his daily bulletin of the state of trade—the tightness of money or the glut of stock—to the city of the tall chimneys—and then officiated as Mr. Chair, or Mr. Vice, in that hastily-gobbled dinner, which commercial gentlemen always seem to hurry over as a piece of disagreeable necessity, to be got through with as quickly as possible.

And Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. True, he shows no patterns—takes no order—duns no customer—represents no firm. His progress is not now from Manchester to Liverpool, or from Nottingham to Derby. His ever-shifting habitation is no longer that big, side-boarded, dreary, bookless, commercial room. He flieth not from shop to shop—signing bills—writing receipts—vaunting a new design in calicos—predicting a rise in cottons. And still, we repeat, he is a commercial traveller.

Yes—the greatest—the most remarkable traveller the world has ever seen. Europe is his district—nations are his customers—the memoirs of the League fill his book of patterns—he deals in mighty principles—he distributes vast doctrines—he exhibits new designs which shake the polity of empires—he predicts universal commercial interchange—no land, no city, which he has not filled with the fame and the credit of his great constituent, the mighty firm of Free Trade, throned in the realms of England.

Richard Cobden, literally the commercial traveller—and Richard Cobden, figuratively the commercial traveller! How vast the leap! The Mister Cobden who derived his little weight from his calico-making constituents—whose name circulated but amongst his own little class—the knight-errants of the Ledger—whose talk was naturally of invoices and bills of parcels—who was cared for but by mottle-faced landlords and grimy bootsees—in fact, Mr. B. Cobden, Bagman.

Study that picture first—then this.

Richard Cobden, the wide world known—the leader of the greatest mercantile confederacy man has ever seen—the wielder of a power the most pacific—the most pliable—but the most overwhelming probably ever guided by one governing spirit—Richard Cobden who revolutionised an empire—who will revolutionise the world; and who did it without the glitter of a bayonet or the crack of a musket—Richard Cobden who prostrated the proudest oligarchy of Europe—who ruled the man who ruled the Legislature which ruled the empire—Richard Cobden, at once the missionary—the champion—the advocate—the embodiment of Free Trade—striding in his triumph over Europe—everywhere welcomed—everywhere honoured—his health toasted—his name, his principles, and his deeds proclaimed in every language of civilisation—everywhere sowing the good seed—everywhere telling the good tidings—everywhere pointing out how protection clogs men's progress—how it isolates them and makes them enemies—how, to the eye of mercantile genius, customhouses show like frowning ramparts, and tariffs like standing armies.

'Tis a wondrous, a promising, a happy phenomenon, the tour of Richard Cobden. It is greater than ever was monarch's progress—will exercise more power than ever did conqueror's march. He sets people thinking. He leaves little Leagues behind him—he consecrates, so to speak, local Villierses, and Brights, and Fosses. He sets many balls rolling. Festal banquets everywhere await

him—oh, may they be the forerunners of that great festal banquet which the world shall sit down to, when, like the guests at a picnic, every nation shall bring its share to the setting forth of the table—one offering bread—another wine—a pastoral land its meat—a manufacturing its steel, wherewith to carve the viands!

Free trade!—the word is now a household one in many tongues—the idea will soon become as familiar, and then will it be translated into action.

Quick-witted France—thou pleasant and light-hearted land—let the sea be the only and the easily-spanned barrier betwixt us. We can mutually help each the other—hear glory in other sounds than the rattle of rolling drums.—Forego your affection for the administration of triangular bayonet-stabs. We want your wine, not your blood—take our cottons, not our lives. Let the channel be dotted with packets, not privateers. Be happy, Monseigneur le Prince du Joinville, without flinging thirteen-inch shells into the marine libraries of Margate;—adopt Free Trade, in fine—do not fight with us—deal with us—make drays of your tumbrils—scales of your shakoos—and weights of your bullets.

And thou, Belgium,—remember the old name—the old days of your land. We love its ancient, rather than its modern title. Flanders—the Netherlands—the Low Countries,—you were the first to teach Northern Europe the arts of peace—to prove the might—the power of honest industry. Glorious old Burghers of Ghent, and Antwerp, and Bruges;—sleeping amid the pomp of your many-towered cities, you it was who bearded the fierce chivalry of France and Spain—you it was who first taught the nations how the lance could be shivered by the spindle. Did your stout deputies quail before the bluster of Charles of Burgundy?—were their keen minds ever swayed by the craftiness of his well-beloved cousin of France?—No, gallant burghers of Flanders—you formed the first great commercial league—you harried the robbers' nests of the Rhine—you taught your steel-clad neighbours that the pennon fluttering from knightly lance must yield to the flag hoisted on merchantman's mast. And were you rude, mechanical—a mere toiling, soulless mass of sweltering artisans or ledger-loving hucksters? Answer for us, the brushes of your painters—the chisels of your sculptors. Answer for us, the canvass of Teniers and Rubens—the gothic glories of the spire of Antwerp—the Burgher Hall of Ghent!

Spain! You too had your gone commercial glories—you it was

who sent forth the little fleet of three from Palos—you it was whose flag first floated on the Pacific—you it was whose stately argosies and galleons first poured forth the treasures—the gold, the silver, the perfumes, the cinnamon and the spice of the fresh new world—before the eyes of dazzled Europe. But you turned from peace to war—from traffic to combat—you loaded your fleet with shot and shell—a prince commanded it—a pope blessed it—and yet, where in two months was the invincible Armada, and where since has been the happiness and the prosperity of Spain?

Italy—land of commerce as much as of art—land of the merchants who were princes, and the princes who were merchants! In the tideless Adriatic once waved the flags of all nations. It was when the commerce of Italy most flourished, that its art reached its zenith. Glorious above all its days were those in which the merchant galleys of the world crowded the lagoons of Venice, and clustered round the Mole of Genoa—when Italy had its Medicis to encourage its artistic splendour—its Dorias to vindicate its maritime renown.

But now, commerce has flown; its spirit, if not dead, is torpid in Belgium—in Spain—in Italy. The quays of Antwerp are deserted—there is idleness and gloom in the ports from which the Armada sailed, and in which the Bucentaur lies rotting. Civil war and military despotism have ground down commerceless lands. But there is yet hope. When the rail shall clasp Europe in its iron bands—when Custom Houses shall crumble like the relics of outworn things—when sordid monopoly no longer shall stifle industry, hatch wars, and batten on human misery—then—and the time must surely come—then will the League—the great English Anti-Corn-Law League—have fulfilled its ultimate mission, and its Champion and Apostle have reaped the fruits of his long ungrateful toil, in the tributes of admiring historians, and the happiness of friendly, prosperous, and industrious nations.

TO AN APOSTLE OF PROGRESS.

I THINK I hear the Ages say
 That Time has ripen'd since their birth,
 And Intellect prepared the way
 For man to renovate the Earth.

Brother, a noble work is thine,
 In this old Earth, which still is young ;
 A noble work is thine and mine ;
 God grant us but a zealous tongue !

A zealous tongue to teach and preach.
 They fear us, brother, for they know,
 Wrong, that the sword can never reach,
 The Alphabet will overthrow.

They fear us, brother, and they hate ;
 Kings fear us even in their sleep.
 We are the terror of the Great ;
 Priests hate us, and *their* hate is deep.

"Priestcraft," the Ages seem to say,
 "Injustice, Error, Darkness, Chains,
 Shall from this God's Earth pass away—
 Shall pass for ever !" What remains ?

Remains ! The glorious Light of Day,
 And whatsoe'er is Good and True,
These words the Ages seem to say—
 "Brother, we have *this* work to do."

EDWARD YOUL.

A WORD OR TWO ON CONFIDENCE.

ONE of the most valuable, powerful, yet at the same time fragile bands which connect together men's interests and actions, is confidence. It is an innate principle in the early-dawning mind of every individual ; an inherent and active propensity in the hearts of all who are as yet happily unsuspicious and ignorant of the world's deteriorating influences. It is a great part of the charm which children exercise over us, and possesses, under whatever aspect it appears, an attraction which the most hardened cannot fully resist. The value of confidence may be ascertained both by its possession and its loss. Have you ever, dear reader, felt the full satisfaction, the deep serenity, the rich resource in troublous times, which result from the consciousness of the inmost feelings and interests of the heart resting in the sacred keeping of one we implicitly trust ? If you have not, you are as yet unacquainted with the worth of confidence. Have you ever felt the bitter emo-

tions of amazement, grief, indignation, and struggling love arising from the discovery of misplaced trust?—have you ever felt the weary blank, the cynical incredulity, the disposition to question the truth of everything around you?—do you know the feeling of the heart-sick attempts to repair that which is irreparable? If you do not, you cannot yet estimate the preciousness of confidence. Perhaps you may have been the recipient of fond and unsuspecting faith—you may have enjoyed the self-respect, the high and grateful thought arising from that worth of heart and mind which is implied by the trust reposed in you; if so, you then have a clearer conception of what confidence is—and if it should have been your pitiable condition to have forfeited the future trust of your once-confiding friend, your remorseful heart will have learned too late the full value of that slighted treasure. It would be difficult to say which, in such a case, suffers most—the *trust-breaker* or the *trust-loser*—it depends on circumstances; but in most instances the latter perhaps bears the heaviest weight and the longest duration of grief. Oh! the agony of that heart, that cannot break the strong ties which bind it to the frail object of its trust—that still clings, albeit despairingly, to the broken reed which has pierced it—where love survives the wreck of faith—where pity and forgiveness linger around the fallen prop, vainly trying to rebuild the repository of affections, hopes, joys and sorrows, which must now lie unshared, unappreciated, and unknown, in the silent depths of an injured, and perhaps corroding heart. Lost health may be restored; lost property may be recovered; lost friendship and affection may even occasionally be regained; but who will undertake to say that lost confidence is ever fully and perfectly restored? A breach of trust may be followed, by him who has committed it, with the bitter tears of self-reproach—there may be a strong desire, on his part, to be once more tried and trusted—and many earnest (and perhaps truthful) protestations of future sincerity; but you feel, that in giving him an opportunity of retrieving his lost name, you are merely trying an experiment—you cannot quite rid your heart of its misgivings. “Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint.” Suppose a mother promises a reward to her child, for something it has done, or is expected to do, and afterwards neglects to fulfil her word, will she ever enjoy that child’s confidence again; will he ever forget that she once deceived him?—Perhaps not. She has broken a jewel she can

never repair ; she has snapped the golden cord by which God had bound him to her heart ; she has taught his little mind to question, to doubt, to disbelieve ; she has made him a precocious sceptic ; she has prematurely quickened his intellect at the expense of his ingenuoueness of heart ; and, for aught she may know, the evil seed sown by her own hand may swell and grow till it ends in an avowed disbelief and rejection of God's own Word of Truth.

Credulity and incredulity, in either of their extremes, are incompatible with the perfect balance of a sound mind and the workings of a healthy heart. If choice, however, must be made between the two, the former is perhaps preferable. The credulous man may be the object of ridicule and contempt—he may have (and undoubtedly has) a weak mind, but with all this, is he not happier than the man who carries about with him the gloom of misanthropy or the callousness of unbelief ? Credulity may be a *soft* soil, but it may nevertheless nourish many good qualities ; there is nothing in its character obstructive of the growth of principles which may endear the possessor to many, and win for him the esteem of a wide circle, indebted to him for many acts of true kindness ; but can any generous impulse, any devotedness of heart, any nobility of soul, be expected to thrive in the blighting atmosphere of habitual mistrust ? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect the bestowal of confidence without yielding any in return ; this must imply either a meanness of disposition which wishes to profit by the trust reposed in it, or unacquaintance with the true nature of its principles. Confidence cannot stand independent of support—its root may lie in one heart, but its tendrils must cling to another. When God saw that it was “ not good for man to be alone,” He created a being perfectly adapted to share, fully and worthily, the heart of our first father, longing in his solitude for something he could not define ; that something was, the development of confidence—the exercise of mutual trust and sympathy—principles which were in embryo, unexplained and but partially understood, till the sweet and instructive influences of his confiding, loving, leaning helpmate lighted up the mystery with the electric flash of Nature's truth.

We frequently make the remark ! “ What a different world this would be, if men had entire confidence in each other ! ” but it would be almost impossible to follow, in our imaginations, the progress of such an unexpected traveller through its highways and bye-ways. Great changes are always accompanied by events which had pre-

viciously eluded the penetration of the most far-sighted ; nor could we perhaps, even with the most powerful mental telescope, trace the course of such a principle through all its ramifications, up to its remotest limits. The influence it would have upon commerce—what effect it would produce on the artificial distinctions of state, rank, and wealth—how it would bear on the usages of society—how many, and what class of people would be “thrown out of employ,” by such an innovation—how it would affect the physical condition of mankind—what difference would exist in the statistics of crime and mortality—these and many other similar propositions must be left to the ingenuity of those speculative minds which love to inhabit the theoretical edifices of their own building. One thing, however, may be safely asserted—that a principle so pure, so Heaven-born and Heaven-sent, could not possibly work amiss—that all its rays must be concentrated into the one bright focus of Universal Good. There is an old maxim which advises us to “suspect all men ;” it is a pity that such a jaundiced, one-eyed, cynical old adage did not die in its early infancy. The world doubtless abounds with characters justly calculated to excite our mistrust, but we have the privilege of knowing that it also abounds with those who are worthy of our deepest confidence and attachment—those who possess high honour, warm hearts, rich intellects, and who are imbued with the true spirit of Christianity—those for whose sake, it may be, God spares and blesses a guilty land, as He was willing to have done in olden time, with the City of the Plain. Nor can we help feeling a presentiment, as we look with prophetic eye into the vista of the future, that brighter days are near—that energies are working, and events combining together for the ultimate production of glorious results. Frequency of intercourse and communication will soften prejudices, allay animosities, quench the spirit of selfishness, violence, and war, and will give men a more perfect knowledge, and a more just appreciation of each other, which will be the basis of a more widely extended trust. Yes : steam-engines are puffing, printing-presses are groaning, pens, laden with rich and fruitful thoughts, are speeding to communicate their treasures, and ships are dividing the waters of every clime ; all, directly or indirectly, assisting in the accomplishment of the same great design.

There is another kind of confidence, which may be regarded as an off-set of the great principle—it is self-confidence, the over-redundancy of which has laid many in the dust, and the deficiency

of which has prevented many from ever rising out of it. It is, when justly founded on accurate self-knowledge, the main-spring of our energies, and the principal cause of success in undertakings which have appeared hopeless in the eyes of the timid and doubtful. But when it exceeds its just limits, and swells into conceit, its virtue ceases, and it becomes one of the most disagreeable qualities which a man can perhaps possess ; it deprives the most brilliant talents of their greatest charm, and when we hear it said of a man, "he is very clever, and he *knows* it," we are disposed to think that his mental gifts are exercised more for the sake of exacting praise, than conferring delight and instruction. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." He may have amassed much knowledge, he may be deeply imbued with scientific lore, he may have read a multitude of books, but he has neglected the study of the most interesting, wonderful, and important book of all—Himself !

A just confidence in our own resources is valuable—the reciprocal faith of tried and true friends is sweet and encouraging—but confidence in the Truth of God is the grand summit of its highest powers. The structure that may be reared from such a foundation, surpasses conception. The teachings and miracles of our Divine Saviour all tended to the one design of eliciting man's belief. Our right and title to better hopes and richer expectations, is only secure when held in the strong grasp of confidence ; and the charter of the Heavenly inheritance is expressed in the words—Believe and Live.

A. J.

GLANCES AT FAMILIAR BIOGRAPHY.—DON'T CARE.

DON'T CARE was born in London, somewhere beneath the shadow of St. Paul's. I have not been particular in searching for the exact spot, nor have I examined any parish register, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise date, of his first appearance in the world. From his cradle he was froward and resolute in having his own way, notwithstanding the inconvenience he occasioned to others. He was always considered a promising child, however ; and many were the speculations of his near kindred touching his future career, and the part he was

likely to play in the drama (tragi-comedy) of life. Suppose him to aspire to the dignity of a civic functionary, and to obtain it; would he be elevated to the post of chief magistrate? Would Don't Care become Lord Mayor? Or, if they sent him to Oxford, and made a parson of him, would he ever be a bishop? Or if they got him into Parliament, would he be Prime Minister? Or if they bought him the "Elegant Extracts," would he turn his attention to literature, and become a great author? Hidden in the mysterious future lay the destiny of Don't Care.

When he was nine years old he was sent to his mother's sister, resident in the country. It was winter time, and his aunt told him not to play in the fields whilst the snow lasted.

"I will go," replied the urchin.

"But you'll get buried in the snow, and frozen to death," was the remonstrance.

"I don't care—not I!" was the child's answer.

He went accordingly; for they would not use restraint, lest they should break his fine spirit. One evening he failed to return. The hazy mist of the day had deepened into a night wanting both moon and star, and Don't Care was still absent. They got alarmed, and sent out labouring men—hedgers and delvers—from the neighbouring cottages to search for him; but Don't Care was not to be found. They borrowed a gentleman's bloodhound, and tracked him to a huge snowdrift at a high hill's base, into which he had sunk, until only his head and neck were visible, and he was as good as dead to look at from cold.

"You see the consequence of disobedience," said his weeping aunt, when they had brought him home, and succeeded in re-animating him; "a little longer—half an hour longer—and you would have been really dead: then we should have put you in an ugly coffin, and buried you in the dismal churchyard."

"I don't care," answered the boy. *That* was ever his answer. Later in the season, when the thaw came, he was warned not to slide upon the ice in the ponds, which was no longer safe; and if it were to break, it was urged, disastrous would be the consequences of submersion. The old response promptly issued from his pouting lips, and an hour afterwards he was brought home by two men, who had seen the ice yield beneath his weight, and who had extricated him from his perilous situation; but not until he was well nigh lifeless, and at great personal risk to themselves.

"If you had been drowned," said his friends, "your poor mother would have broken her heart."

The same answer—ever the same answer.

At school, Don't Care imperturbably underwent incredible floggings, as a tax upon his favourite theory. But the very payment of the tax afforded him the pleasure of maintaining that theory, and at length the master grew tired of castigating him; for Don't Care, by treating the rod with utter disregard, always came off victorious, and the master, in consequence, was presumed to suffer defeat.

"You will be a dunce," thundered the pedagogue; "you will be a scandal to your friends, a disgrace to my establishment, a nuisance to society."

The corduroy-breeched urchins knew what the answer would be, and sat on their stools in pleasing expectancy. It came of course, and when the exasperated dominic knocked him down for the alleged insult, and he coolly rose and gave it distinct reiteration, they were tickled, all of them, to the tips of their noses, by the sport, while some of the more ardent spirits, stricken with admiration, fully resolved to imitate him, not at school only, but in future communion with their parents and guardians.

Advanced in years and stature to adolescence, Don't Care's father gave him the choice of a liberal profession; for the old man had a store of hoarded gold, which he kept, it was said, not in bank coffers, but in musty chests, secreted in such crazy, inaccessible hiding-places as very old dwellings afford.

"I will have no profession; I will be a gentleman," said Don't Care.

"What! a do-nothing gentleman!" expostulated his father; "a fellow who mars, but does not make; who spends, but does not get; who consumes, but does not produce; who is idle while the world works; a drone, a disgrace, a scourge, and hulking pest of society?"

"I will be a gentleman, and I won't work," persisted the son; "I will walk and ride about, and take my pleasure when I don't eat and drink and sleep; and I will eat and drink and sleep when I don't walk and ride about."

"Then I will disown you," asseverated the father roundly.

"I don't care," was the answer—ever *that* answer. "I don't care—not I."

The old man kept his word, and Don't Care, at his father's

death, was cut off with a shilling. His soft-hearted, fond mother, however, kept his pockets liberally lined, and he was known at the west end of London for a do-nothing gentleman. He had two favourite theories now to protrude upon all occasions, and in all companies—the theory of disregarding consequences, and the *far niente* theory. Unlike the majority of philosophers, he carried them out to their full extent. His practice in no instance fell short of them. He literally cared for nothing; he literally did nothing.

But mothers die—even soft-hearted, fond mothers—and often the fondest first. When Don't Care's mother was taken from her home in a dismal hearse with nodding, dreary plumes, the wintry wind, descending the old twisted chimneys, and breathing through the desolate, deserted apartments, was not more melancholy than Don't Care's visage. His mother was gone, and his mother's money. He had some regard for the old lady—he never knew how much until then—but for her purse and pocket?—THERE were his affections, indeed, bereaved. He should never touch the maternal gold again; for, by the letter of his father's will, a distant relation—so distant that the propinquity was almost doubtful—was to enjoy the hoarded wealth that the musty chests had hidden in crazy places from the light, and from Don't Care's frequent and stealthy search. His situation now was truly desperate; but brave in his theory, after a few hours' despondency, he resumed his natural deportment, and vowed that he didn't care, not he. He would live—as many a swaggering, fine fellow does—by his wits.

I have spared neither pains nor expense, as a conscientious biographer, in tracking him on all his devious paths, much puzzled, on certain occasions, at his sudden evanishments, and as sudden and apparitional reappearings—now flitting by night, an earth-meteor, over mephitic, marshy tracts—now bursting into broadest day-light, daring the sun, like an unwinking eagle, and evidently contemning disguise. But, at this crisis of his history, the most vigilant search leaves me unrewarded; for, with the exception of a few dirtied, tattered, and—taken as the sole *matériel* afforded me for the space of three years—most unsatisfactory documents, I have no testimony to his manner or means of livelihood during that period. These documents are the unpaid lodging bills of a landlady dwelling in Seven Dials. They are eight in number; a circumstance worthy to be noted, for the good woman's patience

and credulity are thereby ascertainable. Of the first of these documents the following is a *literatim* copy—but no, I will not expose the patient, credulous landlady's orthography. It appears from the evidence thus supplied me, that for lodging and "sundries," by which are perhaps intended washing expenses, occasional board, and, it is likely, a trifling advance of money—for the good woman had a heart, we may be sure—Don't Care was indebted to her in the sum of three pounds, sixteen shillings. On the last of these melancholy testimonies to his insolvency, beneath the scored total he has written with a pencil, "*Don't you wish you may get it, old frump? But you won't. I don't care, do you?*"—a memorandum which creates a reasonable suspicion that Don't Care was an ingrate.

He now reappears upon the scene, by no means as above, in Will-o'-the-Wisp fashion, but tempting the daylight to shine through him—a real accessible hero—a married man. Don't Care is a married man; but respecting the lineage and biography of his wife, I am again woefully at fault. Not a wink could I take for a long time at that parental sun, her father. She, unwary planet, had suffered inclusion within the erratic orbit of our hero; like him visible at times, and then becoming invisible.

Who she was, what her name, whence her descent, how great her dowry, whether she married freely and for the love she bore the man to whom at the altar her plighted troth was sworn, or was cajoled into the match by unworthy means, are particulars that—interesting as they are—become fogs and mist spots in our biography. She was beautiful, I know that; beautiful and gentle, and pleasant as May morning sunshine. She brought him wealth, I know *that* also, from her hereafter sad remonstrances—sad, but not unkind, against the squandering habits that threatened speedily to leave them beggars. The amount of that wealth I am ignorant of; but I see him treading his old paths, the fine do-nothing gentleman—all ablaze with fashion—fashionable people, thick as midges in his train, and money flying as if, reversing the old housewife's proverb, store was sore, and it behoved him to disperse it as fast as possible.

He kept his carriage and his servants, and rented a mansion in a fashionable quarter of the town. In all respects and observances Don't Care was a scion of fashion. His wife was grieved at this, for her notions were different. Her rearing, evidently, had not pointed to this. An old man—her father, perhaps, grieved as

herself at her husband's lavish expenditure—appears now on a few occasions. I have had indistinct glimpses at him—a plodding, mercantile looking man, but honourable withal—clad in very sober habiliments—a devoted scorner of your do-nothing gentlemen. Into his ear—yes, he must be her father—she whispers her many griefs, not without tears, and the old man's visage becomes stern, and he mutters something about taking her home again. Pity it is that her marriage is the subject of so much mystery. I should like, above all things, to get at the particulars of Don't Care's first acquaintance with her, and to know in what way, taking advantage of what weakness, and whether in child or parent, his wits in this instance profited him.

A child is born—straw is strewn before the mansion—the knockers on the door are muffled—fashionable physicians alight from vehicles, and are received in the hall with much ceremony. The announcement to formal inquirers, shoulder-knotted flunkies report in the phrase stereotyped for ladies' lying-in occasions, "As well as can be expected." Already Gunter has received orders to provide a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

But no feast, prepared for those who never hunger, shall make tables groan in honour of the interesting event. The infant is recalled by the God who lent it. Its mother weeps scalding mother's tears. Its father is amazed, angry; but true to his theory, he tells his friends (his young wife does not hear that avowal, thank Heaven!) that he does not care, not he. And the child goes to its grave of a span long, and Gunter's feast celebrates its obsequies; but the mother's place is vacant.

After an absence of a year on the Continent, whither his wife appears to have been rather dragged than to have gone of her own cheerful free will, I find Don't Care wearing an air of anxiety unusual to his temperament. He does business with suspicious men in suspicious places; in dingy, by-way lanes in the foggy heart of the city; business that, glancing at the last testament of the old man, of whom I have caught the merest glimpse, as through a haze, has reference to a post-obit. Meantime he is again a father, and the folks, all of them of the race of do-nothings, who feasted at the burial of the former infant, feast anew at the advent of the second; but the mother's place is again vacant, this time through illness.

"I regret to hear of your wife's indisposition," said a guest with a fraction of a heart left.

"Yes, it is a nuisance, when she is wanted to superintend," replied our hero. "But, between ourselves, I don't care—not I."

The guest with the fraction of a heart stared, but said nothing.

In a few weeks the young wife's health has improved, and she is about to take the air in the carriage. It is a fine morning in a June of moderate temperature. In country places—in mossy nooks and dells—where limpid water trickles over rounded pebbles, what frolic life is living itself out—a whole existence in one short sunny hour. The leafiness of trees sings audible hymns to the soul of the rustic girl, tedding the new-mown hay. In London the poor author, quickening his brains for bread, sighs for the lanes he wandered in as a happy boy, waters his one flower—a sickly rose—anew, and hears in the chirpings of his neighbour's thrush the warblings of all the woodland birds native to the place that gave him birth. In London, too, on this June morning, strange men deliver a message at our hero's door, to a bewildered shoulder-knot, who apprises his master, as he comes out to take a morning lounge with Lord Vitriol, the sarcastic nobleman. The strange men enter the house—will take no denial. The carriage at the door is ordered back to the place whence it was brought. The pawing horses, restless for the exercise they love so well, are unharnessed. Furniture is inventoried, cabinets are sealed up by the strange men, who hint that it gives them great pain to take such liberties in the house of so great a gentleman. All wondering and aghast, her heart beating in such fashion that syncope is inevitable, her brains filled with dire ominous dread, Don't Care's wife inquires their business. "We are bailiffs, ma'am—there is our warrant," they reply, civilly enough, and say no more. She falls upon the floor in a fainting fit. Her husband, throwing himself into a chair, laughs aloud, and slaps his thigh, as if it were the merriest jest, and he were inexpressibly tickled by it. "I don't care," he shouts, "all in the way of luck! Why should I care? I don't care—not I." Even the servants, bustling about their mistress, recoil at this. That evening he lifts the knocker at Lord Vitriol's door. A page, prepared with a ready lie—for his lordship has heard the news—says that his master has gone out, though Don't Care knows to the contrary. He turns upon his heel, and in soliloquy mutters, "D—n him, he cuts me. I don't care—not I." He saunters, by and bye, into a fashionable restaurateur's, and takes his dinner with no abated appetite. Lords Vitriol and Fleaskin entering presently, and seeing him

there, cut him, with emphasis, and to the teeth. "I don't care," hums their discarded friend, audibly enough, staring them in the face.

"Who is that insolent fellow?" inquires Vitriol of the waiter.

"My Lord," he replies for himself, anticipating the embarrassed waiter, "I am Don't Care, who for three years have feasted you, lent you money, and toadied you. I have your I O U for a thousand pounds. Pay me immediately, or I will send you to a spunging-house."

Lord Vitriol reddens, whispers his friend Fleaskin. Fleaskin, not without hesitation, writes a cheque, which Vitriol delivers to the waiter, who carries it, as he is bidden, to our unabashed hero. The latter pockets the document, walks out, is no more seen at that restaurateur's.

Meanwhile his wife had found her lone way on foot to the old man of whom we have already caught one glimpse. Endearingly she winds her arms about him, kisses his temples, smooths his white hair. "Ah, Nelly, Nelly, I feared this!" And he weeps—that old man; and having spoken such words, sits silent and thoughtful, while she sinks upon the stool at his feet, and looking into his face, tries to read his heart, as when she was a child. The old man remembers it, thinks how much she is altered since that day—aye, even since the day when she went forth from that homestead, a newly-wedded, all-hoping bride.

"You will not let him go to prison, father? People die in prison, rot in prison, they say."

"Yes, Nelly. Such fine gentlemen as he often come to such an end. Providence is just. But you shall not want, Nelly."

"I shall want if he is in distress," she replied, firmly—a rock might be shaken sooner than *that* resolution. "If he wants, father, I shall want too, rely upon it."

"You will not leave him, then, Nelly?"

Leave him! Had he, her father, reared her, to ask that question!

"Never, father, never! I will go with him to prison, unless they shut me out by force, and then——"

"What then, Nell?"

"I will walk round the dismal walls until I drop from exhaustion, sooner than seek comfort elsewhere."

"Hark'ee, Nell,"—the voice came hoarsely, in guttural accents, heaved forth with difficulty and deep feeling; "I will pay his

debts this time; but he must quit his fine style of living, and come to wear plain clothes as I do, and eat plain food as I do, and dwell in a plain house as I do, and be a plain man—every way, as I am. He must promise this, or not one penny of my money goes to ransom him.”

“He shall be all this, I will promise for him, dearest father. If I have any influence over him——”

“But you have none—none at all. You know it, Nelly.”

God help her! she knew it well, and her heart, one moment raised into ecstasy, sank again, feeling that the grass would never spring up in the old paths, from the incessant tread of feet—*his* feet, seeking the old courses.

At this point again, to my great regret, my erratic hero becomes invisible. For two whole years I can find no *matériel* for his biography, not having even such scanty documents as unpaid lodging bills to afford me any clue. The young wife, also, is invisible. I see nothing of her—hear nothing. The dim, indistinct, stern-visaged, old, mercantile man retires altogether—sets up his “everlasting rest” in that haven whitherward we are all tending.

It had been a dreary, foggy, drizzling day, since the dawn, at that season of the year when fires are not positive necessities, and yet are almost indispensable; when the stove, if lighted, soon renders the apartment too heated for comfort, while it is filled with chills if a fire be not kindled. In a wretchedly poor uppermost chamber of a Southwark lodging-house of low degree, the broken panes of whose rickety windows gave free admission to the damp murky atmosphere, for all the patches of rags and paper that had been supplied to keep it out, a young child was dying, upon a truckle bed, in the evening of that day. No other than our hero's child; and there, keeping watch and ward over it, almost a corpse herself, with lips that invoke aid from angels, is the wife and mother. *He* is not there; he is out in the streets. Even fallen so low, and with grace sufficient to beg rather than to steal—at least let us do him that justice. Through the thick mist that prevails he comes staggering onward with unsteady gait, wasted limbs, pale dolorous face, staring hair, and blinking blood-shot eyes.

Drury-lane Theatre. The first night of a new *danseuse*. Room, there, for Lord Vitriol's carriage! The old name rouses up old memories that had gone to sleep of late. Even his lordship. Pressing forward through the crowd, a meagre man in tattered

garments lays a hand upon his lordship's arm, and whispers in his ear. The nobleman stares, hurries towards the vestibule of the theatre, that he may escape all further contact with the loathsome rags that have, it may be, already besmudged his own excellent dress. "Give him a shilling," he cries, turning on his heel. A servant obeys, and the unhappy wretch plunges away, to drown remorse in liquor. As if the devil that was busy at his heart could be put to flight by that other devil—gin.

A few pence obtained from other sources purchased a loaf and some butter. He went home with these. The child had died during his absence. His wife only pointed to it. He looked stupidly at the corpse and muttered—yes, the old words! but he was muddled with drink. A week from that time the mother of the dead, and as yet unburied child, lay on the same bed with it. On a sudden, her face grew very bright. A man sent by the parish authorities entered the room, bringing a coffin for the child.

"Why couldn't you have told us of this while you were about it?" asked the fellow gruffly.

"Of what?" demanded our fallen hero.

"Why, that they were both dead," the man rejoined.

Tears started to his eyes this time, but he brushed them away, and after an hour's stupid sodden silence, gave the old speech utterance.

Henceforward I find him crawling on fine days through the streets, lingering under archways in wet weather, sleeping at night with poor outcasts like himself, in places whence even the police did not care to dislodge him. But still, whether the elements were fair or foul, whether the sun scorched him, or the rain from roof and pent-house wetted him to the skin, his features expressed the old triumph, the victory of the inner man over the outward circumstance. He was Don't Care still. And when he died, at the early age of thirty-six years, in a workhouse bed, and was buried in the moist steaming corner of the churchyard, appropriated to paupers, Fancy might have rendered the old words audible, issuing from the crazy coffin lid—

"I DON'T CARE—NOT I."

"Don't Care," says the proverb, "comes to the gallows." It is a false proverb, for he never saw the inside of a prison.

EDWARD YOFFE.

INFLUENCE OF ARISTOCRACY ON LITERATURE.

THE literature of England has grown up under influences highly unfavourable to its development. It was at first the hand-maid, or perhaps the slave of the monarchy; and served to diffuse among all ranks of the people, that anomalous feeling called loyalty, which is rather the sentiment of a dog than of a man. In the succeeding period it received an aristocratic impress, was pervaded by a prouder feeling, and rested on a basis of greater breadth and stability; and now, at length, several symptoms are discoverable, that it is about to put on the manly character of democracy. With the monarchical period we have just now nothing to do; for though the writers who shed a lustre on it are still read, it is, with some exceptions, only by the curious.

Nearly all the authors who have acquired celebrity amongst us, have upheld the cause of the oligarchy, consciously or unconsciously. The people may almost be said to have no literature, though symptoms are discoverable that the national mind is at length big with a brood of democratic writers. This, therefore, is the time for looking back once and again over what aristocracy has done for the cause of letters amongst us; though, in taking this retrospective glance, we for many reasons appear less indulgent than we ought to our predecessors.

In aristocracies there is always a tendency to render luxuries and pleasures exclusive; and this predilection, operating like a sort of instinct, first led writers to reject the vernacular, and compose their works in a foreign tongue, by which the door of knowledge was completely closed against the multitude. And afterwards, when circumstances had somewhat modified the views of literary men, the same feeling made pedants of them, and led to the stuffing of their works with quotations from what were called the learned languages, which, for the most part, rendered them *caviare* to the general. Many of our ancestors would have blushed at the bare thought of being read by anything below a squire. Guided by a different principle, they aimed at the same thing with Milton, and hoped they might "fit audience find though few"—the fewer the better, in the estimation of some of them.

They delighted in being the authors of rare books, which were not for everybody's reading, but addressed themselves to castelated pride, or cloistered pedantry.

Not that their philosophy was sufficiently enlarged to be fully conscious even of the tendency of their own time. The passions and prejudices of men are often the natural auxiliaries of their interest, and compel them into the courses calculated to prove most profitable. Wherever privileged classes are found, they are, by a sort of necessity, impelled to dam up the waters of knowledge, and prevent them as long as possible from flooding and fertilising the inferior places of society. They are aware that science of every kind is in itself calculated to ennoble its possessor, and that knowledge draws broader lines of distinction between man and man than titles or genealogical parchments. They accordingly, by cultivating and encouraging an artificial taste, sought by the perversion of the vehicle to prevent its cordial reception among the majority. All, however, who have consented to become the instruments of this policy, are obviously destined to receive the severest of all punishments—the neglect of the people, for whom they did not write. Neither the language nor the vein of thought in our older literature is popular. They who were born in high places, gave the tone to speculation and fancy, shaped the images, coloured the diction, and so fashioned, whether in theory or narrative, all the lineaments of the composition, that the humbler classes could find in it no sources of sympathy; while those among their inferiors who aspired to literary fame, became their servile imitators.

This accounts for the want of heart in many of our ablest authors: they are frequently wise and stately, full of pomp and fraught with splendour; but pre-eminently unapt nevertheless to infuse fire into their readers, and beget that affectionate reverence with which we look up to those who teach us lovingly. Milton himself, deeply imbued as he was with republican principles, was still aristocratic in his feelings and partialities, and systematically laboured to restrain the outgushing of those popular feelings, which, had he freely indulged them, would have warmed towards him the hearts of all the oppressed and injured throughout Christendom; but knowledge had come to him invested with something like imperial grandeur; and perhaps without being at all aware of the cardinal defects inherent in his style of composition, he wrote for the learned and the refined, while aiming at giving

currency to those opinions by which distinctions, refinement, and even learning itself must ultimately be rendered subordinate to popular tastes.

These remarks are equally applicable to all the great writers of the commonwealth, on whichever side their pens were engaged ; and it was only after the Restoration, when, reasoning *à priori*, men might have expected the contrary, that any great progress was made towards the adoption of a popular style. The reason may be easily stated, though not perhaps so easily received.

During the republican period men's minds were almost exclusively engaged with affairs of state, with scientific politics, and that recondite philosophy which investigates the laws of social bodies, and determines the place and relation of men in society ; things which, in the opinion of nearly all ages, constitute a sort of aristocratic department of thought, possessing little attraction for the multitude. Weary of serious investigations, the writers who sprang up after the return of Charles II. devoted themselves entirely to the light and amusing, and amusement is essentially popular. Therefore, however aristocratic may have been the notions prevalent among the sophists of the Restoration, the very laws of the composition they affected, forced them into the use of a democratic medium—we mean an easy and perspicuous style.

It was long, however, before a purely democratic writer appeared, and, placing himself in thought and language on the popular level, electrified his contemporaries, by addressing himself to all their best feelings at once. This writer was Daniel De Foe, whose English is superior to Swift's in ease and flexibility, and that unaffected homeliness which the people of all countries so enthusiastically love. In many respects he was centuries beyond his age, though it would, perhaps, be more correct to say beyond the majority of his contemporaries, there being good reason to believe that ever since the times of the commonwealth, there has existed in English society a strong republican bias, which, evincing itself in a thousand ways, most unequivocally causes its presence to be felt by a hearty untiring admiration for whatever is divested of the aristocratic character. Defoe wrote for the people, and cared for no other audience. He was consequently loved by them ; and though he no longer visibly exercises the influence he once possessed, his spirit may be said to have passed into our literature, and modified it more or less from his own time to ours. The neglect into which many of his works

have fallen, may after this seem inexplicable. But the reason is plain. He treated of interests temporary in their nature, described fleeting peculiarities of manners and modifications of character, created by the reigning influences of the times. It never occurred to him in the heyday of popularity, that no political writer who does not embark on an original theory, can hope to go down to posterity; and that even in fiction, nothing is truly immortal but the delineation of character and manners, which Nature is in the habit of eternally reproducing. It is useless, therefore, as far as the people are concerned, to publish new editions of his entire works. In "Robinson Crusoe" we have the concentrated vitality of his genius, and that work will live, because it offers to fancy, distressed and jaded by the wear and tear of life, a secluded and romantic asylum, beyond the utmost verge of civilisation, where it may soothe and solace itself with almost pure repose.

The prevalence of the aristocratic spirit throughout almost every department of letters in this country, has often suggested the necessity of fabricating a rival literature, expressly for the people. But the attempt has in all cases failed, because the projectors have confounded vulgarity with homeliness, and supposed that to be low was to be democratic. There could not possibly have been a more grievous mistake. Among all the productions of the human intellect nothing is more polished, refined, elevated, in one word, more purely artificial, than those speeches of the Athenian orator, which were addressed to what we call the multitude. And this fact is universally confessed. But we may go a step further, and maintain that the people, when left to their own impulses, are never vulgar, though the rabble of monarchies and aristocracies may and must be so. In such forms of civil polity a separation takes place between the component parts of society, the metal, so to speak, being thrown upward, while the dross spread below serves it for a basis to rest on; whereas in democracies we have a sort of amalgam, in which the elements are finely mixed and tempered, and present the appearance of one rich whole to the eye. In this case only can we be said to have a people. It accordingly happens that literature nowhere receives its ultimate development save in free states. When the mind engenders its progeny with fear, some taint of deformity will attach to it. The beautiful is the offspring of freedom, and though we find the paradox maintained, that perfect liberty is enjoyed in certain aristocratic and monarchical states,

acquainted with his own mind or the world can possibly
 ve it; for in many of these cases it is not the law, perhaps,
 impedes the play of the mind, or chills the prolific faculty;
 a thing more powerful than law—it is the concentrated power
 ciety, which may at any moment be brought to bear upon the
 idual who transgresses certain limits tacitly laid down by
 on, but not the less imperiously insisted on. The offender,
 might formerly have been punished with the loss of his head,
 w punished with the loss of *caste*. Wherever he goes, cold
 encounter him. Tolerated, it may be, on account of his genius,
 permitted to make his appearance in those circles from which,
 ever wears a popular character is excluded, he soon finds him-
 a stranger in a strange land. His tastes and style of thought
 ossibly superior to those of the haughty individuals around him,
 f he belong not to their order; that is, if through family con-
 on, or position, or wealth, he possess not the elements of
 sive power, no link of brotherhood is ever forged between him
 them. He comes and goes like a spectre; he inspires no
 th, and feels none; he belongs, in fact, to another sphere,
 h is thoroughly understood to be hostile to theirs, and is
 ed politely, like a spy from the enemy's camp.
 e shall, perhaps, be told, that there have been numerous
 ples of the association of men of humble birth with the aris-
 cy, purely on intellectual grounds. We deny that there is a
 e instance on record. The connections which have given rise
 is opinion have not been friendships, based on any ground of
 lity, but the intercourse of superior with inferior, of operator
 instrument, or of idler and plaything. There is and can be
 mpaty between a man of the people and an oligarch. The
 nature of things forbids it. Read the dedications of books
 authors to their patrons, and you will perceive that as often
 e dedicator found himself under the necessity of looking up,
 xperienced a feeling of servility, and was conscious that he
 the men of title or fortune stood on very different steps of the
 ladder. There is no conversing pleasantly with a man who
 ree feet taller than yourself. The very attempt must put your
 out of joint. It is the same exactly in the social state, while
 can enjoy agreeable intercourse but such as can look each
 full in the face without staring upwards or downwards. It
 ens, therefore, in oligarchies, that the fabricators of literature
 ariably regarded as constituting a distinct caste, occupying

the wide gap between the people and the great, above the former but below the latter, and with no recognised footing anywhere. On this point authors should not deceive themselves. In such communities they are merely manufacturers, who produce instruments of pleasure for the privileged orders, and are sometimes, when the latter happen to be in good humour, caressed or tolerated by way of encouragement. But they must clearly prophesy agreeably, or "their occupation's gone." For of all patrons your aristocratic patron is the most exorbitant in insisting on compliance with his will. Even the Swiss, who timidly do his bidding, are far from being sure of a hearty support, and often pine in neglect till the grave delivers them from the thralldom.

At certain stages of society the aristocracy, having no other objects of ambition, betake themselves to literature, and enter the lists as the rivals of professed authors. But of what is this a sign?—of the general prevalence of democratic ideas. It shows that the possessors of intellect are beginning to be understood and appreciated, if not liked, and that the power of that thing called the public to award fame by the cordial indulgence in admiration is recognised by its political foes. The slope from this point downwards is rapid. The aristocrat who writes is quickly detected to be little better than an impostor in the social system, because while arrogating to himself exclusive privileges, he is found to be in possession of no exclusive merits; but, on the contrary, often proves inferior in skill, in experience, in eloquence, and philosophy, to the author who scarcely knows the name of his grandfather, and who has no estate or castle but in the air. Let us not, however, be mistaken. We are not arguing that the members of the aristocracy are necessarily, as such, inferior to other men. No such thing. We believe all mankind to be compounded of the same clay, and think that it signifies very little, as far as mental development is concerned, whether a man be descended from a cobbler or a king.

But if there be equality of faculties, why should there be inequality of privileges? Why should one set of families enjoy, by a sort of bastard divine right, the advantage of constituting the government of the country, of organising our armies, of conducting our diplomacy, of ruling over our distant colonies and dependencies, and rivalling kings and emperors in their authority, while another set of families is doomed to almost hopeless drudgery, intellectual or physical? There never was in this world a man more richly gifted with intelligence than Shakspeare. And yet, look at his

social position ! Rich it may be, he became by the display of his poetical genius, in conjunction with the most rare and wonderful prudence ; but during his whole life, great as he was, and lavishly endowed with every noble quality of mind and heart, he necessarily stood cap in hand before the members of numerous aristocratic families, whose whole intellectual wealth for centuries clubbed together and bestowed on one individual would not perhaps have rendered him a fit companion for the great poet. Shakspeare felt this keenly and painfully, as must be obvious to every reader who is not dull as the "fat weed that rots on Lethe's banks." His plays are full of allusions to it. Again and again does he dwell on the insolence of office, and the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." He is, therefore, perhaps the most democratic of all poets, not excepting even Milton himself. It is true he seizes on the poetry of rank, and to suit the purposes of the drama unfolds before the imagination all the pomp and magnificence of sovereign power. But while doing so he is ever most careful to point out their hollowness, their incapacity to ensure happiness to their possessors, the impediments they pile up on the track of virtue, and the sad contrast they exhibit with the golden contentment which dwells with uprightness and honesty, beneath the humblest roof. In the education of a democratic people we would use Shakspeare as the most persuasive of all advocates ; not that he ever plays the didactic politician ; that is not his cue ; he represents all ranks and conditions of men, thinking, speaking, moving, and acting before us, but the general impression he produces is, that privilege and unbridled powers are as fatal to communities as freedom is wholesome and salutary, and that his sympathies go invariably with the poor and friendless. He never triumphs over the fallen or the wretched. On the contrary, a man has but to be unfortunate to ensure his advocacy. He loves to be on the losing side ; his commiseration encompasses everything that suffers,—poverty, ignorance, madness, even crime itself. He comprehended thoroughly what a mighty privilege it is to live ; to bask amid the sun's enlivening beams ; to breathe the all-encircling air ; to stroll half-dreaming through the moonlight, amid that refreshing silence on which Nature banquets at night, and therefore he never, without reluctance, dismisses a man to his doom.

Beaumont and Fletcher present the most striking contrast to Shakspeare. We see that they had hired their strength to a party, and were betrayed into its support by some original perversity of

their nature. Popular, therefore, they can never become, and the more we widen the basis of our political system, the less will they be relished. In saying this it is by no means our intention to maintain that the writer who would be received into the people's heart of hearts must on all points agree with them :—nothing of the kind ; but, whatever his opinions may be, it must be clear from his manner of asserting them that he has a kindly disposition, that he is tolerant and charitable, that he has pity for the meanest thing that breathes, and that he would give the whole world a long holiday if he could. By accident a man of this loving temperament may rank among the upholders of aristocracy, though it will in an instant be perceived that he is out of his element ; the truth as well as the goodness of every man's gospel may be discerned by this,—whether or not it is preached to the *poor*, we mean in the widest sense of the term,—the poor in intellect as well as in goods and chattels ; for they who cannot, with Milton “ unsphere the spirit of Plato,” may yet relish certain departments of literature, and have some rays of the great sun of truth and beauty reflected down to them, however low they may lie.

We have said that Beaumont and Fletcher may be looked upon as the twin high-priests of tyranny, and difficult as it is to unravel the idiosyncrasies of men, we think the cause in this instance may be discovered. Their genius, though prolific and luxuriant, lacked fire. Their creations drew nourishment from the breast of fancy, and though a numerous and gigantic brood, are indefinite in form, incompact and unsubstantial, and pre-eminently defective in originality and energy. Obviously, therefore, they are not the offspring of a hearty intercourse with the people ; but were engendered in solitude, where airy notions habitually consort with prejudices. The very nature of their plots is anti-popular. Individuals, the aristocracy, the *élite* and cream of the world find it practicable to tolerate audacious inventions, things transcending the laws of ethics, and indefensible upon any principle of philosophy ; but bring the things before the people, and they are damned at once. The multitude, the mob, the rabble, congregated in search of pleasure under one roof, exhibit a soundness of judgment, and a fastidious delicacy of taste uncommon to the privileged orders, and in proportion as we draw nearer and nearer the precincts of democracy, the more genuinely pure and wholesome does literature become. Nothing vile was ever popular.

The compositions designed expressly for absolute princes have seldom been correct either in taste or in morals. There is a visible improvement where they are addressed to aristocracies. But when a whole nation is the patron to whom an author looks for support, he must, of necessity, so mould and fashion his works, that they may be passed from hand to hand round that domestic sanctuary, the fireside, without causing an uneasy sensation or a blush. Not that the people are finikin or squeamish. Satisfied with what is really good, they are ready to overlook small blemishes, and pardon trifling errors. It is to their decision, consequently, that all great writers ultimately appeal. No author feels sure of immortality, while his productions associate exclusively with persons of fashion and fortune, with whom the grotesquely absurd often passes for originality. Besides, amid the gentle air and artificial warmth of those secluded regions, sickly plants may shoot up to a great size and appear for a time to flourish; but, unless they can bear transplantation to the vast open plain of public opinion, and resist the winds that sweep over it from all quarters, they cannot be sure of remaining verdant for ever.

Still it must not be forgotten, that in this country the people are scarcely yet in possession of their birthright. Aristocratic influences are at work everywhere amongst us. What the privileged orders admire passes out to the world with a sort of *imprimatur* upon it, and it is only when the antagonist force from below has had time to act upon the novelty that we discover what it is really made of. This state of things, however, is defended by many, even of those who think liberally, since they imagine that were we to exorcise the aristocratic spirit from the body of literature, it would immediately be possessed by one of a lower and more evil disposition. This, however, is a mere mistake. It is not by extinction we are to get rid of the aristocratic element; but by its absorption in the democratic, which, where it exists in perfection, must always include it, as the greater includes the less. We are not to reason in this matter from what is at present taking place before our eyes, since the manufacturers of cheap literature can in no respect be said to represent the class of authors, who, under favourable circumstances, would submit their works to the people. Between these two classes of writers there exists the same analogy as between an unlicked agitator in a disturbed district, and the eloquent statesman who, in a popular government,

would lay open the most momentous affairs of the empire to the nation's representatives.

Illustrations of this truth have already more than once been given. Men of the largest faculties have undertaken to write for the people. As yet, it is true, chiefly for their amusement; but with an eye, nevertheless, to the refinement of their taste, and to the education, so to speak, of their sympathies. The discovery, consequently, has been made, that low people are not so destitute of intellect as had long been supposed. The fountain of their Castalia is, to be sure, somewhat muddy; but yet, upon the whole, refreshing and pleasant. Other attempts will follow, and all branches of knowledge will be fashioned for the popular eye. Not according to less complete rules of art, but by the application of a more universal principle. No error is more unquestionable than that which supposes millions more easily satisfied than thousands. We admit, at once, that even the people may be betrayed for awhile into the admiration of what is of little value, because every thing human is fallible. Besides, time must always be an element in all irreversible judgments. It generally takes some ages to convince a whole nation on a subject of literature and art; but when this has been done, an unerring decision has always been pronounced. The author who has once become a favourite with a whole people may be considered firmly seated in the everlasting temple of fame. His name is henceforth interwoven with a world's history, since every man who thinks and feels is peculiarly interested in his reputation. Not so with the favourites of aristocracies, who may be tossed about among the pinnacles of society while it suits any temporary purpose of their patrons to keep them up. When the exigency of the moment ceases, they are let quietly down into the abysses of oblivion, whence no effort of ingenuity can afterwards draw them up again. The aristocratic taste is, in fact, a false taste, based invariably upon excitement. For to arouse the lazy and luxurious requires no common effort. The secret of the whole class was revealed by that French woman, who confessed that she had outlived all taste for innocent pleasures. So it is with all aristocracies. Conscious that they owe their exclusive enjoyments to the successful frauds they are able to practise upon the majority, it is impossible that they should possess the sense of innocence, it being the distinguishing quality of their nature to be noxious to the multitude. They have, moreover, no health-giving employment, and as to be idle is in general to be dissolute, their man-

ners, almost of necessity, become depraved, and beget a corrupt and vitiated taste.

This accounts for the character for which fiction has long been distinguished, both here and in France. It is not healthy. Nothing now goes down pleasantly without a large seasoning of vice, without contempt for the uneducated, without the affectation, if not the reality, of a familiar acquaintance with the manners of exclusive circles.

If the writer descend to the level of the majority, he must bring into active play the worst passions which prevail there, and disclose the wounds that fester in humble breasts. The inevitable result is depression and discouragement ; not that this is always voluntarily arrived at, but the writers, by a sort of over-mastering instinct, are urged to disclose the secret conviction of their class or patrons. The sounds of a dirge pervade the very modulation of the style in all aristocratic novels. The vitality of the class is ebbing fast away, and wailing for its extinction is beginning beforehand.

Perhaps the opinion to which we are now going to give utterance may itself appear to originate in the aristocratic feeling, though the case is not so. We maintain, however, that our literature will never be invested with the grandeur and influence which should belong to it, until literary excellence is suffered to ally itself with political power, or, in other terms, the men of letters become the statesmen and rulers of the country. Literature should not be a profession, but the complement of all professions. A man should not live to write, and, still less, write to live ; but, being engaged in public employment—in statesmanship diplomacy or trade, he should devote the leisure allowed him by circumstances to the enlightenment of his countrymen. In this way, no doubt, fewer books would be fabricated, but there would be many more worth reading. Nor would this be any injustice to the class who now write. If compared with public men—with the commoners or peers of parliament, who, from being placed on an artificial level, appear to stand above their heads, they would, in many cases, be found very much their superiors ; not simply in subtlety of speculation, and in the aptitude to invest their thoughts with the beauties and graces of expression, but even in habits of business, in the calculation of chances, in that quick intuition of character, which, though not to be acquired, is greatly sharpened by practice ; and, above all, in the art—if art it be—of ex-
ex-

cising a powerful fascination over those with whom they come in contact.

In a neighbouring country, several examples have been afforded of men emerging from the closet into the senate-house and council-halls of state, and beating the hereditary possessors of power and authority with their own weapons. Under similar circumstances, far more remarkable illustrations of the truth we have been asserting would be afforded here. Literature is already among us more analogous in its character to political habitudes and popular forms of thought, from which nothing can be more remote than the collegiate spirit; yet, under a genial and fostering influence, university professors have become diplomatists, and been found equal to managing the affairs of a great state. The immediate effects of this may be favourable to the sway of dynasties; but, ultimately, it cannot be doubted, the result will be, incalculably to strengthen the hands of democracy; since the people will thus be taught no longer to look for rulers from among the privileged classes, but from among themselves. The sovereign who sets this example to the world has obtained and deserves much credit for sagacity. But no man is infallible. To accomplish his present purposes he discards the old servants of the crown—whose more inflexible notions and attachment to the habits and traditions of office might occasionally thwart his will—and surrounded himself with less rigid, if not less scrupulous coadjutors. But these men involuntarily carry along with them, from the popular arena, a contempt for antiquated maxims of policy, for family descent, which they cannot number among their own claims to distinction, for the philosophy of precedents, and for everything, in short, but the universal expansion of reason, that is, law, by which alone they can hope permanently to retain their position. In the long run, therefore, they will be forced, by their instincts, into the ranks of the people's advocates, which would not be the case if they were taken, one by one, segregated from the popular mass, promoted to places of trust, and absorbed in the aristocracy. Our own experience as a nation proves this. Whoever here passes the rubicon of promotion, is lost to the people's cause; for, bedizened with titles, intoxicated with the enjoyment of power, and permitted to taste the Circæan sweets of exclusive society, he loses all sympathy with those whom he now regards as the profane, and even becomes ashamed of having ever belonged to them. Hence the aristocratic airs of new-made lords, whether in speaking

or writing. They are far more exquisitely alive to the roughness and boisterous turbulence of democracy than the finikin statesman who imagines himself ennobled by all the blood of all the Howards !

What we technically call "the Press" is not literature, but the raw materials out of which it may hereafter be fashioned ; it constitutes the broad isthmus connecting the national mind with the elevated regions of pure art, and is swept over by two counter currents—one conveying force and vitality from the popular heart to literature, the other hurrying down refinement and pure principles from literature to the people. By means of this Press our intellectual condition must be reformed, if reformation ever reach us ; and, as we have already observed, there are numerous indications in the present state of things that we are making progress in the right direction. Literature has lost its old conventional character, in which it appeared to have become effete, and is passing through a state almost of chaos, in order, we trust, to emerge into a brighter light, and to put on more perfect forms than it has hitherto assumed in the north. It is from this view of the matter

that we must seek satisfaction when our taste and judgment are offended by the monstrous perversions of talent which constantly meet us under the quaint mask of originality. Their authors are acting in obedience to an impulse which secretly sways the whole age, and causes those painful throes and those wild aberrations from the right line which the indiscriminating mistake for wonderful displays of genius. We have escaped from the trammels of our aristocratic literature, which is no mean triumph ; and though our colossal strength be now displaying itself in a grotesque and ludicrous manner, its freaks and caprices are only to be regarded as the outbreaks of a free spirit, which will soon submit to the regulation of enlightened laws, and consent to substitute the beautiful for the extravagant. The action of aristocracy on the prolific minds of a country is like that of some close-pent current in a river, which, always flowing in one channel and one direction, scoops out a monotonous trough for itself, and ends there ; or rather, perhaps, we should compare it to the sea breeze on an exposed coast, which, striking upon the branches of trees, throws them all in one direction, producing rather a curious than a beautiful object, whereas the popular principle operating alternately on all sides gives everything on which it breathes liberty to develop itself and assume the form and characteristic, which constitute the beauty of its nature.

We have illustrated our position by reference to no contemporary writer, because we desire to escape the charge of being invidious, or praising, or blaming, from any other motive than sincere conviction. It is easy to be hypercritical and lavish of censure ; it is to the last degree difficult to judge impartially of those whose generous character and agreeable manners, or the reverse, make them the objects of our affection or dislike. We take refuge therefore in generalities, and describe the movements of a whole literature rather than the efforts and productions of individuals. No one, however, who experiences any great solicitude for the welfare of mankind, or desires the general recognition of the good and beautiful, can possibly be contented with things as they are. We go dreaming at present between two spheres, unable firmly to alight on either ; that of aristocracy is a mere hollow shell, indented, rusty, crumbling, and far too weak to support the weight of a great literature ; while that of democracy, whose dimensions have never yet been taken, is still too slippery to afford it a stable footing. But on this latter it must ultimately rest, or cease to be the great instrument of civilisation, which it cannot do. The people thirst for something better than they possess, and innumerable trials are made to supply what they need ; and even these attempts, futile as they often prove, act nevertheless as a passport to the nation's sympathies. Good intentions are not always thrown away here, but if they cannot invariably ensure the bestowal of laurels, at least command a patient hearing, and frequently a substantial reward.

HYMN TO THE SPRING,

SWEET prime of Spring !
 Delicious freshness in thy earliest breath
 Fills all the earth, as, after Winter's death,
 On fleet and dewy wing
 Thy myriad beauties rise,
 Chequered with a thousand dyes,
 In wood and vale, from morn to eve,
 Where lovely nymphs unseen, their flowery garlands weave
 Sweet, lulling Spring !
 Thrice welcome art thou in thy leafy stole,
 Thrilling with ecstasy the expectant soul.
 When many zephyrs bring
 Thy incense-odours rare—
 Sweet perfumes on thy balmy air,
 Offerings of the flowers to thee,
 Hight Queen of all their hosts—fair-zonèd majesty.
 Returning Spring !
 Of old, they worshipped thee where fountains well
 Amid the groves, and Naiads syllable
 In dulcet murmuring
 Thine ever-gladdening name ;
 And flowery-kirtled maidens came
 To bend them lowly at thy shrine,
 When, to the soul of man, thy beauty showed divine.
 Oh ! gentle Spring !
 Of olden Nature the sublimest child—
 The first that on primeval Eden smiled,
 Ere Death had found his sting.
 Thy voice is full of love,
 Directing all our hopes above,
 And giving to mortality
 Emblems of bright Spring-time in blest eternity.
 Thus, lovely Spring !
 Thou hast a voice to every willing ear,
 And to the aching heart, in every year,
 Thy many blossoms bring
 A token of that glorious time,
 When rising from the grave, sublime,
 The sons of earth new forms shall wear,
 And with angelic hosts immortal honours share.

Haverhill.

JOHN HAMILTON DAVIES.

“THE LOWER ORDERS.”

IN old times, all religions and schools of philosophy had what was called “The Secret,” viz., certain doctrines not openly professed, and into which even students and disciples were not initiated until, after a severe apprenticeship, they had proved themselves worthy to be instructed. After their admission to the knowledge of the “Secret,” they were not allowed to give it utterance, but were bound to envelope their meaning in such language, that the real sense and inspiration of it could only be intelligible to the initiated. It was deemed sacrilegious to endeavour to permeate the Mass with the sacred knowledge.

The Mass in those days consisted of the confused inorganised majority, the raw material of humanity, not recognisable as individuals, but which formed the staple of the world, as a ground for the more highly gifted to tread on—an unknown muddy, not “milky” way, about which none took any concern. The infinite capability that lay crude and dormant in the Mass, was not dreamed of; the inert force had not been made manifest. It was the great quarry of undeveloped humanity, out of which, from time to time, the elect and chosen were detached, and fashioned into “living stones,” but the length and depth of which was undreamed of.

Agès have passed away. All kinds of chances and changes have befallen the world. One tendency has been visible through all: All events seem to have worked themselves to one end; the clash of many coloured and conflicting interests has wrought one pre-eminent result. The circle of the elect has steadily and gradually become wider, the partakers in the “Secret” more numerous; till at length the dusky, confused, weltering mass of humanity which so long had been uncared for, like mud at the bottom of a pool, is admitted to the brotherhood, and recognised to consist of men, with reasonable souls and human flesh subsisting—men of like fashion with the learned and noble—the rulers of the world, who heretofore had alone the privilege of dwelling in the light, which the others might not approach unto. It is so much submerged land recovered to the domains of humanity.

It was thought, by all the powers that were, an awful, atheistic, anarchic proceeding, when, 1800 years ago, "the poor had the gospel preached to them." It was the first glimpse of their social recognition. Long ago the freedom of religion was conceded to them, but all the gentility and prestige of philosophy was stripped from it. The learned and the wise still insisted on their "Secret." They took to education when they could find a moment's breathing-time from their everlasting wars, and that was all-sacred to them; into that circle no vulgar were admitted. Religion was enough for the poor; the People had no need of instruction.

When it was proposed to preach education to the Mass, to make the *canaille* eligible to philosophy, science, civilising influences of all sorts, it was scouted as a chimera, hooted as a blasphemy, and pelted with ridicule, (the only civilised phrase of persecution tolerated.) Yet at length the principle stands detached and clear from the confusion; it has come to be recognised that the Mass are worthy to hear all that can be taught,—that instruction is their birthright, and not an alms to be bestowed by supercilious benevolence, or speculative theorists. There is no longer a corner where secret or sacred things may abide: all is thrown open to the "Mass," the "Million," the "People," who stand revealed in the rude, massive, undeveloped possibility of their brawny, sinewy, savage strength. Refinement and fastidiousness have no more a refuge, except to curl themselves up like excruciated sensitive plants. All that for so long has been enshrouded in the learned twilight of academic bowers, is to-day brought naked and unreservedly within the bare walls and glaring gas-light of Mechanics' Institutes. Everything may be taught, and everybody, who will, may hear and learn. Every sort of doctrine may be discussed by anybody and everybody.

To the doctors and philosophers of old, this state of things would have been a shock and an outrage, such as we might imagine if a revolution were to take place in the region of the faithful, which should abolish the privilege of the harem, and allow the inmates to walk forth unveiled to the distraction of men and angels!

And yet these new barbarians are not receiving a license, nor a privilege, but a right, of which they are but just now receiving intelligence,—a right which can never again fall into abeyance, unless the whole social system fall into dissolution.

A fact that has once become declared and absolute, never

relapses into the chaotic uncombined elements, from which it was called forth.

Let the People, the newly-developed order in humanity, rejoice in their strength, in their savage powers, and *unblasé* faculties. The recognition of their rights, their entrance on their own heritage, so long withheld, makes a grand, a divine epoch in the world's life. But it is only when contemplated as a whole that it is grand. Regarded as a movement, penetrating with "newness of life" a hitherto unrecognised section of the human family,—going on from strength to strength until each individual shall stand before God, each perfected according to his measure,—it is very grand, and every heart must kindle and burn at the contemplation. But when we descend from the Mount of Vision to the actual and practical working of the thing, and stumble amid the coarse material details, enthusiasm is well nigh stifled with disgust; and, except to those gifted with the most keen and loving insight, the Divine Idea, which at first seemed so glorious, is effaced on nearer contemplation of the irreverent ignorance, the presumption, the intense vulgarity, the coarse and clumsy attempt to meddle with high things, the utter absence of all modest misgivings, the absolute want of preception for taste and refinement, which characterises these new barbarians.

It is all very well for those engaged in forwarding the movement to dwell on the great principle involved, and to keep their eye steadily fixed on the magnificent whole; otherwise they would not be able to keep their hand to the work they have undertaken. But the People themselves are not to be encouraged in any such soothing, self-complacent process. They are neither grand nor glorious, but a huge, rude, untutored, ignorant mass; with no beauty to make them desirable or tolerable, except to the eye of Infinite Hope. The intense interest that is now excited in the condition of the Lower Orders, is not aroused by them as individuals, but by the superb and all but Utopian-looking result which is hoped for; which is to qualify those who for ages have been considered as only a degree beyond the brutes, to present themselves amongst the "Sons of God." The attraction does not lie in them, but in the endeavour to realise the truth—that in the poor, hungry, slaving Mass, with their intellect all torpid, and their senses lying callous and buried under the brutal sordid environments, which for ages have accumulated round them and over them, till the very aspect of Humanity has been well nigh

effaced—that even in them a spark of Deity lies smouldering, which may yet break up this unlovely chaos, and transform it into shapes of beauty and life. But the Mass have not yet realised this hope; they are, as yet, only beginning to stir with blind, uneasy motion, and a dim consciousness of uncertain strength.

The tone of flattery assumed towards the "People," in all the books, poems, lectures, and talk that goes on about them at the present time—the endeavour to create sympathy with them at the expense of the higher classes—the fashion it has grown to *exploiter* the Lower Orders,—is not precisely the wisest method to form the race, which will in all likelihood form the main element in the next generation of society. Nothing is so demoralising as making a fashion of a principle. The Mass needs civilising, and nothing can be more vulgar than the tone in which they are addressed; bad taste is a sin always symptomatic of something more deeply seated.

From the beginning of the world there have been disorganised periods, when the institutions that had heretofore held society together, and sufficed for the general governance and guidance of the People, have fallen into dissolution; new social elements have manifested themselves, and the opinions, manners, political institutions, and the whole machinery of society, have crystallised afresh. The Industrial Classes are the new element of our own day. They contain the germ of the next generation. The preponderance of unworn strength and undeveloped vitality rests with them. They are a phase of society that has never, in any age, been presented. The tone and measure of the next age depend mainly on the impulse given to this as yet unorganised Mass.

Their tendencies are at present altogether material; their strength, rough sagacity, and uncivilised capacity, have no ideal or poetical sympathies. One word they have adopted as their motto and designation. They are "practical," and set no value on any qualities that are not "practical." In this world, with so much rough work lying on all sides, and emphatically needing to be done, to be practical in the application of one's faculties is certainly highly desirable; still the Apostle's words hold true, "that the things which are seen are temporal," and that "the fashion of this world passeth away." The most important element of a man's life is that which cannot be seen, and of which none but himself can take cognizance. If he be taught to have faith only in the

things that be seen, felt, and made manifest, he has but a poor starved look-out, either for this life or the next. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses, but in the Divine Thought by which he shapes it; and this alone magnifies it, and makes its worth. The spirit in which a man lives is more important than anything that he does. "To endure, as believing that which is invisible," is the highest order of life. The lower and less perfectly organised a man is, the more material is he in his desires and his belief,—the less capable of being inspired by the Wisdom that is above all things. The Industrial Classes, from their position, are thrown mainly amongst material things. Some have to wrestle, to compel their actual subsistence from a hand-to-hand conflict with starvation; a struggle that has to be renewed day by day. Those who are not *aux prises* with circumstances for their means of life, are engrossed in business,—a still more materialised process, which has a fascination beyond that of gambling; no matter whether a man makes money by it or not. Others, again, are getting rich; the most vulgarising ordeal of all. All these stand in peculiar need to have a faith created in them for that "which is invisible"—a practical faith in principles and high motives, which, though impalpable to bodily sense, have still a real existence, and ought to shape all acts and deeds. "The things which are seen are not made from those which do appear."

That this contact with material cares and interests should be combated and neutralised by the cultivation of more ideal tendencies, is of vital moment, not only to those whose souls are choked out of them by "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," but to the very existence of society itself.

And yet nothing of the sort is ever preached to the Industrial Classes. The tone that pervades the books and lectures of Mechanics' Institutes,—all that is addressed to them especially,—is all pervaded by a low prosaic tone of speciality: nothing higher than "common sense" is ever appealed to—they are never taught to rely on higher or more ideal qualities. They are told nothing that can arouse a noble enthusiasm; everything they are exhorted to has some specific egoistic advantage. They are told to "cultivate themselves," to "seek truth" and "freedom," and all that; but in what they consist, or *how* they should be sought, is left in the vague. They may listen in vain for a word of that inspiration which passes the understanding, burns the heart

within us, and makes men greater than they know. They are never made passionate for that which is higher than themselves; no belief is encouraged, except for what can be demonstrated.

The gross flattery which is addressed to the imperfect, undeveloped, Industrial Class, is enough to check their growth for ever. Subjects, on which great men have not grudged to spend their life, are reduced down to their level; "a critical view," and a "general view," a "course of lectures on the works" of such and such great men, are all that is presented to them; and they are encouraged to fancy, that in the space of an hour they are placed *au niveau* of the men, who distilled their very souls in their labour. They are encouraged in a spirit of *criticism* instead of *reverence*; and where the spirit of criticism enters, the power of listening and profit never follows.

An intense vulgarity is the distinguishing mark of the instruction addressed to the new order.

There is a coarse provincial accent in the intellect, which is intolerable, and entirely vitiates and demoralises it.

The tendency of all Mechanics' Institutes going, and of all Mechanics' Institute literature, is to induce a puling, complacent consciousness in the "Mass," and the "Million," a slang of philosophic culture—a brisk, pert, limited insight into truths, which are cultivated like tulips in a row of red garden-pots—clear, stiff, small, and intentional. Nothing left unaccounted for; nothing spontaneous, flowing, or impulsive. All the books of that class of literature as tidy and trim as a Dutch garden; every thought and fact is cleanly cut away from the infinite—swept up under its lawful definition; and the gravel walks are edged with cockle-shells, to prevent confusion. There are no Temples, no long solemn shadowy aisles with many-coloured light streaming across them. *Perspective* is no more believed in: bald, bare "architectural elevations" are given instead.

We had more to say, but to say it now would be to lengthen an article already perhaps too long. Another time we may say a few words on this disposition towards the intensely definite and visible.

G. E. J.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was but the walk of a few minutes, and the two culprits, St. James and St. Giles—who could have thought of this companionship of guilt!—duly escorted by the officers, arrived at the little public-house, where Capstick and his companions on the journey had left the carriage. The muffin-maker himself remained behind at the cottage, insisting that Crossbone should not quit the wounded Snipeton; as, in the avowed ignorance of Capstick, “it was quite impossible that he should be dead.” Crossbone could only smile contemptuously at the hopeful man, and look about him, as one looking for an easy escape. “The body is the body of a dead man, sir,” said Crossbone. “I think I ought to know: I have not practised so many years not to have an intimate acquaintance with death.”

“Dead! Bless my heart! Really dead, and alive but this minute!” cried Capstick vacantly.

“Of course. What do you expect hearts are made of? The left ventricle—I’m sure of it—cut quite through,” said Crossbone. “Humph! a pretty piece of news to tell the Marquis—and that blessed woman,—it will kill her—the Marchioness.”

“And the wife of the murdered man!” cried Capstick—“but, dear soul! she mustn’t see this sight!” and he withdrew the key from the unturned lock. “Let us remove the body.”

“Not by any means,” said Tangle. “Quite illegal. Here it must lie for the inquest.”

“Lie here! Why, man, the poor soul must step across it to descend the stairs. Here, Jem; help me to break the law just a little, will you. In that room, Jem; in that room.” And Capstick and Jem lifted the dead man into the chamber from whence he had rushed upon his death; Mr. Tangle, during the

* Continued from page 278, Vol. V.

brief operation, loudly declaring that not for the best fifty pounds would he have a hand in it. "And now, Mr. Crossbone, we'll go down stairs to that poor wretch."

"I really have not any time to waste upon such people now," said the apothecary. "And when I remember that, at this very moment, his lordship may have the greatest need of me,—"

"You don't stir from this house,"—and Capstick, with calmest determination, grasped the apothecary's collar—"until you see the man. You don't know what may depend upon his life."

"*His life!*" exclaimed Crossbone. "Why, I'm much mistaken if it's worth a sixpenny rope."

"Perhaps not, as you may value the article: but as the life of an innocent man may depend upon it, you must save one for the other's. I tell you, sir, you must; and there's an end of it." With this decision, Capstick led the apothecary, in custody, into the parlour, where Tom Blast, with several of the country folks about him, lay writhing in misery—pain giving to his features the most fearful expression. All the hidden wickedness of the man's heart seemed brought into his face, intensified by suffering. Two poor women hovered over him; whilst other spectators stood apart, contemplating with a curiosity that seemed at once to fascinate and horrify, the terrible show before them.

Crossbone, still in charge of Capstick, was brought to the wounded man; whose eye, flaming with new hate, burned upon the doctor; whose voice, rattling in his throat, growled inarticulately like a beast's. Crossbone recoiled from the patient, but was brought back by the grasp of Capstick. "Come, sir; what do you think of him?" asked the senator. "There's life yet, eh?"

"A nothing, sir; I can see it—oh, yes; a mere nothing. The ball is somewhere here," and the apothecary manipulated, with a strong hand, the sufferer—"can't get at it, just now; but a little medicine—something cooling—and in a day or two we'll extract the lead."

"You're sure of that, Mr. Doctor? Quite sure?" asked Blast, with a ferocious grin.

"Quite certain," answered Crossbone. "I'll pledge even my professional reputation upon it."

"Well, then, that's nothing but right," gasped the wounded man; still terribly eyeing his professing preserver. "For as the bullet came all along of you—why you can't do better than—"

"A little light-headed just now," cried Crossbone, as Blast failed in his sentence. "But, my dear sir, since you take an interest in the person," added the apothecary to Capstick, "I can promise you, that in a few days you shall have the bullet now in his body in your own hands, sir; and his life safe—that is, understand me, safe from lead. All he wants is quiet—merely quiet."

Capstick, for a moment, looked thoughtful. He then observed—"Well, then, we must nurse him." And saying this, the senator exchanged a look with Bright Jem, who, with his best significant manner, nodded assent. Leave we, then, for a short time the dead man, lying stark for the coroner, and the wounded ruffian tended by present care for the hope of future benefit.

Mr. Whistle, on arriving at the public-house with his prisoners, with many apologies requested his lordship to make himself as comfortable as possible under all the circumstances. It was an ugly business; very ugly. Had the old gentleman been merely pinked a little, it would not have signified; but death, downright death, made the affair extremely disagreeable. Nevertheless, his lordship had friends who would see that he had justice done him—the best justice—justice that became his station as a nobleman and a gentleman. And reiterating this consolation, Jerry Whistle again apologised that he must call upon his lordship to consider himself a prisoner; and, for a time, until it was quite necessary to appear before the magistrate, to accommodate himself to the best room of the public-house. As to the ruffian St. Giles—well, it was very odd, Mr. Whistle observed, that things should so fall out,—but surely his lordship would be good enough to remember the little vagrant wretch that stole his lordship's feathered hat when quite a baby; or, if his lordship's memory could not go so far back, at least his lordship must recollect the pony stolen by the youth St. Giles,—he was then, the rascal, fourteen, and must have known better,—and for which he was to have been hanged; only, foolishly enough, he had been sent to Botany Bay; whence, not knowing when he was really well off, he had run away, that he might put his head in a halter at Newgate. He must say it; it was odd, that a gentleman like his lordship St. James, and such an old offender as St. Giles, should be, so to speak, in trouble together.

"Poor wretch!" said the nobleman. "And where is St. Giles?"

"Why, my lord, he is properly secured in a bit of an out-house. There's a nice clean wisp of straw for him, and his own thoughts. And, moreover, for though it's weak, I somehow like to treat a prisoner like a man—moreover, I have ordered him a pint of beer and some bread and cheese. The county pays for it—and if it didn't, why, though I don't brag, 'twould be all the same to Jerry Whistle."

St. James was about to reply to this, when, after a slight, brief knock, the door opened, and Mr. Tangle, with a face of most tremendous woe, and his whole figure possessed by affliction, crawled into the room. He looked mournfully at St. James, bowed, and deeply sighed.

"Do you come to reproach me, Mr. Tangle," said St. James, "with the death of your old friend?"

"Not I, my dear lord," cried Tangle, quickly, "not for worlds. I would reproach no man in his trouble, much less a gentleman—I beg your pardon, my lord—I should say, much less a nobleman. Besides, allow me to disabuse your lordship's mind. Mr. Snipeton was no friend of mine, certainly not. No two could be less alike—I hope. We were only professionally bound together, nothing more. Ties of red tape, my lord; ties of red tape—that's all."

"To what, then," said St. James, with an effort, "may I owe the favour of this visit?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" exclaimed Tangle, at the same time slowly taking his handkerchief from his pocket, and well shaking it ere he applied it to his eyes. "Oh, my lord!" he repeated, with his face covered.

"Excuse me, Mr. Tangle," said Whistle, "but I cannot have his lordship distressed after this manner. I'm a man of business, whatever the grief may be. Now, if you've anything to say that will serve the pris—, what am I about?—his lordship, I should say, why, put aside your pocket-handkerchief, and give it mouth."

Mr. Tangle seemed to struggle with himself to obey this injunction. At length, however, he displayed his naked face, and vigorously winking his eye-lids as though to well dry them, he said—"It is not, my lord, for me to forget that I was once

honoured with the patronage of your noble house. At a time like the present, when an accidental death—"

"Yes, I know," said St. James, and he shuddered from head to foot—"I know: the man *is* dead."

"He is, my lord," said the consolatory Tangle. "What then? We all must die."

"What a blighted wretch am I!" exclaimed the young man: "blood, blood upon my hands!"

"Not at all, my lord," cried the attorney; "for depend upon it, a verdict must wipe 'em clean. And that, saving your lordship's presence, that I have ventured to come about." St. James idly stared at him. "There will, of course, be a trial: that is, a form, an honourable form to clear your lordship. And, my lord, it would be an honour to me in my declining age—at a time, too, my lord, when honour is doubly precious to a professional man—to be allowed to attend your lordship through this business."

"That can't be, very well, can it," asked Whistle, "for won't they call upon you as a witness?"

"Impossible. I saw nothing of the transaction, I'll take my oath"—and Tangle became even enthusiastic in his asseverations—"I'll take my oath, I saw nothing of it. Will you, therefore, my lord, honour me by your approving commands?" And Tangle bowed to the floor.

"As you will, Mr. Tangle; do what you please," said St. James, indifferently.

"Thank you, my lord. I am delighted, my lord, at the opportunity—that is, I am grateful, my lord; particularly grateful; and now, your lordship"—and Tangle suddenly fell into a solemn, organ-like strain, befitting his words—"and now, to business."

"Well, business. What is it—what of it? Do as you please," cried St. James.

"Oh, my lord, this confidence is, I must say it, affecting. Well, then, my lord, you must have counsel."

"Go on, sir."

"Permit me, then, my lord, to recommend—the only man—Mr. Montecute Crawley."

"Montecute Crawley," faintly echoed St. James; and at the sound, he was in the criminal court of the county of Kent, and saw that weeping advocate of hapless innocence.

"Were my own brother in danger—no, I mean, were I myself,

—I know no man like Mr. Crawley. Bless you, he has all the heartstrings of the Jury in his fingers, like the fellow with Punch, and pulls 'em just which way he likes. He's safe for office—nothing can keep him out of it. As I heard a young barrister say only a week since, 'Crawley,' says he, 'will take the turn of the tide, and float into office on his own tears.' What a speech he will make about your lordship! Not a dry eye in court, and for what I know, folks weeping outside. Well, then, my dear lord, say Mr. Montecute Crawley. There isn't a moment to lose. In a matter of murder—that is, what the fiction of the law calls murder—he's in first request. At this moment, for all I know, we may be too late. And should they have him on the other side—pardon me, my lord—though I know your case is admirable, nothing stronger—nevertheless, pardon me, my lord, I must tremble. I say it with respect—I must tremble."

"Well, Mr. Montecute Crawley, if you will," said St. James, carelessly.

Ere, however, the words were well out, Mr. Tangle had caught his assenting client by the hand, and with a fervour more than professional, exclaimed—"Thank you, my lord—bless you, my lord—you have made me a happy man, my lord. I'll ride myself for post-horses to Kingston, and before I sleep, depend upon it, Mr. Crawley's clerk has the retainer in his hand. Keep your spirits up, my dear lord, and remember—if I may be so bold to say it—that you live under a constitution in which a nobleman is not to be outraged by the hand of plebeian violence without—without—"

"Enough, sir—I know what you would say," cried St. James with disgust.

"It's very kind of your lordship to say so," and, with his humblest bow, Tangle left the room.

"We shall not stay long here, Mr. Whistle?" asked St. James. "Of course, there is another ceremony?"

To be sure, my lord: of course, my lord. We have to go before the magistrate: a matter of form. But every respect will be paid to your lordship. A terrible accident, my lord, but nothing more. Nevertheless, it can't be denied that, just now, juries are getting a sort of spite against folks of nobility, and therefore, my lord, I am glad—yes, I will say it, I am glad—that, to prevent any accident, you've got Mr. Montecute Crawley.

Bless you! He's such a man for washing blackmoors white—got quite a name for it."

"Will you grant me one favour, Mr. Whistle?" asked St. James, suddenly rousing himself from deep thought.

"I wish you could ask twenty, my lord: any favour, except—of course, your lordship knows what I mean—any favour but that one. Never lost a prisoner yet, my lord; and though I'd do anything for your lordship's noble family,—still I couldn't do that!" and Tangle looked at the door, and shook his head.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Whistle; I have no such purpose. Whatever may be the result of this most miserable deed, I must and will await it. The favour I would ask is this:—Can you let me have some conversation with—with my fellow-prisoner?"

Whistle stared. "Fellow-prisoner!" he echoed: "Well, there isn't a bit of pride in your lordship! If, of course, you wish it, why, of course, it's done. But your lordship should recollect, he's a returned transport, a rebellious convict, that's again flown in the face of his mother country by coming back to her. As sure as you're alive, my lord, he'll be hanged, and—however, it's for your lordship to choose your own company; of course."

"Then I am to understand, Mr. Whistle, that you consent?" asked St. James, a little impatiently.

"To be sure; whatever your lordship wishes—in reason. Here, Wix;"—and Whistle, opening the door, called to one of his assistants—"bring your prisoner afore his lordship, and bear a hand with him. Not a bit of pride, I do declare," repeated Whistle to himself, as he surveyed St. James with wonder and admiration.

St. James, in silence, paced the room, and Whistle continued to contemplate him as a marvel of condescension; and then Whistle's thoughts took another current. "To be sure, when the best of people are brought in danger of the gallows, it does a little take the starch of pride out of 'em." This all unconsciously floated through Whistle's brain, as still he looked upon the young nobleman, and with all his might endeavoured to consider him a paragon of humility.

In brief time St. Giles, in custody of the officer, stood at the door. "Mr. Whistle," said St. James, with the most polished courtesy, "may I request that, for a few minutes, this young man

and myself be left together." Whistle was melted, awed by the politeness, yet, nevertheless, looked doubtfully about him. "You can still keep watch through the window. There is but one—one door, too."

"Of course, your lordship—to be sure; not that I thought of that—by no means;" and Whistle, assuring himself that he could keep as certain watch outside the room as within, bowed, and hastily retired.

"So, young man," said St. James, with a forced calmness, "so, we have met, it seems, in early—very early life."

"Yes, my lord; very early," answered St. Giles. "I take it, I remember the matter better than your lordship."

"How so?"

"Why, my lord, wretches, such as I am, and such as I have always been, have—saving your presence—quicker memories than gentlefolks like you. We take a sharper account of life, for we feel it sharper—earlier. I recollect when I was little more than a babe, I may say, robbing your lordship. Well, it was my fate."

"Not so, St. Giles—not so."

"How was I to know otherwise? Who taught me otherwise? How did I know that I was not made to steal and be whipped for it—and still to steal and—and—be hanged for it? Your lordship, when a child, was—I know it—kind to the boy-thief. You said a good word for him; they told me all about it, and my heart felt strangely enough—softened, I thought. And still I went on—and still you was my friend."

"And will still be so," said St. James; "if, indeed, such a miserable creature as I am may promise anything. Now, tell me: Mrs. Snipeton—did she seem a willing agent? Was her resistance, when carried off, a real passion; or was it, think you, but a colourable show of opposition?"

"I cannot say, my lord; that is, I cannot speak from what I saw; I was unhorsed, struck to the ground, stunned and bleeding. The worse luck it was so—otherwise, I think, the lady had been now at home, and the old man alive, and your lordship—"

"Unstained by murder. Oh, that my life could bring back yesterday!" exclaimed St. James; and, for the first time, his grief burst forth in all the bitterness of remorse. With his face in his hands, he wept convulsively.

"I am afraid, my lord," said St. Giles, "I am afraid that

man Crossbone has wickedly deceived you. I'm sure on it; nothing short of force would have taken the sweet young cretur from her home."

"You are sure of it? Was she, then, so fond—so tenderly attached to—to Mr. Snipeton?"

"Oh, not so, my lord—not so, so far as I could see: but, somehow, when the old man looked at her as if his own heart was in her bosom, I could see—even for the time I was with 'em—I could see she pitied him too much to run away from him. Bless you! she was too good and too—"

"Enough—we will talk no more of it. I have been gulled, duped—the vain, yet guilty victim of a scoundrel; and the end is—I am a blood-shedder."

"I can't say your lordship's been without blame; bad as I am, I can't say that. Nevertheless, you didn't mean to kill the old man—I'm sure you didn't. 'Twas a hot minute, and it's a bad job; for all that, your lordship will, I hope, see many happy days to come. Though my time's short, I'll pray for that, my lord, with all my soul."

"I tell you, St. Giles, you shall still find friends in my family. Your life shall still be spared."

"And what for, my lord? To be shipped off again—to be chained and worked worse than a beast; to have every bit of manhood crushed; to have no use for thought but to think curses. No, my lord! Fate's against me. I was sent into the world to be made, as they call it, an example of; and the sooner it's all over the better. I was born and suckled a thief. I was whipped, imprisoned, transported, for a thief; and something better grew up in me, and I resolved to turn upon the world a new face. I was determined, come what would, to live honestly, or die in a ditch for it. Well; the world wouldn't have it. The world seemed to sneer and laugh at me for the conceit of the thing. I've been dodged and dodged by the devil, that first sold me; I've tried to defy him; but, as I say, fate's against me, and it's no use. I look out upon the world, and I only see one place—one little piece of ground—where there's rest for such as I am; and where mercy may be shown to them as truly repent. I trust to get from God what man denies me."

"Nay, poor fellow—"

"Beg your pardon, my lord," said Whistle, putting his head in

at the door, "but the post-chaise is come, and—it's only a form—but we must drive to Kingston, to the magistrate's."

"I am quite ready," said St. James, taking his hat. "And your other prisoner?"

"We've got a cart for him," answered Whistle.

"Not so," said St. James, "we'll even ride together."

"Why, your lordship would never so condescend—never so demean yourself—"

"Get in," said St. James, opening the chaise-door, and urging St. Giles, who reluctantly entered the vehicle. "There is no condescension for such villany as mine."

"All right," said Whistle, mounting outside; "all right—to Kingston." And St. James the homicide, and St. Giles the horse-stealer, were, in close companionship of guilt, driven to the magistrate's, on their way to the county gaol.

(To be concluded next month.)

New Books.

TANCRED; OR, THE NEW CRUSADE. By B. DISRAELI. Three Vols. post 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

WHATEVER defects may exist in Mr. Disraeli's works, they have always the merit of a purport. They appeal, not only to the fancy and the feelings, but to the understanding. They contain a theory as well as a story. They are revelations of some great and interesting reality as well as the embodiment of experience and imagination. In *Coningsby*, a theory was opposed to the mere mechanism of a government; and in *Sibyl*, the real disorders of the state were shadowed forth in developing the fortunes of individuals. Mr. Disraeli's works are peculiarly worthy of the epithet—fascinating. We are not subdued, but are enchanted by them. The ideal portion is well sustained, and the real is very forcibly delineated.

In *Tancred* the author has broken up new ground, and sought, in the novelty of Asiatic scenery and character, new matter of interest. One of his characteristics, and it is the characteristic of genius, is the facility with which he identifies himself with any new subject. Where the unimaginative and unobservant perceive a wearisome uniformity, genius discovers and reveals a thousand interesting relations. The desert is not

barren to him, and the monotonous routine of the harem can afford matter for excitement and interest. Of the Western part of Asia we know little minutely, and most readers would consider it as a land reduced, by the barbarism of its inhabitants, to a dull alternation of rock and desert; to a region of marauders and plunderers, slaves and slave-owners. Into this region Mr. Disraeli has carried his hero, and, consequently, the mist begins to clear away, and a defined and marked landscape to appear. The various tribes are no longer an undistinguishable crowd. The Mussulman character assumes various phases, and we comprehend that the endless combinations of human character are not confined to the European. Indeed, the various races that people this region, the variety of religious tenets, and the total opposition to each other, caused by hereditary tenets and manners, give a contrast and effect to individual character that renders it much more striking than in the inhabitants of what are termed more civilised countries. At the present time, we here find the conduct and the eventful modes of our middle ages. The same vices and the same virtues; and, indeed, older forms of society, according to Mr. Disraeli, are still traceable. In the mountains exists a small nation, the remnant of the descendants of the Syrio-Grecian inhabitants of ancient Antioch, who still, in these wild mountains, worship the Olympian Jove and Phœbus Apollo.

"All that remains of Antioch, noble Emir; of Antioch the superb, with its hundred towers, and its sacred groves and fanes of flashing beauty."

"Unhappy Asia!" exclaimed the Emir; "thou hast indeed fallen!"

"When all was over," said the queen; "when the people refused to sacrifice, and the gods, indignant, quitted earth—I hope not for ever—the faithful few fled to these mountains with the sacred images, and we have cherished them. I told you we had beautiful and consoling thoughts, and more than thoughts. All else is lost—our wealth, our arts, our luxury, our invention—all have vanished. The niggard earth scarcely yields us a subsistence; we dress like Kurds—feed hardly as well; but if we were to quit these mountains, and wander like them on the plains with our ample flocks, we should lose our sacred images—all the traditions that we yet cherish in our souls, that in spite of our hard lives preserve us from being barbarians—a sense of the beautiful and the lofty, and the divine hope, that, when the rapidly consummating degradation of Asia has been fulfilled, mankind will return again to those gods who made the earth beautiful and happy; and that they, in their celestial mercy, may revisit that world which, without them, has become a howling wilderness."

These people are entitled "the Ansarey;" besides, we have the Maronites, the Druses, the Kurds, the Mussulmen, and that inextinguishable nation, who are no longer acknowledged as supreme where they once held more than human sway—the Jews.

But we are wandering from the story, or, rather, the novel. It is, however, so full of glancing lights, touching upon so many topics, treating of so many matters, that it is difficult to take a view of it as a

whole. It is a fantastic Eastern palace, brilliantly illuminated and gorgeously decorated, but with so little congruity as a whole, that it is impossible to keep the attention from being attracted by the details. A sketch of character; a glowing and life description; a dissertation on some legislative principle; a sarcasm on some established absurdity; a diatribe against some received doctrine; a scene of witching tenderness; a monologue of lofty aspirations; a comic exposition of vanity and ignorance; alternately arrest the attention and the story. We feel, at last, that the work is a mere vehicle for the exposition of a theory or the maintenance of a paradox. It is, indeed, a fantasia, where the author runs up and down the key-board, trusting to his momentary inspiration to delight in spite of rules, and enchant in defiance of artistic principles.

After such an account it can scarcely be expected that we should attempt to give a more detailed analysis of it. The reader must minister to himself, and this we sincerely recommend him to do. Suffice it to say, that it is evidently only a portion of a work, and that the ministry of Tancred, the modern crusader, is only carried to the first stage of his trials. He has passed through one: from divine fervour he has passed to earthly worship: aspiring to a heavenly mission he has become enthralled with a mundane passion, and the printer, in a most arbitrary manner, puts "The End" where he should put "The Beginning." But such is the author's peculiarity, and he has so much grace and agreeableness, that, like the affectations of a beauty, we allow the eccentricity, which, in a less powerful writer, we should be disgusted with.

The first volume is on the old ground of the political and fashionable world, and although occasionally happy and brilliant, is, on the whole, an unfavourable repetition of himself; and, indeed, not wanting in absurdities on which the critic might expend his acrimony with justice. But, as will be seen by the terms of our notice, this has been completely obliterated by the last two volumes, which, indeed, might be read without reference to the first. In these, the characteristics of the Asiatics are admirably delineated, and Fakredeem, a prince of very loose morality, but very energetic nature, and Keferinis, a viceroy, who continues to keep his head on his shoulders by a perfect knowledge of the use of unmeaning superlatives, will furnish great entertainment to the reader. The following is one of many such pieces of humour:—

" 'I presume,' said Tancred, 'that the Emir and myself have the honour of conversing with the Lord Keferinis.' Thus he addressed this celebrated eunuch, who is prime minister of the Queen of the Ansarey.

" 'The Prince of England,' replied Keferinis, bowing, and speaking in a very affected voice and in a very affected manner, 'must not expect the luxuries of the world amid these mountains. Born in London, which is surrounded by the sea, and with an immense slave population at your command, you have advantages with which the Ansarey cannot compete, unjustly

deprived, as they have been, of their port; and unable, in the present diminished supply of the markets, to purchase slaves as heretofore from the Turkomans and the Kurds."

"I suppose the Russians interfere with your markets?" said Fakredeen.

"The noble Emir of the Lebanon has expressed himself with infinite exactitude," said Keferinis. "The Russians now entirely stock their harems from the north of Asia."

"The Lord Keferinis has been a great traveller, I apprehend!" said Tancred.

"The Prince of England has expressed himself with extreme exactitude, and with flattering grace," replied Keferinis. "I have indeed visited all the Syrian cities, except Jerusalem, which no one wishes to see, and which," he added, in a very sweet calm tone, "is unquestionably a place fit only for hogs."

"Tancred started, but repressed himself."

And here is another specimen of the same kind.

"We ought never to be surprised at anything that is done by the English," observed Fakredeen; "who are, after all, in a certain sense, savages. Their country produces nothing; it is an island, a mere rock, larger than Malta, but not so well fortified. Every thing they require is imported from other countries; they get their corn from Odessa, and their wine from the ports of Spain. I have been assured at Beirout that they do not grow even their own cotton, but that I can hardly believe. Even their religion is an exotic; and, as they are indebted for that to Syria, it is not surprising that they should import their education from Greece."

"Poor people!" exclaimed the queen; "and yet they travel—they wish to improve themselves!"

The following is one of many political paradoxes:—

"Men moralise among ruins, or, in the throng and tumult of successful cities, recall past visions of urban desolation for prophetic warning. London is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then, the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it; and the Greek and the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab, and the Turk, have passed through its walls; yet it still exists and still flourishes; is full of life, wealth, and enjoyment. Here is a city that has quaffed the magical elixir and secured the philosopher's stone, that is always young and always rich. As yet, the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to match this instance of Damascus, but it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead."

"We moralize among ruins: it is always when the game is played, that we discover the cause of the result. It is a fashion intensely European, the habit of an organisation that, having little imagination, takes refuge in reason, and carefully locks the door when the steed is stolen. A community has crumbled to pieces, and it is always accounted for by its political forms or its religious modes. There has been a deficiency in what is called checks in the machinery of government; the definition of the suffrage has not been correct; what is styled responsibility has, by some means or other, not

answered ; or, on the other hand, people have believed too much or too little in a future state, have been too much engrossed by the present, or too much absorbed in that which was to come. But there is not a form of government which Damascus has not experienced, excepting the representative ; and not a creed which it has not acknowledged, excepting the Protestant. Yet, deprived of the only rule and the only religion that are right, it is still justly described by the Arabian poets as a pearl surrounded by emeralds.

" Yes, the rivers of Damascus still run and revel within and without the walls, of which the steward of Sheikh Abraham was a citizen. They have encompassed them with gardens, and filled them with fountains. They gleam amid their groves of fruit, wind through their vivid meads, sparkle among perpetual flowers, gush from the walls, bubble in the court-yards, dance and carol in the streets : everywhere their joyous voices, everywhere their glancing forms, filling the whole world around with freshness, and brilliancy, and fragrance, and life. One might fancy, as we track them in their dazzling course, or suddenly making their appearance in every spot and in every scene, that they were the guardian spirits of the city. You have explained, then, says the utilitarian, the age and flourishing fortunes of Damascus : they arise from its advantageous situation ; it is well supplied with water. Is it better supplied than the ruins of contiguous regions ? Did the Nile save Thebes ? Did the Tigris preserve Nineveh ? Did the Euphrates secure Babylon ? "

It would not be fair to conclude without a specimen of the sentiment.

" Tancred entered the temple, the last refuge of the Olympian mind. It was race that produced these inimitable forms, the idealised reflex of their own peculiar organisation. Their principles of art, practised by a different race, do not produce the same results. Yet we shut our eyes to the great truth into which all truths merge, and we call upon the Pict or the Sarmatian to produce the forms of Phidias and Praxiteles.

" Not devoid of that awe which is caused by the presence of the solemn and the beautiful, Tancred slowly traced his steps through the cavern sanctuary. No human being was visible. Upon his right was the fane to which Astarte led him on his visit of initiation. He was about to enter it, when, kneeling before the form of the Apollo of Antioch, he beheld the fair Queen of the Ansarey, motionless and speechless, her arms crossed upon her breast, and her eyes fixed upon her divinity, in a dream of ecstatic devotion.

" The splendour of the ascending sun fell full upon the statue, suffusing the ethereal form with radiancy, and spreading around it for some space a broad and golden halo. As Tancred, recognising the Queen, withdrew a few paces, his shadow, clearly defined, rested on the glowing wall of the rock temple. Astarte uttered an exclamation, rose quickly from her kneeling position, and, looking round, her eyes met those of Lord Montacute. Instantly she withdrew her gaze, blushing deeply.

" ' I was about to retire,' murmured Tancred.

" ' And why should you retire ? ' said Astarte, in a soft voice, looking up.

" ' There are moments when solitude is sacred.' "

" ' I am too much alone : often, and of late especially, I feel a painful isolation.' "

"She moved forward, and they re-entered together the chief temple, and then emerged into the sunlight. They stood beneath the broad Ionic portico, beholding the strange scene around. Then it was that Tancred, observing that Astarte cared not to advance, and deeming the occasion very favourable to his wishes, proceeded to explain to her the cause of his venturing to intrude on her this morning. He spoke with that earnestness, and, if the phrase may be used, that passionate repose, which distinguished him. He enlarged on the character of Besso, his great virtues, his amiable qualities, his benevolence and unbounded generosity; he sought, in every way, to engage the kind feelings of Astarte in favour of his family, and to interest her in the character of Eva, on which he dilated with all the eloquence of his heart. Truly, he almost did justice to her admirable qualities, her vivid mind, and lofty spirit, and heroic courage; the occasion was too delicate to treat of the personal charms of another woman, but he did not conceal his own deep sense of obligation to Eva for her romantic expedition to the desert on his behalf.

" 'You can understand then,' concluded Tancred, 'what must have been my astonishment and grief when I found her yesterday a captive. It was some consolation to me to remember in whose power she had fallen, and I hasten to throw myself at your feet to supplicate for her safety and her freedom.'

" 'Yes, I can understand all this,' said Astarte, in a low tone.

"Tancred looked at her. Her voice had struck him with pain: her countenance still more distressed him. Nothing could afford a more complete contrast to the soft and glowing visage that a few moments before he had beheld in the face of Apollo. She was quite pale, almost livid; her features, of exquisite shape, had become hard and even distorted; all the bad passions of our nature seemed suddenly to have concentrated in that face which usually combined perfect beauty of form with an expression the most gentle, and, in truth, lovely."

THE HANDBOOK OF ANGLING, &c. By EPHEMERA. London: Longman & Co.

THE author of this interesting volume has for many years been a favorite with the disciples of Izaak Walton, who have profited by his instructions and amusing contributions to "Bell's Life in London;" and we have long thought that a reprint of those sparkling articles would have found a favourable acceptance with the sporting world. The present publication is a regular treatise on the art of catching the finny tribe, in which every possible device is explained to the juvenile lover of the rod and line; nor will the veteran adept rise from its perusal without having received many valuable hints in his pursuit of the gentle craft. The subject is divided into the art of fly-fishing, trolling, and bottom-fishing. The method of making artificial flies and attaching them to the hook, is clearly pointed out and illustrated by diagrams, and a monthly list of these artificial insects for the whole season is appended to the instructions. Profound and varied is the author's erudition on the mystery of rods, lines, tackle, and baits, and

the cunning skill of spinning a minnow. A chapter on "Piscatorial Physiology," is contributed by Erasmus Wilson. As we ourselves have some proficiency in this rural recreation, we feel the more confidence in cordially recommending this "Handbook of Angling" to fishermen of all degrees of skill; but it is only fair to the writer, after this testimony to its merits, to give a specimen of his sporting and animated style.

"THE PIKE.—ESON LUCAS.

"The pike, commonly called jack, when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well-known fish; like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy and unsociable, savage, and is hated like a Blue-Beard. Everybody girds at him with spear, gaff, hook, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge-hook is specially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength, despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded; and, like the most accomplished corporate officers, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate, however, giving the preference to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe; he can fast without inconvenience for a sennight. He can gorge himself then to the gills without the slightest derangement to his stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. With Memoir by JAMES M'CONECHY, Esq. 2nd Edition, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. Glasgow: D. Robertson.

It is honourable to the trading town of Glasgow to have printed in so proper a form the poems of their townsman, Motherwell. Mr. M'Conechy's prefatory biography is interesting, and well written. By it we learn that Mr. Motherwell edited for many years the "Glasgow Courier," and advocated the Conservative, or to speak plainly, the old Tory side of politics. He was universally acknowledged to be an able and upright man, and fervent in what he thought right. His poems prove him to have been endued with strong affections and feelings. Such indeed are the chief characteristics of his poetry, as he never manifests that power of imagination blended with passionate emotion which we cannot help thinking must be present to prove the true inspiration. He is, however, by the nerve and vigour of his expression, removed out of the shambling class of versifiers who generally figure in the poet's corner of a country newspaper. His songs of the Sea Kings are spirited, and have a terseness that bespeaks vigour of thought and utterance. His ballad of Jeanie Morrison has acquired a very extensive fame, and if not quite deserving the enthusiasm it created in his countrymen, is a pleasing and forcible outpouring of an intense

feeling. His posthumous poems seem to us the highest, elevated perhaps by a presentiment of the early doom that awaited him. The verses "When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping," are picturesque in imagery and touching in sentiment, as also is the address to "The spirits of the Midnight Hour;" and in "Midnight and Moonshine" there is a rapture and vigour of expression that bespeak the presence of true poetry. It is as vivid a painting in words as exists in the language. The images glow in the mind with the distinctness of the strongest realities. It is specked with a few forced phrases we could wish away. The following is only one of many such verses:—

" And lo! even like a giant wight
 Slumbering his battle toils away,
 The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
 With many a dazzling ray,
 Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
 Voiceless the chamber and the street,
 And echoless the hall;—
 Had Death uplift his bony hand
 And smote all living on the land,
 No deeper quiet could fall.
 In this religious calm of night,
 Behold, with finger tall and bright,
 Each tapering spire points to the sky,
 In a fond, holy ecstasy;—
 Strange monuments they be of mind,—
 Of feelings dim and undefined,
 Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
 In forms of passing loveliness.

" O God! this is a holy hour:—
 Thy breath is o'er the land;
 I feel it in each little flower
 Around me where I stand,—
 In all the moonshine scattered fair,
 Above, below me, everywhere,—
 In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
 In every leaf and blade of green,—
 And in this silence grand and deep,
 Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep."

But it is time to have done criticising a poet who has reached a second edition, and our only excuse must be that we believe many of our readers (like ourselves until this perusal) may be only acquainted with the name and not the works of the author.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL OF THE WALTONS AT PORTSMOUTH.—NEW PROJECTS.—ARCHER'S LETTER TO MARY WALTON.—MARY'S REPLY.—MR. WALTON'S DINNER TO THREE MEN OF CONSEQUENCE.—AN ACCIDENT IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. WALTON, on leaving Wales, had proceeded direct to London, where he immediately occupied himself with the arrangement of his affairs. Archer, meantime, hastened to visit his uncle in Herefordshire, to "break the matter" to him of his intended marriage with Mary Walton, and to make the choice as palatable as possible to the worldly mind of his uncle, about whose favourable reception of the intelligence he entertained many misgivings.

Having settled his affairs in London, pretty well to his satisfaction, Mr. Walton next started off for Portsmouth; and as he thought it very probable he should have to remain there some time, he was accompanied by Mary. They took apartments in High-street, near the new Market House.

"Now, attend to me, Mary," said Mr. Walton, as they sat by the fire after tea, on the evening of their arrival. "Do not sit thinking of Archer with his poetry and his fancies, but think of your dear father with his prose and his realities."

"Sir, I am all attention."

"I am glad to hear it—although I do not in the least believe it. However, you *think* you are exclusively attending to me, and with that I must be contented. Now, Mary;—you are aware that I have been for some time employed in drawing my affairs as a timber-merchant to a conclusion; for the due com-

* Continued from page 302, Vol. V.

pletion of which I visited Canada, and have now finally come here. Well—*are* you attending?"

"And have now finally come here."

"Those were my last words, no doubt. Well—I am to meet here my old friend Mr. Short, who has recently become the steward of an Irish peer,—my friend Bainton, the ship-builder, whom I have not seen for years,—and a German architect who has come to Portsmouth, chiefly I believe to meet me on a certain new matter of business, of which you will shortly be informed. His name is Coal—at least, it sounds like that, when spoken, though it is written K-o-h-l. Mr. Carl Coal—familiarly, I suppose, Charley Coal, or Charcoal. You must be civil to him—he cannot help his name. I wish he was an English Charley. I'm half afraid of a foreigner."

"When is he coming?"

"On Friday. I mean, I wish you to show him some attention, as he is not an every-day man, but a person of education and ability, and likely to do business with me—at least, if I can reconcile myself to his being a foreigner."

"Some fresh business!"

"Yes—no—that is, child, I am about to leave business as a timber-merchant; but while I was in Canada I entered into negotiations to embark a certain amount of capital in a new project, the main feature of which is equally well adapted to my understanding, and suits my head—being of timber; but the practical working of all this will be carried on by others. I shall only be a sleeping partner."

"And what is the new project?—I think I have guessed it—am I to be told?"

"In good time. It will come out in conversation on Friday, when the three persons I have named meet here. We shall constitute 'the firm.' I have invited them to dinner."

"We can hardly trust to the cooking of the house, can we? We had better have the dinner sent in under covers from one of the hotels?"

"Exactly so. Order a good one. I will go with you to the Fountain Hotel to-morrow morning. And now, good night! I am too tired to speak, or listen to, another word more. Where is my flat candlestick? Thank you. I don't see the hateful extinguisher. Never mind. Our wits can lie dark and dormant without much assistance. Oh, here is the hateful extinguisher.

Our youthful hopes, Mary—be sure you don't forget to remind me to-morrow, that among other things we must have a cranberry tart—our youthful hopes are like—American cranberries, if possible, you know—our youthful hopes are like a *variety* of bright things, which we—ah! there's a thief in the candle! How like human nature's destiny! Out with it!—the thief, I mean; not my candle. Old age will do that, soon enough—if he can. Good night!”

The next morning's post brought a number of letters, and among the rest, one from Archer to Mary. She had been expecting it with some anxiety, knowing its contents were likely to be important to them both. It was as follows:—

“SUNDAY EVENING.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“Imagine me safely lodged in the vicinity of one of the deep muddy lanes of Herefordshire. I arrived, yesterday afternoon, at my uncle's house, and found him alone, in his great dusky room, asleep, in an arm-chair, by the fire. A paper, covered over with money calculations, was lying on the table, close at his elbow.

“I paused a few minutes before I awoke him; and it is to be feared that the speech I inwardly addressed to him, as he lay back, with the dull fire-light upon his nostrils and chin, was not of the most ennobling or complimentary character. As I looked at the paper of all these money-matters, a sudden thought of the horrid reality-play of George Barnwell, and the idealized atrocity of Eugene Aram, crossed my mind; and I fancied their uncles (*was* it their uncles?) slept, very likely, in just such an attitude—that they had led just such money-getting lives, mistaking the means of life for the end. The idea was so grimly uncomfortable—not, I beg leave to observe, that I was in any danger of attempting to rival the impatience of the young gentlemen above mentioned—that I quickly extinguished it by waking him.

“‘Ah Edward!’ said he, rising slowly, and shaking hands with me, rather coldly, as I fancied. And I am sure his hand has got harder and drier since I was last in Herefordshire, two years ago. He sat down again—motioned me to get a chair—yawned—settled his feet upon his footstool—and then proceeded in the following amiable strain. You may imagine how ungracefully I listened to him.

"‘I received your note in due course,’ said he, looking at me with his right eye, while the left eye looked over my shoulder at the window behind me. ‘I was glad to find you were safely returned from your wild voyage to Canada. But I can’t say your letter gave me many hopes of the stability of your future proceedings. I really cannot make out what you are driving at. You are no longer a young man now; yet you seem to go on just in the same way that you did at twenty. Fifteen or sixteen years seem to do but little for you. You have still not laid the first firm stone, ready for building up your future fortune. The trifling bit of income left you by your father is more likely to decrease than improve. True, I promised him I would be a father to you after his death; but this was not meant to supersede all exertions on your part. I know, of old, what you will say in reply. But you understand what I mean by exertions—and that I refer to *profitable* exertions, in a substantial sense. If you cannot make an income by literary pursuits, you should choose some other pursuit by which you can. This you seem determined not to do. You go dreaming on—’ &c.

“He proceeded in this common-place strain some time longer; then stopped; took the poker in his hand; poked up a corner of the fire that looked dull; sat and considered the result a while; then rose, and put a log upon the top of the flames. I had a great mind to apostrophise the log, by way of reply. My uncle, having arranged the billet upon the coals to his mind, sat down again, and said—of all things in the world, Mary, what do you guess? Why, that—‘he was, *however*, very glad to see me!’

“You are not to imagine that I remained utterly speechless under all my uncle’s pleasant observations; neither am I passing over my replies on account of their bad policy and imprudence. I bore in mind all your sage advices, dear Mary, and for your sake I really did not say much; and nothing, I believe, to make him very angry. He has a sort of chronic anger upon him, you know. We must allow for this. In truth, I did not wish to say much. I felt, that to a man like my uncle, those arguments which were the strongest and most convincing to my own mind, would have little effect upon his, or else a contrary one. He would always end by saying—‘Show me your result: to tell me about it, is nothing—show it to me.’ The fact is, he wants to touch, and examine, and poke under, and walk round a thing, like an old beetle. If he cannot do this, he treats it as unsubstantial,

and therefore unworthy of consideration. I merely said I did not *want* to build up a fortune; my tastes were of a different kind. He shrugged his shoulders insultingly. I pushed my toes against the fender, and folded my arms.

"Now, dear Mary, you must of course be aware that he asked me a great many questions about you. My replies seemed to set his mind at rest, so far as you are concerned. It is I who am the culprit, for thinking of marriage before I have a profitable profession in my hands, with a good house and all appurtenances. He was the more disposed, perhaps, to appear reconciled, because I gave him clearly to understand that all was settled between us, and that while his approval would be an additional pleasure, his disapproval would have no effect upon the result. He gave the fire a great dig with the poker when he came to perceive what I meant. I drawled it out figuratively, you know. I tried not to offend.

"How the world goes on, saying the same stuff over and over again, as if it were fresh stuff!—saying the same wrong things with a grave face, as if they were right ones!—as if Time never found out a new fact! How like a worldly-wise ignoramus did my uncle talk! Amidst all his questions, he never once so much as approached the outskirts of any real ground of sympathy between a man and a woman. Anybody might have thought he was talking of a field with a tree to be set in it. The most important of all things—personal affection and mental sympathy—he never once touched upon. He himself has outlived the affections (if he ever had any); and as for how far our intellect and tastes are congenial, I dare say he would have treated all such questions as unworthy of a sensible man's consideration. He is a good average instance of the wisdom of harsh lookers-on in these cases, who consider they must be the best judges, because they know little—generally nothing—of the real causes of attraction between the principal parties—what it is that brings them together, and must be the chief bond, or internal law of nature, that keeps them together.

"Ah, dearest Mary, these reflections do sometimes press rather painfully upon me. Is our personal sympathy of that intense kind which can absorb the sense of identity—the feeling of self, in all its conditions—and draw its highest degree of happiness from the melting of self-love and consciousness into an element of devotion to the beloved object? This is profound sympathy; this

is true passion. But is this truth ours? Are we this to each other? Dearest Mary, sometimes I doubt it;—doubt it in you; doubt it in myself. Perhaps the happiness would be too great: an extreme of bliss not intended for us in this state of existence, and therefore checked, either by shortcomings, or by verging upon a sweet forbidding pain; yet sufficing to give us deep intuitions and ecstatic foretastes of a diviner life of passion, when we shall have put off the clogs and hindrances of inadequate mortality.

“I must stop for to-night, or I shall be in the dark. I forget to get another candle before the servants went to bed. Good night, dear betrothed one.

“MONDAY MORNING, *Seven o'clock.*

“My uncle is not down yet, so I will try to finish my letter for the early post.

“I have something else to say, in addition to my last. Many people might regard it as of greater importance than all the rest, and display before us examples, by way of proof, of the fatal tendency of poets to choose wives who have no mental sympathy with them, (I do not mean that this can apply to us), and with whom they had no happiness. But I do not think that this was the sole and absolute reason of the loss of happiness to both parties, in any of the instances. If there had been a true passion—a personal self-devotion between them—the heart might have made up for all the deficiencies; or, at all events, have filled up a sufficiency of the elements and requisitions of a loving nature, for happiness. Still, a mental sympathy is so great a thing, and perhaps so necessary, to a certain extent, to any one whose development of his intellect and imagination has been a steady and continuous passion of the soul, that I can but regard every degree in which it exists between us, dear Mary, as a most ennobling and hopeful blessing. I have also at times—I cannot deny it—regarded every respect in which such sympathy does not exist, as a misfortune—a something to be endured, and regarded in the light (or rather the shade) of the necessary drawback to all perfectibility of condition in this human state. But on the other hand, in more reasonable moments, I have considered that, perhaps, after all, such trifling discrepancies as may be discovered between us, in matters of intellectual taste, and in our views of the means of human progress, are really fortunate for both of us, as tending to

supply to each of us the amount of balance we may need in any extreme impulses and opinions, and thus preventing or correcting one-sided views. Each of us being something within, which the other is not, why, dear Mary, we have only to help each other in our onward course. I am not for a uniformity, but an exchange of ideas; and there can be no intellectual generosity without intellectual freedom. Nor can I doubt the general happiness of this relative condition, since our chief objects and ends are the same. These sort of speculations are better spoken out than kept as a secret subject of thought, and incurring the risk of becoming morbid. We have discussed this matter several times before, and I have only now lapsed into it by re-action, on feeling how very little my uncle's serious conversation with me about our approaching union had reference to its most essential conditions and prosperity.

"I hope soon to join you at Portsmouth; but at this moment I cannot fix the day.—Till then, and always,

"Yours, in love and hope,

"EDWARD ARCHER."

"P.S.—I *do* wish you would make up your mind to study German. I say no more about music; I believe you are right. If one does not feel an impulse to do a thing, no good comes of it. Don't forget to plant the foxglove seed you brought from Wales. The wind is horribly cold here; the house is full of draughts, and my uncle does not feel them. What a sheer waste of existence it is to sit in a cold windy house! One neither reads, writes, nor thinks to any purpose. I sat up in bed last night, and said with Lear—'Howl! howl! howl!' There is no garden to this house; only a small back yard, with a dry pump and an empty dog-kennel in it. How does Portsmouth agree with your father? Has he seen Harding yet? You are wrong about the Herefordshire perry; it is the cider which leaves a bitter flavour after it. I hear a pair of old shoes coming down stairs! Be sure to plant the foxglove."

This letter made Mary very thoughtful. By the evening's post she returned the following answer:—

"MY DEAR ARCHER,

"I have read your letter with great interest, and yet there is *something* in the general tenor of it that has left a very

painful impression upon me. I will not attempt to particularise; indeed, I scarcely know how to do so. But the amount of my feelings may be summed in this,—that, I fear, we do not yet sufficiently understand each other. I fully acknowledge your sincerity in all respects, your disinterestedness and generosity; nor do I less appreciate your readiness to accord to women that fair amount of equality which leaves their minds and feelings free upon all subjects of importance. Yet, dear Archer, even while you admit this equality, I feel as if it were only by an act of toleration and intellectual condescension on your part; and even when you declare that you do not wish for an echo or uniformity of ideas, but an exchange, I still feel, somehow, that it comes to me like an indirect reproach for deficiency in mental sympathy, and thus you are striving, with an inward sigh, to reconcile yourself to your fate. Is it not so? Look within your heart, and tell me.

“I have also, at times, feared something else was not perfectly in harmony between us, which I am hardly able to mention, lest my words should express more than I would have,—or less, perhaps, than I would wish. You will, however, apprehend what I mean, when I remind you that our natures, particularly our temperaments, are different. I know I have not your enthusiasm upon abstract and ideal subjects; many things which appear to call passions into play with you, only excite mental observation and reflection in me; sometimes only a passing interest. You often seem to treasure up for ever what I forget the next moment.

“But there is something else that comes nearer. You dwell very much in your letter upon self-devotion, and the passion of love. Do you consider that I entertain those feelings sufficiently for your happiness? and do I really inspire you with such extreme feelings? I fear not. Dear Archer, we are shortly to be married, are we not? Do not let us deceive ourselves. Never suppose that I, for a moment, doubt your sincerity; my only doubt is, whether you are not regarding me through a poetical medium, and bestowing upon me feelings and thoughts beyond my nature and deserts, and that you may thus convert your future life into a sad prosaic disappointment. What then would be my life, and where would be my happiness?

“You must not think this unkind. As I read it over, it really *does* appear a cruelly matter-of-fact sort of reply to your most kind and interesting letter; but you will agree *with me* that my

apprehensions are not quite groundless; and that must be my excuse.

“ I am very affectionately yours,

“ MARY WALTON.”

“ P.S.—Portsmouth agrees with papa very well. He has determined, or nearly so, to embark in the new project we have half suspected so long. I am glad of it. He would never be happy without some business to do, or think about.”

A few words will serve to introduce the gentlemen, who were to be Mr. Walton's guests on Friday.

Mr. Short was originally a nursery-gardener, who having been very successful in the cultivation of fruit-trees, saved money, and gradually became the agent of several noblemen and gentlemen for the sale of their fruit and forest trees. He was now the steward of an Irish peer, who had large landed possessions in Ireland, and therefore considered it best never to reside there. The reasons for this Mr. Short very well understood. Nor was he very anxious himself to visit Ireland oftener than was necessary, having agents under him for the collection and enforcement of the rents. Meantime, he had various dealings in timber with house and ship-builders. He was a good-natured man in himself, generous, and convivial; but he had an entire reverence for all the doings of the world that produced money or involved property in any way, and was an unlimited tolerator of all productive abuses. Mr. Carl Kohl was a German architect and engineer, who had made plans and sketches for a new class of buildings, with a view to economy by the co-operation of many families in one domestic arrangement, originating in the proposals of several philanthropical authors in England. He had been a student of the University of Heidelberg, and it may therefore be conjectured that, besides being an architect and engineer, he was several other things,—in the recesses of his mind. Mr. Bainton was a ship-builder of the old school, and in good estimation, but dissatisfied with the encroachments of steam-ships upon the original models he had studied in his youth. He was also indignant at the Government patronage given to Sir William Symonds' “peg-top” keels. He had turned his attention these last three or four years to house-building, and had become rather “serious” of late, from the interest he had taken in building a Baptist chapel in Portsea.

Mr. Walton and Mary now prepared to make a morning call at the Fountain Hotel, and order a dinner to be prepared and sent in on Friday, when they were stopped in the passage by Mrs. Stone, the mistress of the house, who had heard of their intention. She begged most earnestly that they would not *think* of such a thing as refusing a dinner from a hotel—declaring that she was equal to any joint in the moral world—that no dish in nature was above her—and that it would be an injury to her house and reputation if they dreamed of such doings. If they would only *send* in the things, and trust to her—that was all she asked! Mr. Walton turned to Mary with a face of great amiability, and some indecision. Observing that Mary was suppressing laughter, he reproved her, and in doing so, it helped him to an immediate decision in favour of Mrs. Stone's petition. He then went with Mary to a variety of shops, and they concluded the morning's occupation with a pleasant walk upon the ramparts.

The day for the dinner is three men "of consequence" (to Mr. Walton) arrived. Six o'clock struck; a succession of rapid little smart rattles was heard at the street door,—and Mr. Short was ushered in—punctual to the minute. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, five heavy, deliberate blows were made with the knocker,—and Mr. Bainton's square grey head came with one slow bow into the room. Five-and-twenty minutes after six, and a soft succession of mild pulsive taps were made upon the door, concluding with one loud thump, ending abruptly, as if the thought of a great knock had at last come into the mind, but that the knocker had slipped out of the performer's hand. Mr. Carl Kohl was announced; and a tall, thin, grave, well-dressed gentleman, with short black hair, a pale face, and spectacles, gracefully bowed himself into the room; shook hands with Mr. Short by accident, instead of Mr. Walton, and declined the proffered hand of Mary with a most respectful and grateful obeisance—German gentlemen never presuming to shake hands with ladies who are not relations or very especial friends. Mr. Kohl had only been a few weeks in England.

In a very short time Mr. Walton made them all become pleasantly at home. Mrs. Stone sent word that she was all ready to "dish up," and was informed that she might do so—and "the sooner the better." They now rose, one by one, from their seats, and strolled round the room looking at some most trumpery prints upon the walls. Mr. Walton began to draw out his watch; but

he was stopped at half the chain's length by a loud scream from below. It appeared to come from the kitchen.

Mr. Short ran and opened the door. Instantly a strong effluvia of hot grease and soot assailed all their noses.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Mr. Walton, "what has happened!"

A scrambling noise was heard below. Down stairs hurried Mary, closely followed by Mr. Short and Mr. Carl Kohl; while Mr. Walton and Mr. Bainton paused on the first landing-place, shouting loudly, "What's the matter?" The noise from the kitchen continued, and the rank odour of the hot grease and soot ascended the stairs yet more offensively, accompanied by smoke and steam.

"As sure as you're born, sir," exclaimed Mr. Walton to his sedate companion, "that infernal, officious, presumptuous, incompetent Mrs. Stone, has set fire to herself and every body around her!"

"She makes a great smoke, at all events," observed Mr. Bainton.

"Ha! that's true. It can't be a woman on fire—it's the house!"

By this time Mary, Mr. Short, and Mr. Kohl, had gained the region of trouble, where the following scene presented itself. On the middle of the kitchen floor stood smoking hot sauce-pans, stew-pans, a turbot-kettle, and a number of dish-covers, upon the top of every one of which was a cone of soot. The tables, dresser, shelves, plate-rack, and crockery cupboard were all covered with soot; every cup, jug, cruet, canister, and cooking utensil had an upper garment of soot, and amidst the whole was Mrs. Stone, the house-servant, the girl, and a boy, each with a conical Persian cap of fine soot, their hands all covered with smut and grease, and their faces like chimney-sweepers. The chimney had taken fire in consequence of that abominable girl upsetting some melted butter just as poor Mrs. Stone was about to put the chopped lobster into it—and down came a great sheet of soot. The energetic Mrs. Stone had immediately—at the risk of her life, as she said—caught up all her saucepans and things off the fire, and placed the dinner in safety upon the floor—*there it was*—all covered close. But the soot had fallen twice, and the chimney was all full of flames, if the gentlemen would only look up!

Thus invited, the two gentlemen advanced with alacrity. Mr.

Short, however, checked himself, and said, as though he were wisely addressing his own rashness—"No, I thank you!" but the German, holding fast by his spectacles, looked up.

"A flat door-board—wood-plank!" cried he; "old door from hinge, someding—directly. Someding to smorzer der foy'r."

"Any old cover of a copper or large box-lid will do!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ya, ya, madame—das is goot onderstand me."

"Smother the fire in the grate," ejaculated Mr. Short, "while I poke it out beneath!"

"Ya vol; and stop der smoot same time from down falling!"

Excited by these repeated calls, the boy ran away, and presently returned, bringing the cellar door with him, which he had lifted from its hinges. This, by the direction of Mr. Carl Kohl, they inserted and fixed between the fire and the aperture into the chimney, thus preventing the further fall of soot into the fire, together with the draught of wind up the chimney from below. They then gave directions to the boy to poke the fire out.

"Water! water!" was the next cry, as they all ran up stairs; and into this service they pressed Mr. Walton, and Mr. Bainton, who, with Mary, Mrs. Stone, and the girl, contrived to bring jugs, pails, and pitchers of water up stairs, while Mr. Short and Mr. Kohl ascended by a ladder into the loft above the attic, and thence out upon the top of the house. They immediately proceeded to the infuriate chimney, down which they commenced pouring water at a great rate amidst dense whirling volumes of black malignant-looking smoke.

A loud knocking was now heard at the front door.

"The police are knocking at the door!" cried Mr. Short.

"More wasser!" cried Mr. Kohl, handing down a tin can, and a jug, to be filled again.

The knocking was renewed.

"The fire-engines have arrived!" cried Mrs. Stone, clasping her hands; "and I shall have to pay all the same as if the house was on fire!"

"Can you subdue the chimney?" shouted Mr. Walton.

"Yes, yes!" called Mr. Short, in a suffocated voice, and coughing very much afterwards.

"More wasser!" cried Mr. Kohl, handing an empty pail down the trap-door of the loft.

Again was heard the knocking at the street door.

"Don't let the fire-men in!" cried Mr. Walton—"don't open the door."

"Say we're only burning a little tinder!" screamed Mrs. Stone.

"That wretched boy has just let somebody in!" exclaimed Mr. Walton.

The door was heard to close, and steps were hastily ascending the stairs. It was Archer. On the receipt of Mary's reply to his letter he had instantly hurried off for Portsmouth. He sprang up from floor to floor, taking it for granted that the house was on fire at the top, but utterly confused by the emptiness of all the lower parts of the house, while voices were heard above, as if they all chose to stay and be burned. The strong stench of burnt grease and soot, with the clouds of smoke and steam, added not a little to his perplexity and dismay.

He gained the last flight of stairs leading to the upper landing-place beneath the trap-door of the loft, where stood a busy crowd—Mary, Mr. Walton, Mrs. Stone, Mr. Bainton, and a girl, each holding a vessel, and surrounded by pails and pitchers. Before he had time to utter a word, or the party had distinguished who he was, a voice from the loft called out "More wass—!" but it appeared that the speaker's foot slipped, and down through the trap-door fell a great tin can, at the same moment that a long black leg burst through the plaster ceiling over their heads, followed by a shower of plaster and bits of mortar, while the tin can performed its clashing descent from one landing-place to the other till it reached the foot of the stairs.

The leg was withdrawn, and immediately afterwards two voices called from above. "It's out!—it's out!"—which Archer, who supposed it referred to the leg, regarded as a happy release. Distinguishing Mary amidst the smoke and smother, he caught her by the hem of her dress.

"Mary!"

"Archer!"

"Yes—tell me, Mary, what *does* all this mean?"

Before she had time to reply, two full-grown chimney-sweepers were seen to descend the ladder through the smoke of the fallen plaster. Mr. Bainton and Mary ran to receive the foremost of these sooty figures, whom they led away into one of the attics; the other was met by Mr. Walton, who taking him by the hand,

thus addressed him, leading him down stairs (and passing Archer without observing him) as he spoke :—

"I am anxious, sir, to do justice to your practical judgment, decision, and energy. I have been guilty—I frankly confess it, Mr. Charles Coal—of the vulgar prejudice of thinking less of you because you were a foreigner, and even of doubting whether I could safely associate myself with you in the enterprise of business we have in hand. I hasten to make amends—to make the *amoungde*, as the French call it. What you have just accomplished, places your abilities—Oh, I mean what I am saying—places your abilities as a man of action—I say it *does* place your abilities as a man of action, beyond all doubt—and not the less so that you have done all this upon an empty stomach. Henceforth I trust we shall be partners for life. But hasten now to put off this darkened appearance, and resume your proper form."

They disappeared into one of the rooms on the second floor. Mary and two others had already moved off into one of the attics ; Mrs. Stone and the girl had run down stairs after the bouncing tin can ; and Archer was left standing upon the landing-place below the attic floor in considerable perplexity at all he had seen and heard. At length he murmured out with a long breath—"Strange reception for a lover !"

CHAPTER X.

THE REVIVED DINNER.—TOPICS OF INTEREST.—FALL OF AERIAL CASTLES.—ARCHER AND MARY WALTON LISTEN TO REASON.

THE mystery of the two "gentlemen in black" was very soon explained to Archer. He had a hasty interview with Mary, which allayed the tumult into which his feelings had been thrown by her letter. They had so great an esteem for each other, grounded upon principles and sentiments so solid, that their differences always ended in renewed declarations of mutual regard and confidence. They separated for the evening in a very affectionate manner, Archer having declined to stay and partake of the revived dinner, which was soon in a rapid state of progress. Mary did not oppose his going, as they could not be together all the evening, and she thought that the conversation that was likely to transpire would not be very accordant with his taste, at any time, far less after his recent excitement.

Meantime the unfortunate, but resolute Mrs. Stone, being one of the strongest-minded women in Portsmouth, was busily and hopefully engaged in restoring the all but lost dinner to animation. With a presence of mind, and readiness of hand, peculiarly her own, she had, as she said, on the very first gush of melted butter into the fire, snatched off both the uncovered stew-pans, and whipped away the jack with the roast, so that the first fall of soot only gave black caps and bonnets to the tops of the sauce-pans and turbot-kettle, which "took no hurt;" and before the second fall of soot she had got every one of her saucepans and things safe off upon the middle of the floor, without stopping "so much as to wipe her face." She thus conceived, and rightly conceived, that she had redeemed her word to Mr. and Miss Walton; and so she told them. They both received her exulting declarations with entire acquiescence and good humour; and Mr. Walton complimented her rescue of the dinner in a somewhat clumsy pun upon the word *restaurateur*, to which the good lady curtsied, perceiving something pleasant was intended.

It occupied a full hour to restore the two metamorphosed guests, —at least to their human appearance. When, therefore, Mr. Short and Mr. Carl Kohl entered the dining-room, each attired, or rather swaddled, from head to foot in clothes belonging to Mr. Walton, the dinner was already placed upon the table. Everybody was so fatigued and famished that the present strange figures of the two recent "sweeps" induced no word from any one, and only a passing smile. Mr. Walton hastily rose,—placed himself in the attitude of saying grace, and commenced the old-fashioned boarding-school one of, "For what we are *going* to receive —;" but the grace was taken up by the sonorous voice of Mr. Bainton, who, with an over-hanging face as rigid as a carving at a ship's head, began with the next word, and advanced into a perfectly new and lengthy grace, according to the last form adopted at his meeting-house. He went on, till, from sheer exhaustion, and not meaning to be irreverent, though perhaps he was rather provoked, Mr. Walton uttered a low, audible groan. But Mr. Bainton took this for a spiritual emotion, and raising his voice, launched out into an extemporaneous prayer, in which he was insensibly led on to express gratitude for their recent escape from the devouring element. This was too much for everybody. Mr. Short gave a sharp *hem*; Mr. Carl Kohl pressed his spectacles upon his eyes; Mary looked close down

into her plate; and Mr. Walton fairly laughed aloud, calling out, as he sank back in his chair, "Beg your pardon, Bainton!"

"Not *my* pardon," said Mr. Bainton, smiling, with a devout air, but taking his seat, and beginning slowly to rub his hands at the nice roast odour that suddenly reached his nose. All faces became brighter. There was no general conversation during the next twenty minutes.

"I begin to think," said Mr. Walton, as soon as the 'devouring element' within him was somewhat appeased, "that the project we have in view is precisely one of those which is called for by the time; and therefore that it will be supported—'provided always,' as the lawyers say."—Here he stopped, and smiling upon a decanter of port, poured out a glass and drank it.

"Provided," said Mr. Short, "that the call comes from an immediate public want, and not from the theoretical opinion of philanthropists as to what is wanted."

"But there is no harm," observed Mary, "in having the philosophers on your side, I hope?"

"I don't know that, Miss Walton," replied Mr. Short, with a cunning look. "Practical men are apt to be alarmed when a dreamer starts up to be their champion. They fear they must have made a mistake in a figure somewhere."

"I wish," said Mary, laughing, "you would give us some instance of a practical man, or a man of any kind, taking alarm at anybody who became his champion."

"Mr. Short love not zee philosopher; not at all," interposed Mr. Kohl.

"To the point, now," said Mr. Bainton, "we have interrupted our friend here."

"Proceed, I beg of you," cried Mr. Walton. "I have asked you all to meet to-day, expressly that I might hear your opinions as to our project, from your own mouths, and brought out in full force by any little collision and difference that may occur. You will each of you recollect that, when I first broached the matter to you, in my letters from Canada, I said,—Do not let us finally determine upon anything till we all meet. In fact, it was hardly possible to do so. I knew it was necessary that we should have our architect's plans and estimates before us, and hear all he had to say. Highly as our friend, Mr. Charles Kohl, was recommended to me by the letters of one of my timber agents in

Germany, this is the first occasion on which I have had the pleasure to meet him."

"We are all glad to see him," said Mr. Bainton. "Now, the point is this—is the public ripe and ready for Associated Homes? I do not mean—is the 'public mind prepared?' for if it be no further than that, we are a long way too soon. In this country the public mind is prepared twenty years before they extort a good thing from the Legislature, and about ten years before they take up a new thing of importance, when it is within their reach, unless by some sort of accident or compulsion."

"No politics!" said Mr. Short, filling his glass over the brim.

"What we have to consider is this," proceeded Mr. Bainton, "Is there a public want of Associated Homes, and does the public know that section of its own wants? Does John Bull feel the want—see the sense of it—and will he be ready——"

"To jump at it?" interrupted Mr. Walton.

"Well-ordered houses and Associated Homes!" exclaimed Mr. Short, "upon economical, steady-going, mercantile principles, in strict accordance with all the recognised usages and moral principles of society;—none of your Robert Owen systems, and Fourriers and Jeremy Benthamisms, and Trappisms, and St. Simonianisms, or any other visionary humanitarianisms."

"On strictly moral and religious principles," said Mr. Bainton.

"To be sure! Certainly!" said Mr. Walton. "What the devil——"

"Regular Established Church principles," said Mr. Short.

"And Dissenting principles equally," interposed Mr. Bainton.

"To be sure! Certainly!" said Mr. Walton. "What the—— ahem!"

"No religion," said Mr. Kohl, "must be not at all persecuted off. But, allow they to me—I shall once tell you—each house will best fill himself mit what he likes best."

"Mr. Kohl, a glass of wine!" cried Mr. Walton.

"You surely would not commence a public good," said Mary, addressing Mr. Short, "for the middle and working classes, by setting up any systems of exclusion. You are going to build houses for families, but not to build up family consciences—or to erect a different set of houses for each sect and shade of religious persuasion?"

"That would never do," said Mr. Walton. "Besides, we

should never be able to get enough capital to build a town for troubled souls."

"I also object to the introduction of the working classes into our undertaking," said Mr. Short. "The working classes support nothing. They cannot be stirred up to move in their own most important affairs."

"They carried the Reform Bill," observed Mary.

"No politics, if you please, Miss Walton," resumed Mr. Bainton. "We intend—not a morsel more, Mr. Walton—yes, I see it is an excellent slice, but no more—we project, I say, the building of a series of combined houses for Associated Homes; each house to hold a number of distinct families; each family to have its separate rooms; and there is to be one large kitchen for all, and the servants in common. Well——"

"Now, don't get prosy, Bainton; there's a good fellow," said Mr. Short, holding up a glass of wine to the light.

"Well," proceeded Mr. Bainton, without condescending to notice the flippant interruption, "if we four rightly understand each other, we are the projectors and founders of the scheme."

"Mr. Walton was first to me to write," and Mr. Kohl bowed across the table.

"Yes, Walton,"—and Mr. Short clapped him upon the shoulder, "you shall be the projector."

"Oh, I claim no originality. The idea was first put into my head by a friend of ours—Mr. Archer—you don't know him—in a drowsy sort of conversation we had, late, one night, in Canada, some six months ago. I dare say he has forgotten all about it by this time. We never spoke of it afterwards; but I thought much of it, very often in private, and so I wrote to you all as soon as the scheme had come to some maturity in my head."

"I have read of similar projects in one or two popular periodicals," said Mr. Bainton, "but with no appearance of the writers intending to carry it out."

"That's our work," cried Mr. Walton. "Mary, my dear, have the table cleared. There—away with them—make haste. Now—never mind the projector, he is nobody—call it the wind—a fair one. Mr. Charles Kohl, you are our designer and architect; Mr. Short and myself will supply the understanding and frame of things—timber, my boys; Bainton, you are our builder; and the most intelligent of the middle classes will be our delegated tenants.—Right-fol-de-riddle lol de ray!"

"But mine gooter friend, zee housen are not alone up-builed mit timber."

"True, true; I quite forgot. We can easily contract for bricks."

"Eef you are not engaged yourself, dare is a goot man of my knowledge, who would well supply us. His name is Downs."

"Ah, John Downs!" exclaimed Mr. Walton. "I know him, and a curious sort of fellow he is. We were shipwrecked together in coming from Canada. He was taken in charge by the police the other day, wasn't he, Mr. Kohl, for knocking a policeman's hat off in the dockyard, because one of the inspectors said you were not a fig merchant?"

"No, not true!" exclaimed Mr. Kohl, anxiously. "Said Mr. Down to the gate-man, this is one German merchant; he called me merchant because he was fearsomelish dat eef he say I bin an architect they not let me come within; then I go home, followed by the blue soldiers; but Mr. Down go in and meet mit misfortune."

"I know all about it," said Mr. Bainton. "A shipwright well known to me—a leading man in the dockyard—came to me and told me the scrape Downs had got himself into; and as I have a sort of regard for Downs, notwithstanding the great fool he often makes of himself——"

"Good," said Mr. Walton.

"I went with this shipwright to the police inspectors, and told them who Downs was, and that there was nothing bad in his intentions, only he was odd in his temper and ways. So they let him out. Nothing would do but he must take me to the 'George' to have a bottle of wine with him; and because the shipwright declined to go with us, he tried to force him to accept his huge silver warming-pan of a watch, with its copper chain and seals, as a keepsake, till at length Harding was obliged to take to his heels, laughing."

"Harding, was it—you know, Harding?" cried Mr. Walton and Mary at the same time.

"I have known him from a boy, so high," proceeded Mr. Bainton, holding one hand level with Mary's elbow; "and a better workman, or a more sound-minded character of a man, I never met. I know several doings of his, quite as good as that affair of the raft, which Mr. Downs told me."

"We must go and see him," said Mary to Mr. Walton. "Our delay already is ungrateful."

"That's true, Mary; so we will. We owe our lives—nothing less—I always shall say it—to that man."

"And so this Mr. Downs, then," interrupted Mr. Short impatiently, "is proposed for our brick-maker. Will he be a safe man to contract with?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Bainton.

"Mary, my dear," cried Mr. Walton, "bring me pen and ink, and my carpenter's pencil, some cartridge paper, a rule and compasses, and a quire of foolscap. Gentlemen, fill your glasses! A toast! All filled?—'May we all make our fortunes by benevolent actions!'"

Having thus drunk the best success to their own public spirit, and the good services they intended to perform for the middle classes, the writing and sketching materials were placed upon the table; Mary retired to make them some tea and coffee; and the enterprising building firm of Associated Homes, their heads and hands busy with sketches, plans, diagrams, and estimates, went to work upon the first substantial foundation of things—paper.

Here we must leave them.

Archer came early next morning. The conversation he had with Mary was long and serious; full of affection, yet touched with painful misgivings on both sides; partly with reference to some portions of Archer's letter, and partly also with regard to the difficult circumstances in which they stood. The day they had fixed for their marriage was fast approaching, but none of the pleasant and harmonious events they had expected to precede or accompany it were at all likely to be realised. In their happy short-sightedness, when they had fixed the day, the ready and cordial co-operation of Mr. Walton and Miss Judith Walton, his maiden sister, was fully calculated upon; and as for Archer, he made no doubt that time had softened his uncle, who would not withhold his consent, and after a few dull dialogues and demurs, he could not do otherwise than forward Archer's happiness by every assistance in his power. His uncle had no family; in fact, Archer was his nearest relation; he was rich, and did not know what to do with his money. Archer and Mary were to be married—start off for Italy, go to Rome, and Florence, and Naples, and return home through Spain and France, or Germany (Archer had not made up his mind which) and then, on arriving in England, or very soon afterwards, Archer's uncle would probably obtain for him some post in the foreign department of a government or other office—by

way of making him work at something useful and disagreeable, and of no advantage to his future life. This, together with an occasional article in a review or magazine, would be quite enough for the present, and enable them to wait the course of events. Mary, on the other hand, did not set so much account by all these expectations of Archer's, as upon the behaviour of her father and aunt towards them ; but as nothing of this was certain, she said nothing about it to Archer. She, however, listened with a pleased ear to all his profuse projects of travelling, though with some inward misgivings that he was running on a little too fast.

But how stood the actual case at present ? What was the true position of all parties ? In the first place, Mary had an instinctive feeling that she was not in all respects suited to Archer, and had some painful doubts as to whether she could make Archer happy as a wife, and whether he was the man most suited to make her happiness. She scarcely knew within herself what it was that gave her a general sense of their mutual unsuitableness. She loved Archer, yet she could not contemplate their approaching marriage without a troubled mind. She could give no distinct reasons to herself for this, and was, in fact, rather ashamed of it as a weakness.

With respect to Archer, he had, perhaps, somewhat similar impressions, but was disposed to be the philosopher as well as the poet in the matter. "I have had most lovely visions in my youth," said he to himself, "visions too beautiful and ecstatic to be realised ; at all events, I have never been able to realise them, nor must I any longer expect it. When I was a child, Fairy Land did not seem very far off ; it was only one night's journey ; then, to cross a few fields at day-break, and a river, and a green meadow with a bull in it ; and then to run through a forest at sun-rise. When I got to the other side, there was the Land—I heard the music from the palace on the hill, and I saw the beautiful enchantress coming out of the grotto to meet me ! I was obliged to give up all hopes of that kind before I was twenty. I must give up some I have since indulged. What right have I to expect so much in a woman ? I am conscious of many things in myself that should teach me to be less exacting—difficult lesson, but one that sooner or later everybody has to learn. Then, my worldly circumstances are very indifferent and precarious. My literary position is comparatively private, and therefore unprofitable. I have managed badly, or idly, or stupidly, somehow ; very inferior men to *me*, so my friends say, make good incomes

by literature—I, comparatively, nothing. I have not gone to sleep over my work, nor dreamed of things without turning some of them to good mental account; but I have not pushed them into the proper market. Perhaps there was no market for which they were at all suitable. But why do I trouble myself so much about this? I have something—I can do something—and my uncle probably means well at bottom. And why also do I vex my soul with apprehensions and doubts as to Mary?—handsome in face, beautiful in form, of a noble character and even temper, rather well read, and of a public spirit, ardent for the progress of the world. She is not very poetically inclined, 'tis true—poets' wives scarcely ever have been—which is an evil, undoubtedly; still she may improve in that, and in other things; and I am quite sick of living alone—sick of everything being done by myself, for myself, and I not contributing to the happiness of another, nor receiving happiness from another in whom I may find, as Shelley says, 'all sympathies in one.' Therefore, to no doubts or hesitations, suggested by Mary's over-anxious thoughts, will I listen—except, indeed, some further delay may be advisable."

Thus much for the first and deepest consideration between the lovers. As to circumstances, we may add, that Mr. Walton said nothing; and that Mary's rich aunt, Miss Judith Walton, had merely written, with reference to the approaching marriage, that she should shortly pay her brother a visit at Portsmouth, and then, she supposed, she should see the gentleman of whom her niece had spoken in such high terms. Mary was vexed and uncomfortable, but there seemed no help for it but patience.

The lovers eventually agreed to listen to reason, as it was unavoidably elicited between them, and to delay their marriage a few months longer. With this concession down went all the castles which Archer had built amidst the clear azure skies of Italy. He saw them sink with much sadness; delays were proverbially dangerous, and happiness was sweetest, before the hopes that led to it were old, and weary of long watching—sweetest, in fact, while the hopes still formed a part of that happiness. Yes, the danger of delays was one of those old proverbs that commonly proved true. But what was to happen in this case? Archer could see nothing—Mary could see nothing. Then, nothing was likely to happen. They both agreed to devise some fresh interest or occupation to fill up the intermediate period. What this was we shall presently explain.

THE BAPTISM OF THE GIPSY BABE.

To the grey font in the old church
 They brought the Gipsy child,
 And round, in silent reverence, knelt
 His kindred, strange and wild.
 The flashing eye, the sunburnt cheek,
 The glossy raven hair,
 The Beauty of the Wilderness,
 The strong, the free, were there.
 Forms, stout and straight as mountain pines,
 Ere yet by tempests rent,
 With Eastern grace, and gaudy garb,
 Around the altar bent.
 Beneath the clematis and may,
 By woodbine curtained o'er,
 That babe, upon a mossy bank,
 His dark-browed mother bore.
 The shadows of the ancient oaks
 Upon his cradle lie;
 The fragrant blossoms of the lime
 Are his fair canopy.
 The voice of streams his lullaby,
 The whisper 'mid the trees,
 The droning hum of winged things,
 The moaning of the breeze.
 The wild-sweet worship of the wood
 Wakes him at morn in smiles,
 Poured by the feathered choristers,
 Adown the forest aisles!
 No creature feareth innocence!—
 O'er him the squirrels leap;
 Around him, on the soft green moss,
 The dreamy dormice creep.
 The secrets of the deep old woods
 Are known—dark babe!—to thee,
 Thou speechless One! with sinless eyes,
 All watching silently!
 Thou hear'st the soft and solemn chime
 Wind-woke, 'mid flow'ry bells,
 Pillowed on wood anemonies,
 And graceful asphodels!

If wakened in the stilly night,
When, thro' the forest, streams
The pulseless calm, the mystery
Of moon-light's silver beams,
Methinks, before thy thoughtful eyes
Strange pageantry must glance ;
Perchance, within their grassy rings
Thou see'st the fairies dance
In long bright nights of midsummer,
When elfin folk are free,
When the dusky bat is hovering,
And owls whoop in the tree.

Who of thy lineage, babe ! may tell
Who trace thy long descent
From ancient wanderers of the wild,
And dwellers in the tent ?
Did the Nile's mystic waters lull
The cradle of thy race ?
Thrilled, with the music of the sphinx,
Thy fathers' dwelling-place ?
Did the tall palm-trees shelter them,
Of Araby the fair ?
Own they the beauty and the curse
Of Hagar's outcast heir ?
Doth the bold hunter, Esau, claim
Those stout round limbs of thine,
Nourished amid the dews of heaven ?
Child of the warm sunshine !

When on this trampled Earth of ours
Creation's freshness shone,
Methinks, the fathers of thy race
Went forth to dwell alone !
Deep in primeval solitudes,
Where mammoth monsters ranged,
While Earth—the young and beautiful—
Scarce by Man's curse was changed !
Yes ! they went free upon God's world—
Man from the Ruler free !
And never sought, and never knew
A chartered Liberty !
Nor Lordship coveted, nor land—
All narrow ties to place !
Yet is their Birthright like the wind,
Unlimited by space.

They keep their Freedom's Jubilee
Upon a thousand hills ;
They are in the green savannahs,
And by the merry rills ;
The city and the northern moor,
Each crowded market-place,
Can show their darksome loveliness,
Their lineaments of race ;
Among them shines no yellow hair,
No eyes of Saxon blue,
But lustrous orbs of the far East,
Tresses of jetty hue.
Unchanged, unmixed from sire to son,
Their pure dark blood flows down,
As when men dwelt in Babylon,
And Judah wore his crown.

To the grey font in the old church
The Gipsy Mother came,
And for her houseless child besought
A blessing and a name.
Her blossom of the wilderness
She laid on Jesu's breast,
The offset of the dark wild vine
Into the vineyard prest.
The strange lamb from the mountains came,
The fold to all is free—
The wings of the All-merciful,
Brood, dusky babe ! o'er thee.
Ah ! think not that the prayer was vain,
Breathed for the child that day :
Not all the seas of Earth can wash
The wat'ry cross away !
The insignia of a deathless faith—
Of hope the symbol fair—
God plants its impress on the heart
That beats unconscious there !

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

A WORD OR TWO ON MUSIC.

Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture,—divine emanations all! which it seems almost a species of profanation to call by the name of "arts;" for though some mechanical skill is necessary for their development, yet does the unquenchable soul so shine forth in them, that we are fain to associate them with our ideas of immortality. Far be it from us to attempt to sever the band which holds them in beautiful affinity, or to build the praise of one upon the disparagement of the others; still we think that Music is entitled, by virtue of its birthright, to the gentle sway of an elder sister; for its strains thrilled the ear of seraphs before man was raised from the dust, and will flow in anthems of praise when this world shall be no more.

Man had not been long on the earth before he became sensible of the presence and power of the aerial guest, and the cultivation of the science doubtless began when the world was yet in its fresh youth. The principles of many sciences were probably known to our forefathers at a very early period, and many of the arts in which we have attained to such proficiency may be resuscitations of those elements in different external forms. So, perhaps, it may be with Music. Solomon says, "There is nothing new under the sun;" and the crash of Jubal's band may have been as magnificent in effect as that of Jullien. The musical instruments of the present day bear a great general resemblance to those of antiquity; and we find that Moses received Divine commands and instructions relative to the making of the "silver trumpets," whose rich tones rang in the wilderness, while they sounded the notes of alarm, or war, or gladness, or journeyings in the camp, for the guidance of the children of Israel. The history of the Jews, from the time of Moses to the destruction of their city and nation, abounds with poofs of the high cultivation of music in those days. Every national event and Divine institution was associated with, and accompanied by, its impressive power; and when they were carried in captivity to Babylon, their musical attainments were put in requisition by their captors, who said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Oh! sweet spirit of Harmony!—who shall number the

weary hearts thou hast soothed—the aching eyes thou hast bathed in balmy tears—the fainting steps thou hast strengthened by the inspiring accents of thy mysterious and heaven-born voice? “He has no ear for music” is a just expression when applied to those whom a deficiency in the structure of that exquisite organ renders less susceptible of its influence; but if it is intended to imply that the ear is the *seat* of music, we must beg permission to differ from such an opinion. A friend of ours was lately seized with severe illness, and while enduring the thoughts arising from the probability of a fatal termination, a brass band commenced playing under his window; he instantly caused his attendant to support him in a sitting posture; quieted by the effort of the will the pains of his body; hushed his hard breathing lest a note should escape him, while his dull and languid eye glittered with the tear of ecstasy. Now, would any argument convince that man that the elements of music were not interwoven with his very soul? Would any process of reasoning persuade him that the power which recalled his faculties apparently from the brink of the grave, partook of the mortality so convincingly manifested in his sinking frame? When Mozart joined his dying breath to the voices of his friends who were singing the last production of his genius, did he question the capability of Music’s power over the enfranchised spirit? Could he think that in leaving earth behind him, he was to bid an eternal farewell to strains that had often wafted him to heaven’s gate? Did not his soul feel that there *must* be something in heaven equivalent to the inspirations of earthly genius?—*equivalent*—the term is an insult to the golden harps which express, through eternal ages, the rapture of the angelic minstrels. Those only, whose heart-strings are made to vibrate to Music’s touch, can understand its spiritual language, or appreciate its ethereal breathings, which seem to refine our very clay; investing the soul, for a time, with an atmosphere in which it is impossible for any base-born emotion to exist. A person once said, that he felt himself to be a devil at most times, but an angel when under the influence of music; and Saul felt the truth of this, when the evil spirit that tormented him was exorcised by the magic of David’s harp.

There is too general a disposition in us Englishmen to regard music more in the light of an amusement than an intellectual or social improvement; we are wrong in so doing. In the earnestness of our commercial pursuits, and the absorbing nature of our

business habits, we overlook the advantages which would follow the cultivation of a general taste for music. "Oh, but we are not a musical nation," perhaps some one says: well, if we are not, it is possible for us to become so; we certainly must have a great love for it, if we may judge from the enormous sums expended to procure the services of foreign talent. We cannot doubt that musical genius lies hidden in many a nook and corner of our native land, waiting only for the fostering hand of encouragement to promote its growth; not that the object should tend so much to raise here and there a prodigy, as to assist in the advancement of a steady and universal love of the science, till every family becomes a choir, or every house contains an orchestra.

It is a question amongst teachers, whether the possession of a very acute ear is not unfavourable to the sound and scientific acquisition of music, from the readiness of such a pupil to catch up airs (perhaps incorrectly played) in preference to the sure but more irksome method of being strictly guided by notes. We suppose it is something like trying to put a race-horse into harness; still, in our humble opinion, we think the preference must be given to those who have a fine ear, rather than to those who have no ear at all. Instances of both cases have come under our notice; a person who played the bass in a musical society, was so dependent on his notes, that if, by any mischance, he happened to be a bar behind the rest, he would continue playing through the piece without detecting his error; yet he was thoroughly versed in the theoretical part of the science. The other case was that of a bugle-player, who perhaps could hardly tell you whether the gamut consisted of seven notes or seventy, but who had so quick an ear, that he rarely failed in his execution of the most difficult pieces. He too, belonged to an amateur club, which he kept in ignorance of his deficiency for some little time, by the following *ruse*:—when they met to practise a new piece, he would take his seat, unfold his music, and appear to be deeply engaged in studying its character, till the symphonious prelude announced their readiness to commence, when he would suddenly discover that his instrument had lost a key, or that he had brought an unserviceable mouth-piece; under those circumstances nothing more could be done, but to listen to the performance of the others, which he would do so effectually, that the next time they met, his retentive ear enabled him to go through his part with astonishing precision. Which of these two individuals could be called the best

player, must be left to the decision of more competent judges than we are.

Vocal music would be more available than instrumental for national purposes, from its adaptation to the means of all classes ; and its combination of sweet sound and poetic language would give it a superior influence over the mind. The tone of thought and feeling would be heightened, and grosser tastes purified by intimacy with the higher ideas which would arise from such a source. It is well known that the ballads of Dibdin did more towards improving the character of the navy, than any other means that were adopted ; and many a man was restrained from the commission of crime by the tone and sentiment of a favourite song, who paid little regard to the "Articles of War," and turned an obdurate and defying heart to the only teacher that was vouchsafed him—the "cat." We are not sure whether it was Dibdin* who said, "that he did not mind who made the *laws*, if he might make the ballads." The most powerful and speaking proof that perhaps ever existed, of Music's influence, is the effect of the "Ranz de Vache" on the Swiss exiles ; touched by that strain, their home-sick hearts leave them but one alternative—to return to their dear native scenes, or—die ; and perhaps some of us may have had occasionally some faint conceptions of their overwrought feelings, when the forms and faces we no more shall see, seem to live again in those cadences which are so inseparably associated with their now silent voices. In concluding these observations, may we venture on a word of kindly expostulation with those who oppose music on conscientious grounds ? May we ask, worthy friends, (for such many of you are) why you do so ? We anticipate your reply ? "Because it is so often applied to bad purposes, and connected with sinful pursuits." Granted ; and we lament that it is so ; but if you refuse to coincide with anything save that which is irreproachable, and free from all possibility of abuse, we really do not know where to direct your dubious investigations ; nay, in such a case, we might even advise you to discountenance the Scriptures, since Satan so often quotes them for his purpose. Perhaps another of your objections may be, that you consider it a waste of time to devote your attention to what you perhaps call so profitless an occupation as "tickling your ear with a few fleeting sounds ;" this proceeds (pardon the assertion)

* No : Fletcher of Saltoun.—Ed.

from your imperfect acquaintance with the subject. Would you call that hour *wasted* in which your heart swelled with joyful affection for a daughter, a sister, or a wife, while her thrilling voice, "which Music loved and called her own," unsealed the fountain of deep feelings, and encircled with a sacred halo the dear delights of home? Would you consider that influence worthless, which, at the close of the day, should soften the icy crust which the world's cold breath had spread over your heart's surface, or extract with fairy touch the iron from your care-worn soul?

These remarks do not apply to those who have no natural taste for music, but to those who cannot (despite their endeavours) quite harden their hearts against its appealing voice; and to such we say, Why try to resist that which is irresistible? If God has put music in your soul, wherefore should you wish to root it out? When the balmy breath of summer's eve wafts to your ear the rich gushings of the black-bird's notes, do you know the name of that power which then so indescribably stirs your soul? Its name is Melody; and when the sweet sound of far-off bells awakens the remembrance of the loved and lost, till your spirit seems half released to join them in the skies, do you know what finger it is that then touches those deep-toned chords in your heart? 'Tis the finger of Music! Oh, divine and exquisite power! we will say no more in thy vindication—it is better that we leave thee to plead thy own cause; for if *thy* voice must fail in the attempt, silent indeed may be our own.

A. J.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

No. IV.—MY LAME BOY'S TASTES.

IN the first of my valuable communications to the public, through the medium of your agency, I alluded, Sir, to one of my boys, "who is lame and has a pretty notion of drawing."—He is a great favourite in Haleyon Row: and when the "Christmas Carol" of Mr. Dickens came out, partial neighbours said that Tiny Tim was taken from my Samson, "only he was not made half good enough."—Let me assure you, Sir, solemnly, that it is

all a mistake—Mr. Disraeli puts his acquaintances into “Tancred,”—everyone knows—quite as glibly as the French journalist, who wrote an account of his own wedding on his own wedding-day to his own journal—and Mr. Titmarsh has made many a Mrs. Perkins proud they assure me, by telling of the door put under the bed, and of Grundsell, the green-grocer called in to wait at the ball—but Mr. Dickens is not the man to do such things by harmless people : or, if he is, he has never done so by any of my family, or my Mrs. Bell’s relations.

Tiny Tim, too, if I recollect right, was a thoughtful little person : who talked about angels and other poetical things. Now my Samson is as rare a dreamer as ever was born : but he has the practical life and activity of twenty workers. He will draw you an Angel with a piece of burnt stick : and an “Angel’s *antipode*” too (as I once heard the Black Gentleman called)—but when he opens his mouth, it is to utter a joke, and not to make tears come into the eyes of anxious parents. You do not suppose I would write about my Lame Boy, Sir, if he were not blithe as a Lark ? Ours is not the dullest house in the Row : Miss Le Grand complains that we have permitted our daughter Ann to spoil a very neat mouth, by keeping it always on the broad grin—and my Mrs. Bell, now that, at last, she is willing to believe that house-keeping does not mean the disturbance of men, and that she *may* sit still sometimes—is as cheerful a mother of eight children as you can see. But we are all dull—the brightest of us—compared with Samson. My little Patty who waits on him like his shadow (children mostly go in pairs), and who sits beside him in his *Gaza* (as he calls his garret), while he draws—has written a book full of his sharp sayings : and “would not let *Punch* have them,” she declares “if he would give her a house and a garden.” She may say so, and welcome : so long as she refrains from inflicting them on our neighbours :—who might, nevertheless, go further, *etcetera*.

Well but, though I won’t have my wonderful Boy spoiled, or made a bore of—by quoting his sauciness—I cannot but tell the world, how much the wiser he has made us : and happier too.—There is no such other eye for form or colour, in Ardwick as his : as the calico printers (not to particularise Mr. Cobden) have long ago found out.—When he was quite a child, for years laid up on his little settle—poor thing ! nothing kept him still like a basketful of leaves, or poppy-heads, or laburnum pods—or the cones of

the fir tree :—and he used to press these in a book, or mould them in clay, or cut them out in soft wood, or arrange them in borders—and be happy for a whole day, if only he could get people to look and take an interest. His good mother was afraid of his fancying himself a genius—turning out only like other boys when he got older, and being ruined for life : and so we let him make out as well as he could without much assistance : giving him a drawing-master within the last three years.—In the mean time there is not a thing which hands can do, that he has not tried—made models of buildings there could be no building—sewed at tapestry work when he was laid flat : snatching Miss Le Grand's from her in joke, and giving it her back, with a peacock and a vase of flowers, as good as a picture (but this he begs me not to mention, fancying it girlish). He has invented little figures in clay—new mixtures of colours in different materials for carpets, walls, curtains, &c.—While he was shut up in one room, he had painted and stuck together a border round the surbase so rich and pretty, that we would not have it taken away for a ten-pound-note ; if we could find in our hearts on other grounds. We only discovered a week or two since, that the mischievous creature has introduced into it odd profiles of the whole family, and, I am afraid, some of our neighbours. Mrs. Bell says, she shall insist on his adding his own ; by way of putting his name to his work—and as a punishment.

Now, I dare say you will call me twaddling ;—but I assure you, that our Boy has given us a new sense. “Ugly forms” he says “scratch his eyes”—dirty colours put him out of humour when he comes down to breakfast ; and partly to please him, and partly because we begin to fancy there *may* be something in it, we let him choose for us, on the condition that his fancies are not to cost any extra money. And we must own—my wife and I—that since he began to take matters in hand our house makes thrice the appearance it used to do. Pretty things, it is true, are cheaper now than when we were married : but half the battle lies in knowing how to pick them out, and put them together : and when I hear people out of envy, sneering at us as ambitious and extravagant, because our back parlour, when lighted, looks twenty times as gay as it did with its old doleful drab and green paper—I say to myself, “Well : Beauty costs no more than Ugliness, after all” :—neither money nor time—and think of a transaction of that scrupulous woman, Mistress Priscilla Gotobed—which long ago passed through my hands.

Two years is so long a period, that I doubt not but that, since I mentioned her last, you have forgotten the Quaker Lady with her scruples and her splendid garden. It will be enough, however, on the present occasion, to say that, having given some cause of observation to the Elders of "her persuasion," (as the rich and the comfortable always will do—being either enviously demolished, or obsequiously courted) her mind became "concerned" to bear testimony "to Friends' principles" in the article of a new carpet: and as our house just then had extensive dealings with Messrs. Thrum & Bullett, of Kidderminster, she applied to me to see her wishes carried into effect. Of course, there was no hesitation as to the hue—a good, grave-stone colour: but "some," she said, "had a sense against large patterns, as dissipating: and she herself had been much tried by a figure of beetles in a house where her husband and herself had slept." There were to be no stripes, because stripes do not wear well, (and Friends are a prudent folk, and consider what is substantial). Her husband "was inclinable to a shell:"—but it "had been with her" that "a representation of the Works of Nature might perplex the tender minds of her visitors;" and, in short, after having weighed things duly, she had "centered down" *into a little mottle*.—Would I write to Bartholomew Thrum, and say as much?

Good Woman! Was no drab-winged Angel at her elbow to whisper, that the avoidance of utter, unbroken monotony in that "*little mottle*" might be a sin to so scrupulous a person, of far deeper dye than the blazing scarlets and ensnaring yellow fringes which decked the drawing-room of "Maria Mullins," her partner's wife? Were the time and the thought spent in fixing the permissible vanity, nothing? Did it never occur to her that so that the heart and brain spend themselves on taking care to procure a luxury, it is of little matter whether the same be chocolate-brown, or gold-green—a gnat in lightness, or a camel for weight? It would seem not: since the Lady, though slow, timid, and narrow-minded, was benevolent, and, according to her consistent inconsistency, sincere. So Thrum & Bullett were taxed to produce the ugliest manufacture on which human eyes ever alighted; and, after some seven and eight-pence had been spent in their protesting against sending out a piece of work which would do them no credit, home the thing came at last: and was laid down in Mistress Gotobed's "staid sitting room," in Acre Lane.

Well—not to wear the story on the carpet threadbare—never

was piece of furniture planned by Belial for Mammon's pleasure, so commented upon, so abused—in every respect, an object of so much observation and mortification—as this same piece of mottled drab. In many lights, it had a greasy look: or as if a party of American smokers had “camped out” upon it. Think of such an issue for one who, as my Mrs. Bell puts it, “carried cleanliness to a sin!” It was a crook in Priscilla Gotobed's lot: a Mordecai in her gate. Secretly did she hope that some disaster would befall it: that it would wear out immediately. But no, it was as strong as Scruple's self. What *was* she to do? By one of those ingenious reasons,—which suggest themselves with peculiar aptitude, I have often thought, to persons of tender consciences,—she found out that such a thick covering on the floor “made the parlour stuffy,” and despotically turned out her own particular fancy in furniture—for a large-patterned red and white Indian mat: too impatient to heed that it had been made by “those poor tawny idolaters, the Hindoos!”

After all, her's is but every one's case. I believe it may be depended upon as certainly as Lord George's stability, or Mr. Benjamin's belief in “the Asian mystery,” that every man, woman, and child, be he ever so self-denying—ever so ascetic, short of a Faker or a Yogee, *will* have his or her “*little mottle*” somewhere! Nay, even those most frantic deniers of “pomp and vanities,” who make a merit of sack-cloth, and a sin of clean linen, have “also” *their* spiritual extravagancies—their favourite tinges of *Isabel* colour (the classical hue of unwashed linen)—their orthodox or heretodox zig-zags of dirt, in which Taste finds its diseased indulgence: its distorted outlet. Why, then, call that finical which is but human?—or questionable, which is merely another expression in form of that principle of vital variety which makes different the blades of grass, and colours no two tulip leaves alike? I don't like fools who faint over old teacups, or rave about a ribbon; any more than the sourest people, who have commented on our back parlour, since my lame boy took it in hand—but since I *must* eat and drink—why, pray, may not I have a fancy in my plate and my saucer—just as well as you, good Master Fume, have with your pipe-head?—as you, manly Squire Fogle, with your “varmint bird's-eye choker?”—as you, excellent and valuable Friend Gotobed, had with your “*little mottle*?”

But there is a great warbling kept up by the families of *Bird*, *Tree*, *Rock*, *Flower*, and other such dear rural people,

against my poor lame boy, and his fancies—as “cockney,” “sophisticated,” “trumpery,” “conventional,” and the like. “Nature is enough for us!” they cry. “Compared with her, your best Art is electrotype-plating for gold—Britannia metal for silver—and Palais-Royal *strass* for diamond!” Now good friends—and also ye Gardeners, Planters, Farmers, and Shepherds of my acquaintance who “take up the wondrous tale,” and fancy that it is healthy and genuine to be critical on “the Bagman’s” treasures and pleasures—you must bear to hear that you are as prejudiced and vulgar as us poor town-folk—who have no orchards to “chew the cud” in—no rose-beds, among the odours of which we can lose the unpleasant scent of knavery and mortal decay—no mountains for our souls to ascend, till Heaven seems very near! You are one-eyed: and behind your time. The days were, when Ignorance was not merely felt to be bliss—it was marketable as a prime “respectability”—People praised the Lord that they could not speak French—valued their own souls the more for having no music in them—“put their *dig*,” in sneering at men and women of genius: in despising women: and other such brave and easy devices.—Why, your Laureate, in his very letters on those “privilege-breakers” the locomotives, which provoked me into print—tells you that the love of Nature on which you so pique yourselves—is “a fancy pattern” got up within the last hundred years—since Gray wrote poetry, and Architect Kent designed landscape gardens and court petticoats—and Brydson and Moore were the Travellers elect. It is a class-cry, as vicious as the scandals of a great city or a small cathedral town;—a falsehood as baseless as Cowper’s reference of the country to Divine parentage, and his account of the Town as a merely human and “hollow thing”—to say that we cannot taste both: Art as well as Nature—nay that the love of one, does not quicken fifty-fold the reverence of the other. Why may we not make our houses beautiful—because you have your hills and your meadows, and, for their out-of-doors sake, are willing to dwell in mildewy cottages, with the plaster peeling off the walls, and death-watches and other nameless vermin beneath the wood-work?—Why may not we wear clean blue broad-cloth—and our wives Turkey-red cottons, or emerald greens, “when we take our walks abroad” in our Row?—because it suits you to slouch about in your lanes, in a hat which is shaped like an old mushroom, and gloves which would receive lodgers—

and because your Mrs. Gardener, "like the bee about her flowery work," doth sing in brown leather gaiters? Would you think it civil or christian in us, Sir and Madam, to throw the tastes and habits which circumstances and position have encouraged, in your teeth? We town people cannot live in bowers, like Moore's "Love and the Novice"—and the pure Sephardim at the Feast of Tabernacles. We must put up with iron-black walls, tall chimneys *plumed* with smoke ('tis my lame boy's phrase), pavements reeking and steaming with rain, or blazing and untidy in dry weather. Put a box of flowers outside any one of our windows for a day, and you will take it in with some new "*little mottles*" on every leaf which remind you of a mourning shop: therefore let us paint our walls brightly—and have our floors carpeted with some deep rich hue, and hang our curtains in pleasant curves. But because we do; have we no eyes, think you, for a waterfall,—or a tree struck by lightning,—or a field rich with the thick grass and thick flowers of June?—or for the wide sea-shore, when the sun goes down?—or for daybreak in a mountain pass?—We have one sense more than you:—the common sense of making the best of our circumstances, and enjoying the pleasures of our neighbours when we can, without criticising them because they differ from ours!—Yes: let it be uttered widely and believed implicitly, there is no such thing as a separate and solitary taste, in Nature,—save it be made such by a predisposition to monomania—or by the pressure of harsh and untoward circumstances which have provoked one gift or talent into prominent existence, leaving no room for others to grow. There has been a quantity of very curious speculation about the undeveloped characters of Shakspeare; with regard to which I am always reminded of the only two neat lines in "Dr. Syntax"—

"Heaven pardon those who were to blame!
The child is gone, which never came!"

But of the undeveloped tastes which lie buried under Ignorance or Prejudice—are withered when "scarcely out of the ground" by Ridicule—or doomed ere they come to a hearing by Bigotry—we think there is too little count. How can we be thankful enough that our poor lame child has been allowed compensations which give him a career of hope and cheerfulness—a man's place among men? And why should we not be grateful, also, on our own

account, for the new pleasures and harmless interests he has brought into a quiet household?

"Who cares about taste, save the taste of food, now when so many millions of fellow-creatures cannot get a morsel to put into their mouths?" was a question put the other night, with all the triumph of a knock-down argument, in answer to some inoffensive remark of mine (I make bold to think). The speaker was one of your Power-Men, as the new-fangled German English of the time might describe the class of persons who are always talking of the folly and effeminacy of the world we are living in—about "cutting his way through a cane brake" in a colony, and such like vigorous attacks of Fortune—never, let me mention, *doing* such feats;—and, in short, is one of the heads of the Brute Force Association, whose proceedings give rise to so many strange tales among the common people.—Mr. Mallett's remark (methinks his proper name ought to be Sledge Hammer!) is about as charitable and as clear-sighted as the scheme for the alleviation of Irish famine promulgated the other day; which proposed that every man should kill his dog:—not to be barbecued by way of contribution to the Food Fund, but by way of renouncing a comfort, and accomplishing an economy. I think I never saw dear good Mr. Vavasour so thoroughly irate as on this proposal being broached. "*What will the man himself give up?*" asked he, with more of an effort at a sneer than I could have believed possible to him.—"He has no dog; of course! Of course, he does not smoke!—But I know that he drinks coffee instead of brandy-and-water. Come: will he give up *that*?—What right has he to choose what other people are to sacrifice? Some people have a taste for shoe-buckles (I had a cousin who left sixty pairs when he died)—and some for books they never read. But every man *has* his taste; and to begin with other people's dogs, as if they were the only luxury in the world (poor, innocent, dumb creatures!) is going too far!" We all laughed: who could help it? But my lame boy hit the right nail on the head still more strongly.—"And what will Mr. Mallett do for the paper-stainers, the wood-carvers, the gilders, the lace-makers, the calico-printers," said he, "when they are thrown out of work, to put food into other people's mouths? Or are *they* not to have their taste of food?" Mrs. Bell was so pleased with Sampson's speech, that she would have had him write it in a letter by itself, to "The Brickbat." It is better, however, where it is: I don't want the boy (he has enough on his hands already) to get a taste for authorship.

But Mr. Mallett is not the only person who tries to knock us down. "See what comes of your taste!" cries another chorus of speakers who are never done provoking us since we got the shops closed an hour or two earlier than formerly, by horrible stories about Dancing-houses, Penny Theatres, and the like: croakers, whose only business in life seems to be perpetually multiplying the story of George Barnwell so as to extend it as much as possible: and who absolutely go on as if we were so many Millwood manufacturers.—What then,—are the young men of England at such a pitch of "filthiness," that hard labour alone can keep them out of mischief?—And mark an odd inconsistency. A dancing, singing, guitar-playing, criminal (as I pointed out a couple of months ago), is made, thereupon, a Prison Pet. A shop-boy who goes out to dance and listen to guitar-playing, is, therefore, voted a Prison Bird elect. Why, in the times of terror, during the first French Revolution, a linen-draper's apprentice, all but condemned to the guillotine for having been suspected of speaking civilly and looking piteously upon Marie Antoinette, was pardoned by one of the blood-thirsty tribunal that made an end of human lives, like the Dragon of Wantley, or "just as one would eat an apple"—because a pair of pumps and a clean cravat were found in his pocket—"Those who dance," said the Rhadamanthus, "*cannot be conspirators!*" You will open no new entertainment or privilege to the many, which shall not, at its commencement, let in grave abuses. Who has forgotten the abomination of shameless and shameful press-literature, which ten years ago, overrun your town, now dwindling year by year—its promoters driven back into the starvation and obscene dirt in which they were littered—by the plain good sense of newspaper readers who ask for teaching—and not trash nor treason?—When your Parks were first opened as widely as now—there would have been but a poor chance for either flowers or wild-fowl—whereas, they tell me, that in St. James's Park, one may pick up all manner of hard words and new ideas from the porcelain labels ("*taste*" again!)—and that the birds are so thoroughly at home and jolly there, that no less a personage than H. R. H. the Prince, desired, not long ago, to acquire thence a very grand gander, as one of the most pompous, prosperous and ponderous specimens of the genus known to exist. Ere you cry down *our* tastes—good Mrs. Sowerby—ere you launch your red-hot shot against them, zealous Master Gathercole—*replace them by something better!* See if a little superintendence and sympathy—the giving up of an hour on your own brown

holland—of a few trills and squalls at your own pianoforte, and the condescending at due times, and with due reserves, to mix with your friends and fellow-creatures in their pleasures, might not raise the tone thereof, and reduce the evil you complain of, to the amount inseparable from all congregations of people—whether at Church, or at Exeter Hall, or at Fancy Fairs, or Fairs for Business, or at Balloon-ascents, or Flower-shows, or those exhibitions, thank God! rarer than with our fathers—executions.—And what is most of all to the purpose (though I *insist* as a condition that all ornamental pursuits and pleasures hang together, being different strains, so to say, of the Poetry of Life, and as such to be welcomed, cultivated, and defended), I cannot in the least understand why, when we were “speaking up” for homes made comfortable, by grace of form and beauty of colour,—you should ramble wild into *Casinos*, Penny Theatres, and such out-of-door places; with a bitterness you never employed—let me add—in the days when the “Professors of the Fistic science” as they styled themselves, used to open their taverns, bear-gardens, and cock-pits, to the ingenuous Youth (may I not say, “*Bull-calves*” of Britain?) more widely than at present.—“Finicality” to accept your designation, is not more demoralising than Brutality; nor a fantastic draughtsman, of necessity, “a poorer creature” than a Grampian Wrestler.

To conclude—since I see by your yawning, you are weary of my homily—let me earnestly add, that did the cultivation of the eye, necessarily engender cupidity, craving, or other extravagancies—I for one, might feel it necessary to set an example in the Row, by wearing, like one of Priscilla Gotobed’s ancestors, garments of undyed wool—a shirt, I presume, of unbleached flax, shoes of unblackened leather, and so forth. I might call on my Mrs. Bell, to live in a room, unpapered and uncarpeted,—with homely deal-tables, in place of that Mahogany Tree, which Mrs. Perkins’ friend has made immortal! No more plaster casts! no more prints! no more tidily-printed books!—for sacrifice arranged according to a sliding-scale, means, in nine cases out of ten (as good Uncle Vavasour says), “sacrifice, merely, of things I don’t care for.” When I talk of “welcoming, cultivating, and defending” ornamental tastes,—of upholding the knowledge and love of Beauty as adding a grace to daily life—it is because I know and feel, that if rightly taken up, they are no snare, but a blessing. A little pleasure saved for is sweeter than a thousand luxuries which come as matters of course: and if you don’t believe me,—

or think me a partial father, wanting to puff my dear Lame Boy—read Charles Lamb's "Old China"—the touching and intimate truth of which can only be attested by persons, like ourselves, who have known narrow fortunes. The thriftless can be as thriftless over greedy living (no disrespect to the *taste* for a well-cooked dinner!) as over gay furnishing. Mr. Disraeli has in "Tancred" told us, that young gentlemen can run in debt, and borrow from Jews in "The Desert," as well as in Park Lane!—Fustian Jacket—alas!—can gamble, as well as Velvet Waistcoat! We are Free Traders: and so we stand up for the "liberty of prophesying" in the School of Design, as well as in the Reverend Mr. Scrupler's Tabernacle: but as all we ask of him, is to prove the rightfulness and reason of his threats of Brimstone, Gridiron, and what not—so all we ask for ourselves,—be we Painters, Amateurs, or Manufacturers—is but time and fair play, to prove that Beauty is better than Ugliness—Poetry than Ribaldry—Comfort than Dirt—and that we may not, while we are doing our best thus to refine and humanise our fellows—be rhymed against without reason.

THE OLD VILLAGE GARDENER.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Oh, grant him fertile rain, and sunny weather;
 Oh, grant him mingled shower and sun together;
 Fall thick, ye sparkling dews, upon his grass;
 Sweet from his flowers, ye genial breezes, pass;
 Freshen his herbs, bright, heaven-descending stream;
 Upon his blooms, ye summer sunshines, beam,
 Until his garden glows beneath the skies,
 Soft in its green, and glorious in its dyes,
 Warmed by the sun, and nourished by the shower,
 Fertile with fruit, and beautiful with flower,
 Fragrant with scent, and shadowed by rich bowers—
 A glimpse of Eden, for this world of ours.

Old village gardener! son of Adam, hale,
 Dear is thy garden to the neighbouring dale;
 Light is thy fame among the rustics there;
 In composts deep, and skilled in simples rare;

Learned in grafts, and skilled in herbal lore
 Of old Culpepper, and the days passed o'er;
 A country miracle! a rustic light!
 The friend of good crops, and sworn foe of blight!

Simple the life of village gardener old,
 As ancient shepherd's watching o'er his fold;
 As weather-wise as red-eyed pimpernel,
 He counts his hours by opening blossoms well;
 Wakes with the daisy; and when noon unfolds,
 Flies to his meal as spread the marigolds;
 And, as the evening primrose opes its flower,
 He supper takes, and woos the resting hour;
 Till blackbirds, piping from the hazels dun,
 Call him from sleep to meet the rising sun.

Then digs the glorious spade—its metal far
 More blest than steel of murderous warrior car;
 Upraised the clod, sweet steaming dews arise,
 The labourer's incense to the sunny skies!
 Or sweeps the scythe, and in wet swathes of green
 The long grass droops, and scents the pleasant scene;
 Or cuts the weeding hoe where crops are made,
 And docks and darnels fall beneath its blade;
 Or plies the thin-tined rake, and black the soil—
 And fine and even, grows beneath its toil;
 While close-trimmed hedges and neat bowers arise,
 And all the landscape spreads before the eyes.

Lo! o'er that wicket-gate how many an eye
 Anxiously looks, the gardener's charms to spy.
 The sturdy rustic takes a Sunday glance;
 The squire looks hard as past his tandem prance;
 Madam calls in, with condescension sweet,
 And begs a posy, while she takes a seat;
 The curate oft on summer evenings fair,
 Draws thoughts from flowers, and moralises there;
 And even the schoolboy, with his well-whipped look,
 Gazes o'er flower-beds to the orchard nook;
 While wind-fall apples tempt the greedy eye,
 The truant footstep, and the lingering sigh.

Bright are the flower-beds of that garden fair—
 The sweet in scent, the rich in hue, are there!
 There, roses glow in dew, like luscious lips;
 There, from the lilies' vase, the brown bee sips;
 There, blue-bells peal forth music, and their swells
 Are echoed by the hyacinth's slenderer bells;

While honeyuckles blow their trumpets sweet,
And quivering aspens join in concert meet.

There, too, rich powdered like old beau, we spy
The green varicela with golden eye ;
The starry jessamine beside the wall,
And by the porch, the holyoke fine and tall ;
And now the tulip's cup of many dyes ;
And now the imperial's crowns delight the eyes,
With that flowered butterfly, the bright sweet-pea,
Carnations striped, and spotted picotee ;
The dragon's mouth, the pretty-faced heartsease,
The leaf-hid violets underneath those trees ;
The sweet-breathed wall-flower, and the myrtle rare,
The golden sun-flower, and the snow-drop fair ;
The crimson stock, and the sweet-william bright,
The bordering thrift, and London-pride so light ;
With all the old-fashioned flowers, whose blossoms made
The garden sweet and rich, in shine and shade.

There, in that corner by the gable, thrive,
Where gold-thighed bees hum ever round the hive,
The various herbs our old friend loved to dry,
And serve the good wives in the hamlet nigh.
There wholesome sage, and precious marjoram grow,
And camomile, famous for its curing blow ;
And odorous thyme, and mint, and savory,
The rue for funerals, and the rosemary ;
With tansy, halm, and much in store by her—
The gardener's wife—sweet smelling lavender.

Nor must we pass the teeming orchard by,
With autumn's fruitage glowing on the eye ;
The golden pippin, and rough russet red,
With laden boughs down-bending o'er the head ;
The ruby cherry, or white-heart so sweet ;
The fragrant strawberry and the raspberry meet ;
The plum,—or purple, or transparent gold ;
The juicy pear, and damson rich and old ;
The sanguine mulberry, and the medlar brown,
Greengages blooming, and the peach of down ;
With walnuts, which wine-sipping palates prize,
And clustering filberts, like maids' hazel eyes.

Old village gardener ! happy was thy lot,
By heaven remembered, and the world forgot ;
The seed of virtue in thy soul was sown,
It well has sprouted, leaved, and bud, and blown ;

And now the plant is yellow, and must die,—
 Grow may its seed beneath another sky !
 Again, in other flowers may it arise,
 And after winter bloom in vernal dyes.

No more thy early pea, sweet cauliflower,
 And young potato shall delight the hour ;
 Gone, art thou, village gardener ! Bright be shed
 The dews of heaven on thy last resting bed !
 Oh ! be thy grave with green turf covered round,
 And be thy headstone placed on rising ground ;
 And let bright flowers around it plenteous grow,
 And violets there, and daffodillies blow !
 For sure, in death, he would not wish to be
 Far from the friends in life he loved to see.
 Then spread around the churchyard path with blooms,
 And strew with flowers his grave amid the tombs.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. VI.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE LION.

A FRIVOLOUS, foolish, giddy, gaudy Butterfly, decked out in all the colours of the rainbow, his head and his wings delicately powdered, and as gay and gallant-looking to the eye as a French marquis going to court in the days of the Grande Monarque, was jauntily winding his way through one of the wide forests which in Asia harbour the nobler races of beasts—wild beasts ; when, not minding where he was going to, and what stood in his way, he ran full butt against the bole of a lofty plane-tree, and fell stunned and senseless to the ground with a sort of shriek—infinitesimally small—a little more than silence—from which all Nature did not recoil with a cold shudder—and the world went on as if nothing had happened, as usual.

When M. Papillon had recovered so much of his lively senses as to be able to see where he was, and to say how he was, and how much he was hurt, he was struck all in a heap when he observed that, with one wing broken beyond repair, and the other much damaged—one eye so puffed up that he could not look out of it, and the other bloodshot, with the blow he had just had on the head—to say nothing of his feelers, so numbed that they had no

feeling in them ; and his favourite leg, so sprained that he could not put it to the ground—he was struck all in a heap, we repeat it—and no wonder ! — to see that, in this crippled condition, incapable of fighting and incapable of flying, and yet disdaining to strike his colours—he lay within reach of the great paw of a grim Lion, lying stretched out at full length, enjoying his royal leisure, under the same shadowy plane-tree ! This ferocious paw was, indeed, within a foot of Monsieur—an easy distance, too tempting to cruelty or tyranny : he had only to put it out, and the brilliant beau Butterfly was his prisoner safe enough !

Gay fellow as he was, Monsieur was not quite so gallant as gay ; but your butterflies of the gay world and the world of fashion seldom are. Is it to be wondered at if M. Papillon's first thought was to creep anywhere—into any hole or corner—out of the way : for flying was now, he felt, out of the question ?—and his second thought—and second thoughts are sometimes best—was to lie still, as better ? He remembered a wicked couplet, at which he had laughed in his hot youth, but at which he now shook his head as too bad :—

" Lie still, if you're wise :
You'll be d——d if you rise ! "

and though it was wicked, there was good advice in it, and he would take it ; and by showing no signs of life he might so escape the attention of the tyrant altogether. Besides, as his Majesty winked first one eye and then the other, and sometimes closed them both for a moment, he was in hopes that that Eighth Harry of Asian woods was drowsy ; and in the event of his indulging in a

" ——— silent siesta at noon, "

he could crawl, creep, or somehow—anyhow, in short—get away without disturbing his grim repose. He was wise enough, therefore, to keep quiet, and so, for a long time, he wholly escaped the Royal notice : but, unfortunately for Monsieur, his Majesty could not get a wink of sleep, or not more than one at a time ; and more unfortunately still, his butterfly vanity got the better of good discretion, and would not let him be quiet ; he must talk, though he had nothing to say worth hearing ; and though he might have seen, if he had been physiognomist enough to have read the Royal lineaments aright, that his most gracious Majesty was in no humour for trifling : the Imperial brows, frowning like thunder-clouds, portended a tempest gathering in the Royal temper : for

kings have their disappointments as well as meaner things, and his Majesty had met with a damnable dining-out disappointment only a short hour ago, having hunted a fine, fat, but too fleet doe all that day, who had escaped him through her superior speed; and kingly creatures are, as nearly as possible, the last in the world who can bear a disappointment of their desires philosophically. Here was a time, then, for such a fribble as M. Papillon to begin pribble-prabbling in the irritable ear of the forest monarch! But, his vanity hurt at being overlooked as if he was nobody in this world, and nothing in the scale of created things, talk he would, and he did; such small talk as made up his small stock of polished commonplaces, to such a sturdy, sententious declaimer as the Lion, who says not much, nor speaks often, but when he does the forests listen to him, and all other living things keep solemn silence till he concludes and resumes his lair, and none dare answer him!

The fluttering Beau Brummell of the woods began of course with the usual compliments of the day: spoke well of the weather, as very fine, or he should not have ventured out: congratulated his Majesty upon his good looks—swore by Gad he had never seen him look more splendidly salubrious, nor more majestic; and when he had run himself clean out of compliments, he paused and held his peace, expecting to hear a right Royal reply: but the brooding beast took not the smallest notice of him—not so much as to show him some contempt.

“I have not been courtier enough, I see, for him!” murmured Monsieur to himself. “These great ones look for so much homage from us small ones, as they proudly underrate us! Well, well, it would be hard indeed if I knew not how to play the flatterer well enough to gratify the gross ear of an eastern emperor!” And he began again, and went on fluently with a long oration full of fulsome flatteries, in which he exalted the forest monarch to the skies, (and he would have given his wings, dear and damaged as they were, if he could have got him there out of the way); ascribed to him every great and noble quality, (especially magnanimity and the love of mercy, hoping it would be extended to him); called him the king of beasts, (a compliment, or an insult, as his Majesty was pleased to take it); described him as equally generous as great; and having exhausted his eloquence and himself (for these fribbles are soon spun out, and there is nothing left in them in two or three turns), he

“Found himself spent, and fumbled for his brains.”

He waited for some time for the Royal reply, but the Magnanimous answered him not a word ! Indeed, he did not even deign to look at him. Once only did the majestic eyes at which men stand in awe, and butterflies look unabashed, turn in his direction ; when the orator thought, but he might be wrong, he looked over him, and not at him ; and then moving his head majestically round, yawned, and looked another way. Need we say that this contumely vexed the vanity of this Sir Fopling to the quick ? It did ; but he was wise enough not to say it did, or show it did. He only said that " He hoped he did not interrupt his private meditations. He felt how humble he was, and he how exalted ; how unworthy he was to come into his august presence, and, therefore, if his Majesty would permit him, he would retire ? "

The king of beasts took no notice of him even now, and he had made up his mind to retire—bow himself out, as it were, backwards, as is the manner of courtiers ; when suddenly the forest seemed to shake with what at first he thought was low-down thunder, and then an earthquake rumbling under ground ; but it was nothing more terrible than the right royal roaring and the rampant racing of the junior branches of the Imperial family, out for an airing with their Imperial mother. His Majesty seemed to hear it with a deal of pleasure, and, springing upon his feet, he stood lashing his sacred sides with his tufted tail as with a sceptre, Monsieur feared at first in anger, but he was wrong, it was in affection : he was thinking only of his queen, and the heir apparent, and the rest of the royal family. Trembling through every limb, M. Papillon was about to cry for mercy, when the monarch roared in answer to their roar, and with the mighty gush of his strong breath blew the frivolous fool away—many feet away ; and then bounded away himself to meet the Royal family-party.

Poor Papillon ! he was blown against a stone, up to whose top he scrambled nimbly, to get out of the way, if possible ; and there he saw a sight which it does not fall to the fortune of every butterfly to see—the king, the queen, and all the Royal family. It was a noble family certainly, and his Majesty might well be proud of them, and look as fond of them as if he could eat them, though he would not for the world. The Princess Royal was, at a guess, four summers old, not more ; and a lovely likeness of Madame Mère as she looked in her nonage. Two more fair daughters *blessed a doating father*, who roared and growled his otherwise

unutterable fondness as they came running up to the royal bower, at whose entrance he had laid himself down to welcome them home. He was happy to see them, and gave to each of them a loving hug and a lick as they came up. But the pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes was plainly young Leopold—*his* Prince of Wales—a graceful and a graceless cub, in the second year of his age, and his Majesty in miniature to a hair. We have called him graceless, and surely only a cub wanting grace would have given his Majesty a cuff of the head while he was caressing him with all a father's fondness; and though the Royal mind pretended to resent the indignity with a growl, at which the cub crouched and looked aghast for a moment, he soon recovered his skipping spirits, and leaping, as it were, into the Royal arms, had a glorious romp with his great parent, and several rolls over him. Lastly came in the queen mother and an old lioness, who, by her grave looks, was the governess—the Madame Genlis—of the family; and thus the Imperial party was complete.

As the romping now became general, and all the princesses playfully took part in it, Monsieur saw that this was no place for him; and so quietly slipping off the stone, he crept as fast as he could under the herbage overgrowing the ground, and thanking his stars for his escape, though crippled, he crawled away. When he had placed himself snugly out of Imperial harm's way, as he thought, he recovered his self-composure so far as to come to this opinion of the King of Beasts.

"Your Lion is a large fowl, certainly," said he, with a smirk, "a very large fowl—a noble fowl, for his size, truly! But, after what I have seen of him, and know of him personally, I must say that your Lion thinks too much of himself, and of his great station. And, for my part, if I must speak out, I saw nothing of that magnanimity I have heard so much of. True greatness of soul, it strikes me, would not quite overlook the humility of the lesser souls, but still souls. It is because he is lofty that he is better placed to look down on the low. But

'How low and little are the proud!
How indigent the great!'

—he is too elevated for condescension. Now, when I soared aloft, as I shall never do again I fear, if the wild bear cried to me, I paid him the compliment of listening to his lamentations. If the hyæna howled, I was all attention. If monkeys jabbered,

I heard what they had to say for themselves. Not so this King of Beasts ; and I regret to say it. And this leads me to hold faith with the heretics who revolt from royalty ; and to lean and listen more than I ever thought to do to their notion of the equality of all creatures by nature. Great self-respect may—and I must repeat it—consist with great respect for others, whether high or low : whereas this King of Beasts, as he is called by courtesy, has treated me—and I must say it, and I say it with no rancour—most ignobly. And when I——”

But here his severe reflections on Royal negligence were abruptly broken by awful sounds rolling along the ground like the thrilling reverberations of thunder. He was fearfully alarmed, and not now for nothing. The branches of the underwood of the forest where he deemed himself so snug snapped on all sides, and came down with a crash. A huge something, tawny and gigantic, with its large black shadow, darkened the spot, as if Night had suddenly settled upon it. This thick darkness passed away, and another shadow as black and vast, and another, and another swept along ; and though he trembled, as who would not in the middle of such a *mêlée*, he kept close to the ground, and hoped the world was not yet at an end. A brawnier limb and a broader foot, which broke down all before its brute strength, trod on the too-frail herbage under which lay M. Papillon, praying to all the gods to save him. The very earth seemed to shrink under the mighty pressure of the Lion, as, exulting in his strength, he ramped along in a race for pastime with his queen, his son and heir, and all the royal family. The roar of their royal voices—the thunder of their tramp—and the crashing of dry shrubs and green underwood had all passed away, and he thought he was safe, and was about to laud the gods, who had heard his prayer, when another shadow—a slow, stately, solemn-stepping shadow—planted its heavy foot upon the spot where he lay panting out his soul in fear ; and this foot was fatal to him. It was the governess ! When she had passed away, a very small pinch of very finely powdered meal was all that was left of the gay and gaudy M. Papillon ! He was no more ! And he was not the last victim to the carelessness of Courts !

“ Ah ! ” the reflective moralist will sighing say, “ how large, how important are the little to themselves !—how small and unimportant are they to the great ! ”

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

AGAINST THE

SLAVERY ABOLITIONISTS OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF
THE AMERICAN UNION.

WELL! Theer's considerable of a talk agin us among them North Staters—and *that's* a fact; and the Britishers is full on it,—*I* know,—about the Nigger Slaves, South here. Now I'll jist put *you* up a chalk or two higher up on that 'ere nor I opinionate *you may* be, sir—though I presume *you're* a kinder Kentucky mould too. But I guess I've a bin *among* them 'mancipation sarpen'ts—havn't I? And I *ought* to know a pretty smartish *consignment* about it—I *ought*. I've a bin some ways out of Varginny, wheer *I* was riz,—*I* have;—in Bosson; north theer—yes. And I sar'tify *you*, sir, if *you* blieve *me*, them Niggers there,—born Niggers too,—makes their swaps, and their investments, and they kips their stores too, and magazines of bread stuffs, and all airthly soarts of fixings,—catawampussed if *they* don't,—and scores it up, jist as if they'd bin right up and down white Cristins like us,—the critters.

“Well,” ses I to myself, as I sot at my cold cut, the fust mornin as ivver *I was* theer, “a chop or two of this here beard 'ud be as well off, for the honour and glory of the Southern States, now *I am* come a ripresenting on em, like, in this here location;—and,” ses I, “*I expect* the Gals in all parts *considers* *you* full as well after a trifle of razier,” ses I—Jist so. And a Godamighty's free citizen of *my* country—*that's* the South—don't come to places of this heer soart—wheer the Niggers is a looking dreadful high, as I'm a told they be,—to work help's work on his own face for his self, if he can get it done *for* him,—ainy how handsomish and reasonable. Jist for *example's* sake, like. For it's a fitten, in a model government like ourn, founded on a principle of aqual rights of man, as whips the whole univarse, that a citizen should allis shew himself a *maintaining* the sacred, original inseparable *dominion* over the lower curation, which Nater giv to our fust parints, a coming into the world, like,—under the star-spangled banner of *my* country.”

So, with that, I ups right away, up street, for a barber. And

rayly don't consider I'd gone a half a turning o' the plug in my mouth, scace, when, what should I see, gracious! right swing swong over my head, but a terrible beautiful looking painted wooden notice as iver you sin, inscriptionated "Cato Liberty Washington God-speed, shaves for a two cents, and a clean wipe to yourself for nothin." "That's *my* settlement," thinks I, slick away. So in I inters. And what siz I,—my!—but a riggler nigger,—shot if I didn't,—black as Wilbyfoss, *you* may depend,—with his linnen jacket, and no-mention-ems of the same. "Weer 's your master," ses I, "Nigger?"—jist so. Ses he, "House and fixings mine, massa, tenk Garamighty, and shaves you for a two cents, an a clean vipe to yourself, massa, for nuttin." For they has no moor of the parts of Cristin English, gracious *knows* nor monkeys,—*they* hasn't.

Well! I was a most a bustin o' larfin, *you* may depend. "But I *will* realize," ses I,—leastwise thought it,—“wither a black Nigger is conditioned in these here parts to give an undertakin to shave;” and tarnally blest if theer warn't a cheer too, and a riggler consarn of table, and all soarts of soap and brishes, and the like of that, for wipin of your chin,—beautiful. And then theer was a power of hot water and cold water a tricklin away, like nothin at all, from brass thingums, into an article of blue and white basin. So down I sot. "Come," ses I, "pounded eternally if I don't realize the ind of all this here, Nigger!" ses I, jist so. "You ben't a goin to poke none of your fun on your betters, a white citizen of the smartest nation of the curation, I expect. Is it rayly you as shaves? Yes?" "Ees," ses he. And he gron as if his black head was half off, and made good with a white ivery perwenter bend, like. "Ees," ses he. "Come," ses I, "I'm kinder smart, like, in these here things, I am. I reckon I'm not a goin to have my Cristin chops barked and made a martyr on by *no* nigger, *this* hitch, not at *no* price. You shave *me* slick, as should be. And if you draas one blob of blood now,—and I outs with a pistil, and a good cleverish one it was I tell you, out of *my* pocket, and a considerable charge of buck shot there was in it too,—for *you* may sartify I doesn't go into company without a presarver of *some* sort,—never,—and puts it a top of the table afore me, and the two cents by it. "Now," ses I, "you're liquidated—I'm ready money, I am. But, if you draas one drop o' blood, I'm a monkey but I blows your black brains into the middle of next week." Half in fun, like. But not quite.

So he gron agin, wide as iver, as if he liked the look on it. And

in went the brish into the hot water and the fixings of soap. And he lathers, and lathers, as cool as cobbler. And I kip one hand down upon the pistil too. "And," ses I, "I'm not a poking of no fun now, you tarnation Nigger. Actily I an't. But in right up and down airnest." Jist for *example*. For I begun to feel ugly, like. Peskily. I *was* ryled, amost, to see him so oncon-sarned. And I tell you for truth,—and *now* you *may* blieve me, he hilt his razier as stiddy, with two of his black fingers out, and two clinched, and his thumb a meetin on 'em along the torty shell. And if he didn't shave me *as* beautiful, in and out. And I didn't make no grimusses, like ;—afeard. For I'd a done as I sed, I *do* blieve, and *no* massy. Because I sed I would. But, Lord ; I didn't *want* to hurt the critter, though my dander *was* riz, to see he done it so cool. It was a caution to ainy lump of ice to a sin him. And then he giv me one lathering moor, and a polisher, and then a wipe with an article of calico,—*worth* a shin plaster the piece at the *cheapest* market, thinks I, as it went across my face. And he gron agin, and, ses he, "Dare, now me done, massa."

"Well," ses I, as I sot, "you done it though. But jist you sartify *me this*. Warn't you pretty *considerable* in a way streaked—afeard you'd a draan blood?" "No, massa," ses he, jist so. "No?" ses I. "No," ses he,—yes. "Why you iuverlasting black div'l," ses I, "don't you think I'd a kip my word?" For I rayly *did* think he was a goin to *questionate* my kippin o' my word with him. "No," ses he. "Massa not a shot poor Nigger man, dis time." "But I *would*," ses I, "right slick away, in less nor half no time, if you'd a cut me. You'd a bin little better nor a gone 'coon, I *calculate, then*. What do *you* think on it, Snowball?" Quite pleasant, like. For, thinks I, I got a best-bower out to winderd o' *you*, anyhow. Ses he,—*the* iuverlasting villian—will you blieve *me, sir*?—ses he, "If me a cut massa face,—me berry sorry,—me cut him trout den, in less nor quarter o' nuttin,—before him twinkle him eye. Poor Nigger berry much fool udderways."

Them Niggers is a mighty smart,—some on em,—but iuverlastin ferocious. If I'd a cot the likes of *him*, now, South here, a sayin so, wouldn't I a hanged him for it?—sarved him right too,—and no call to a gone to judge Lynch nether, but to a free and enlightened jury of *my* country, to pectect me.

But there 's no gittin o' no jistice agin any one on 'em in them Northern States. And this comes all of the 'Mancipationists, as they calls theirselves.

G. DE LRS.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do."

TENNYSON.

MY DEAR PERCY.—You are young and you are clever; it is natural, therefore, that you should be ambitious. God has gifted you with an intellect, which, like a mettled steed, is impatient at inactivity, and to which you long to trust yourself in the adventurous steeple-chase of life. Be it so. Hope on, hope ever. Determine to be great, and you will be great. To connect your name with some project for the advancement of mankind flatters your vanity, while responding to the ardent love of truth and goodness which has empire over your soul. You wish to stand out from among your contemporaries, conspicuous, yet honoured. You thirst for fame. Notoriety, if not coupled with infamy, would tempt you. That feeling would be dangerous in one less noble; but you, Percy, although ardently desiring to be one of the world's captains, have not, I am sure, sufficient moral obtuseness to become a demagogue. Therefore I have no fears for you.

Life spreads its broad plain before you. Many paths, devious and intricate, lead to the goal of ambition; but they are crowded with aspirants, and some of them lie under so many low portals, and through so many murky tunnels, that you must crawl on your knees if you would save your head from striking against the roofs. You wish to walk erect; your joints want the suppleness of those who crawl. There are consequently but few paths left from which to choose, and you ask me "Which shall I choose?"

It is a momentous question; one, seldom to be answered in perfect and unhesitating calmness of conscience. But when I think of your capacities and your studies—when I remember how at school you followed for awhile the quiet and sequestered studies of literature, and how quickly growing impatient, your energetic spirit, eager to plunge into the tumult of action, threw you into that which most resembled action—the stormy discussions of the Debating Club; when to this I add your ardour in joining societies in the metropolis, your fondness for public meetings, your proneness

to disturb a placid after-dinner chat with vehement discussions on current topics, then, I cannot hesitate to answer, "Choose politics."

Having chosen, you must prepare yourself; you must commence your political education. Above all things, be assured that to rush into the arena with no other guides than your enthusiasm, your sincerity, and your eloquence, will lead you to no enviable goal. Distinction is not to be carved out of such materials. In these free-spoken times, in this free-spoken country, such qualities are not rare enough for distinction; and to make the matter worse, they are diamonds which charlatans can easily imitate in tawdry paste, which to the vulgar eye shall shine with equal lustre.

Therefore, do not for an instant suppose your desire for the public good sufficient. It may be a noble passion, and yet be mistaken by the world for an ignoble calculation. It may be sincere; but it is only a passion, it is not a doctrine. Now passion is a powerful momentum, in the political world, as elsewhere; but it is blind: it animates, sustains, carries onwards with irresistible force the prejudice or opinion it is called upon to serve, but it is mere brute force which can *cut* but cannot *see* the way. Great passions sway the world; headed by great convictions, they shape the world. Therefore I say, if you would be more than hundreds of those around you, *get new ideas*.

It may look like the affectation of paradox if I say, that from no existing party can you get ideas. Yet I must say so. They all seem to me utterly incompetent to any social re-organization; utterly incompetent to take the quiet efficient command of society with the co-operation of all thinking men. The Tories alone, the Whigs alone, the Radicals alone, are incompetent to rule England for one month upon their own principles. Meanwhile, England has to stagger along as she best can, without the least unanimity of political opinion, and with flagrant social injustice as the consequence. But of this anon. Here I would only call your attention to the fact of the advent of a new party being at hand.

Yes, at hand. The necessity for a new doctrine is exemplified in the very fact of our intellectual anarchy—in the fact, that in all classes of society, and in all grades of intelligence, there is profound dissidence on the most fundamental topics. The readiness to accept a new doctrine is shown by the fact that only such men as have ideas distinctly conceived can gain importance. The nation is weary of watch-words; it wants ideas. "Church and State"

no longer forms an answer to an argument ; our "Glorious Constitution," producing inglorious misery, has become laughable ; and the "Rights of Man" is found to be an empty declamation. We are tired of routine ; we demand principles ; and principles, when distinctly conceived and luminously set forth, thanks to the diffusion of knowledge, now triumph over prejudices : the abolition of the Corn Laws is a sample of the bloodless victories to follow the march of mind. Widely divergent as are men's opinions—anarchical as is the state of all social questions, I yet distinctly see that the public is ripe for a new doctrine, provided that doctrine be large enough to embrace the whole question and to include the doctrines of each party. A new Reformation is at hand.

You are about to form a political credo. Let me, as briefly as I can, indicate to you the vital points in the problem you, and others, have to solve. Government, properly speaking, is the executive of institutions. In despotic countries, much greatly depends upon the caprice of the sovereign ; but even there, institutions, in some way conformable with the ideas and condition of the people, are the stable principles of government ; the autocrat is controlled by them. Institutions are the embodiment of ideas. The social hierarchy is always founded upon a social theory and a social necessity.

Now you will readily admit that when the thinking members of society are divided amongst themselves respecting fundamental ideas and institutions, and these divisions are not the result of sordid motives, but of honest speculative inquiry, the state of things must be characterised as anarchical. Such is the state of England at this moment. The great basis of society (the ideas of which its institutions are the symbols) is unsettled, is tottering. To this crisis it has been slowly growing. Ever since the theocracy of Catholicism—when all Europe was bound together by a common creed, and subordinated to one social hierarchy which was undisputed—there has been no example of a government fully conformable with the exigences of the age. But that theocracy was from the nature of it short-lived. The doctrine which is to equal it in unity, must surpass it in the extent of its application ; for social phenomena are singularly more complex than they were in those days.

Is there any existing doctrine capable of achieving that unity, and that power ?

To enable you to understand the force of my negative to this

question, I will just indicate the leading points of the current political doctrines, in relation to the great social problem.

The grand principles of social existence are Order and Progress. Order, that there may be security, peace; Progress, that there may be no stagnation, no tyranny of forms which society has out-grown. Without stability, society would be impossible. No reform is ever undertaken except with a view to being consolidated into Order. Perpetual progress would be the defeat of the very object of progress. Therefore all men recognise the necessity of permanence, of Order. On the other hand, there is an irresistible tendency towards amelioration which is implanted in the human mind, and which flourishes in all free states. I do not, with Turgot and Shelley, believe in the perfectibility of the human race. I think with Auguste Comte that hypothesis rests upon the fallacy of taking an *indefinite* for an *infinite* progression. But I cannot refuse my assent to those who point out the progress of the species as the most legible fact in human history. The discovery of to-day is the common-place of to-morrow. Each step we take is a step in advance; and if, to a casual observer, the race occasionally seems to retrograde, yet is it no more than the retrogression of the waves of a tide steadily flowing in, to use the happy illustration once given by Macaulay. At any rate, if we do not improve, we change; there is no disputing that. Accordingly the institution which was fitted to our ancestors is irksome if not tyrannous to their children. We claim institutions conformable with the spirit of our present condition; not conformable with the spirit of a past condition. Thus, however desirable, however necessary Order may be, yet is it antagonistic to the *other*, equally necessary, principle of Progress.

Are Order and Progress irreconcilable? In antiquity they were universally deemed so. But modern civilisation daily proclaims them to be the true source of all social doctrines, the grand principles of social existence. It is obvious, therefore, that the problem for political science is: How to reconcile these antagonistic principles? How form a doctrine which rising from both these principles shall give to each its true activity and destination, by connecting them with some higher principle?

This being premised, let us see what existing parties make of the question. Let us see if any one is capable of being the satisfactory exponent of the nation's ideas. At the first blush it might appear that in the three great parties, now fighting in the

arena, we have exponents of the three great principles necessary for the preservation and development of society.

In the Tories we have the exponents of Order and Stability.

In the Radicals we have the exponents of Progress.

In the Whigs we have at once the exponents of Order and of Progress, short of the excesses of each.

Look closer, and this pretty formula will be found a bubble. Each party is the exponent of an instinctive feeling, not of a philosophical conception. Instinctively men cling to Order, instinctively they clamour for Progress, and instinctively they feel the danger of both demands if either be exclusively fulfilled, and thus take a middle course. Men dread anarchy ; and they abhor tyranny. Here at once are Tories and Radicals. Others are afraid of both : and these are Whigs.

This looks like a defence of Whiggism, say you ? It is nothing of the kind. In my subsequent letters I shall endeavour to show :—

That the Order demanded by the Tories is not the Order which can give stability to modern society ;

That the Progress demanded by the Radicals is too vague to be anything more than an aspiration after a better state, and is useful as a critical and destructive weapon, but useless as a means of organisation, until it shape itself into some more definite and consistent creed ;

And that the “middle course” of the Whigs is sheer incompetence, eluding the question, temporising with every difficulty and removing none.

As each party is the representative of but one portion of the community, it is hopeless to expect any one doctrine shall be dominant over the minds of men, so that, according to its principles, society might be peaceably carried on, each element finding its proper place, each activity its proper sphere. Suppose Toryism suddenly invested with the entire power ; all opposition to cease ; all its views, if not adopted, at least acquiesced in ; all its theories to become laws of the land. One week would be sufficient to show the hollowness and impracticability of its dogmas ; its absolute incapacity for in any way carrying out the real objects and wishes of modern society. It might be a Cabinet Council. It might be omnipotent in Downing Street. But it would be powerless before the “Condition of England” question.

This holds equally good of the other parties. There is a

theory sometimes put forward, however, and which finds especial favour in the eyes of philosophic Whigs, to the effect that owing to the happy structure of our "Constitution" this *antagonism* is a blessing. The lovers of Liberty prevent the friends of Order from being stationary, and the friends of Order prevent the lovers of Liberty from being anarchical. It is a tolerable antithesis, but a detestable theory. You may, grammatically enough, out of two negatives make an affirmative; but out of a retrograde doctrine (wishing to throw back society into the condition from which it has laboriously evolved) and a destructive doctrine (whose sole aim is to get rid of the institutions built up in the past), how to make a political theory capable of organising society is not so apparent. Two errors will never make a truth. And even admitting that the friends of Order and the lovers of Liberty have each of them only half a truth; they have not the two halves of the same truth, and you cannot make them coalesce. Toryism and Radicalism are as fire and water; if they come into collision the one is left a cinder, the other flies off in vapour; the dead past and the vague future cannot be made one, by any means we have at present.

The Tories have no ideas of Order, save those derived from a past condition of things: their doctrine is essentially feudal. The Radicals, on the other hand, declare, that the feudal condition having passed away, feudal institutions should in justice follow. How reconcile these?

In one sense, however, this theory of antagonism is acceptable, as I shall show when treating of Whiggism. I mean, inasmuch as it keeps the question an open question—leaves the public ready for the reception of the true doctrine, when that shall appear; and meanwhile prevents any serious collision, as well as the tyrannical predominance of an imperfect doctrine.

This is somewhat humiliating, I own. To be forced to bestow our approbation upon a state of intellectual confusion, and to feel that it alone keeps us from a state of political tyranny or social disruption, is not flattering to our philosophy. But so it is. The three great parties are, one and all, incompetent to the task of social organisation; but they, one and all, are necessary to prevent immediate disruption. They each embody an idea of incalculable importance. They each take their stand upon a "great fact."

When I say that each party stands upon a great fact, and

embodies a great idea, I not only mark out to each its distinctive purpose, but also absolve each from the imputation of any disreputable motive. Once clearly apprehend this, and you will be sparing of recrimination—that malady of our press. Understand that no political error is wilfully maintained. It may be blindly accepted, passionately sustained; but it is not by its partizans known to be an error. To you it appears incongruous, tyrannous. To them, be assured, it is a truth. They regard your opinions with vehemence and distrust as great as you do their opinions. That sleek, foolish, five-bottle old man, who dribbles forth such servile twaddle about the king, the church, the nobility, and the mob; ass, as he is, he is not insincere. The opinions which he holds are to you “gross prejudices,” “slavish maxims,” or worse. To him they are honest, deeply-rooted convictions: upon them depends the well-being and security of the country. You think him a “red-hot, canting Tory.” He thinks you a “revolutionary rascal.” Each of you sees only the false aspect of the other’s doctrines; each sees only the true aspect of his own.

Leave recrimination to charlatans. Men are honeste than is generally assumed. They are infinitely better than their opinions, and are seldom aware of the logical consequences of their doctrines. Although in each party you will find dishonest adventurers—men without convictions, trading on the errors and passions of the credulous—yet, as a general rule, be assured that each party supports its honest convictions, and is to be morally accountable only for what is true in those convictions, because incompetent to see all their consequences. The good instincts of human nature are those upon which alone all associations of any importance, or of any duration, can be formed. Honour is necessary, even among thieves. No political opinion can gain any importance that has not really the public good in view, however narrow, however imperfect, the notion may be. Liars and quacks will creep in everywhere; but society does not rest upon lies and quackery. Thus, those whom we justly accuse of a retrograde tendency, certainly have no other desire than to restore society to its normal condition, from which, as it seems to them, it has departed only to precipitate itself towards the imminent dissolution of all social order. In a similar spirit, those who unconsciously tend towards a revolution fancy they obey the evident necessity for the irrevocable destruction of a political system become radically unfit for directing society.

In noting the errors of each party, you will be careful not to draw from those errors consequences which their upholders never acknowledged, and then reprobate these consequences, as if they had been *motives*. You will not accuse the Tory of tyranny, of selfish, slavish attachment to oppressive institutions, out of an utter disregard to public happiness. You will not reprobate the Whig as a trimmer, nor the Radical for his supposed desire for licence and depredation. There is already difficulty enough in political questions; the clearest eye sees its way but dimly. Do not you help to make the matter worse by raising a mist of prejudice. You can settle no question by calling names. As Pascal sarcastically said, "Monks are at all times more plentiful than reasons." You can make no worse commencement to a discussion than to begin by attributing disreputable motives to your adversary. If the Philosophy of Politics attract you, come to it with an earnest but serene spirit. Approach the momentous questions of a nation's welfare with the patient zeal of an inquirer, not with the turbulent arrogance of a polemic.*

I am sorry to say, that from the old writers on politics and government you will not learn much. Firstly, because they are perpetually talking about the relative merits of various *forms* of government. Secondly, because the political phenomena of Europe are new, and therefore need new explanations. Let me dwell a moment on these points.

1. The question as to whether a monarchy be better than a republic, and *vice versâ*; in fact, all questions relating to the mere form of government, are singularly idle. Government, as I said before, is the executive of institutions; and institutions are the embodiments of ideas: that is, they grow up out of a set of social conditions to which they are in the main conformable; they correspond with some ideas entertained by the "powers that be." Government therefore is always, in its first construction, strictly conformable with the necessities of the age and country. For modern Europe to imitate the republics of Sparta, Athens, or Rome, would be sheer madness. Those republics responded to a set of social conditions altogether different from those of modern Europe. The same may be said of Holland and America. If

* "Steady and independent minds, when they have an object of so serious a concern to mankind as government, under their contemplation, will disdain to assume the parts of satirists and declaimers."—*Burke*.

the American constitution really worked as well as its sanguine founders wished, and rhodomontade defenders assert, it would even then be no guide to us. A vast country, where fertile land is abundant, but labour scarce, can never be taken as a model for a country where land is scarce and labour frightfully superabundant. This difference alone in the conditions of the two—and there are others equally important—is sufficient to do away with all proper comparison.

You will answer me, perhaps, that it is *not* indifferent which form of government is selected, because it makes all the difference whether the few or the many have the power—whether there is an aristocracy or a democracy.

If by this you mean that it is not indifferent to us whether we have entire liberty or not—whether we have just laws for all, or laws only for a few, I of course cannot differ with you; but then you have not answered my argument. What I said amounted to this: It is indifferent which form of government you *theoretically* prefer, unless that happens *also* to accord with the existing conditions, ideas, and feelings of the nation. A republic can only last in a country where the conditions are favourable to republicanism. In France its brief reign was not only disgraced by acts of the most revolting tyranny (even to persecution for religious opinions), but it ended in an empire—a restoration—a revolution once more—and once more in an oppressive monarchy! But I shall have to recur to this subject in my subsequent letters. Let me now turn to the second consideration.

2. The political phenomena are new. Europe presents another aspect to the thinker than it did in the days of Montesquieu. It is in a transition-period. The old forms of society are gradually breaking up; yet the new forms that are to replace them are still unsettled. I say Europe, because although in strict parlance only England and France can, as yet, be said to have attained to any democratic development, yet these two nations are the beacons of the world; and the fire lighted on their mountain-heights, after warming those around them, still spreads its light afar, and tinges with its glory the distant horizon.

With these new phenomena must come a new philosophy. It is of little use now to discuss questions of forms of government. The disease is not to be cured by an external plaster. It is at the core; the remedy must be internal. It is in the intellectual anarchy; the remedy must be a doctrine which shall create

unanimity. And not the semblance of unanimity, not the agreement of a day; but that unanimity which is irresistible, because it arises from immutable evidence. No one ever argues now upon the fundamental principles of positive science; no one should argue upon the fundamental principles of positive politics; they should be as true and as indestructible as the laws of human nature, upon which they must be founded.

I return then to the assertion, that you will find little in the works hitherto written on politics. Rather study history; the history of all ages and of all countries. There you will learn much if you proceed rightly.

To the old theorists and statesmen political science was much easier than it is to us. The problem was so much simpler when there were only the Crown, the Aristocracy, and the Commons to deal with. The three powers had to fight with each other, but they did so upon "constitutional principles." Now, however, we have a new combatant in the field—the People. The appearance of this fourth estate has marvellously added to the complexity of the problem. It is not to be got rid of by any "constitutional principles," simply because the constitution took little notice of it, and it has a supreme contempt for the constitution. The ground must be shifted; the battle cannot be fought out there. Then—Where?—

Not only in the People lies physical force, and its terrors; not only is the legislator startled by the ominous cry of the hungry millions; but the very frame-work of society is shaken, for the Workers declare they have Rights. These they have learned to know—these they are ready to enforce, if need be! It is enough to ruffle the blandest theorist, to perplex the most constitutional doctor. It is really a serious matter; one that will not allow itself to be scratched aside with a dash of the constitutional pen. A man may have mastered De Lolme, Montesquieu, Paley, and others, yet be helplessly at a loss what to say to this new phenomenon. They, the dull slaves—they, heretofore the mere machinery of labour, from the sweat of whose brows was wrung the gold which purchased luxury and ease for the Spending Class—they, who formed but the rude *status* on which society reposed, have suddenly demanded that an account be rendered to them of the mode in which society is to be carried on! The governed suddenly raising their heads to question the governors—nay,

insisting upon governing themselves: is not this a perplexity to all "constitutional" theorists?

Ancient republics had not this difficulty. We speak indeed of the people of Athens and Sparta, the Plebes of Rome; but we forget the Slaves. In those states the slaves stood in the condition of our people; and the free-men were as our aristocracy and yeomanry. Justice, privileges, education, were for the few; labour and sorrow for the many. The free citizens of Athens formed a republic, but not a democracy; for the vast majority of its inhabitants were slaves. The proportion of slaves to citizens is computed at forty to one. In Sparta the slaves so greatly outnumbered the citizens, that an annual slaughter of large numbers of them was resorted to as the only means of security. Indeed all the wisest thinkers of antiquity were unable to conceive even an Utopia in which slaves should be unnecessary. The necessity for one lowest class, upon whom should devolve the dirty-work of civilization, is equally admitted by all modern thinkers. So far there seems to be agreement; but when this lowest class demands the privileges of citizenship, claims the right of making the laws by which it will consent to be governed, then do we see the difference between the problem to be solved by the ancient writer, and that to be solved by the modern.

That which brought about these new problems must solve them; that which induced the fever will also bring the remedy; that cause and cure is—Education.

There has been great outcry against the dangers of Education; great eloquence exerted in its cause; both outcry and eloquence have, to some extent, been justifiable.

It was the Middle Class that first gave decided symptoms of an impertinent curiosity after knowledge. Shopkeepers, altogether heedless of the famous sentence of Pope, so valuable to Toryism: that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

had the audacity to read, and even *think*, in their inelegant way. Men who had not been educated at Universities, were absolutely known to have speculated on social questions; others, who could neither construe a passage in Thucydides, nor quote a sarrasin from Horace, had been known to have formed decided opinions, both on Church and State. Country gentlemen ceased to place their whole ambition in hunting, electioneering, smoking clay-

pipes, and swallowing daily their five bottles of claret ; they also took to meddling in science, literature, and political economy.

Forty years ago, as Gibbon Wakefield wrote in 1837, instruction was confined to a portion of the highest class. The middle class indeed could read and write, but their reading did not extend beyond divinity, novels, the racing calendar, Moore's prophetic almanack, and, now and then, a newspaper adapted to their ignorance. As for any interchange of ideas by means of writing and printing, they never thought of such a thing ; or rather they would have thought it presumptuous, if not unnatural in them, to form ideas upon subjects of general interest. Except when one of their narrow superstitions was attacked, as, for example, their fear of popish supremacy, they left all public questions to the nobility, clergy, and gentry, whom alone they supposed capable of understanding such matters. They stared and wondered when a great man passed, and believed that the whole public duty of man consisted in honouring the king and loving the rest of the royal family. The great French revolution entirely changed their character. When they saw that men of their own class, in a neighbouring country, had undertaken to govern, their slothful and slavish propensities gave way to political excitement. The very horrors which succeeded the French revolution had an excellent effect on them ; setting them to think, read, and even write on public questions, and forcing them, above all, to look into the condition of their inferiors. Every public question was now discussed by them, and for them, too, by their superiors, who wanted their assistance. Books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers came to be reckoned necessities of life ; and the quality of these improved with the greater demand for them. At length, towards the close of the war, when a new generation had grown up, the middle classes were better instructed than the highest class, and the charm of aristocracy was gone.*

Within the last fifteen years the love of instruction has descended among the people. With them it is now a passion. It cheers the poorest. It bears hope to the least sanguine. It gives courage to the most despairing. The people feel that it is by knowledge they must right themselves ; that to them knowledge is more truly power than to any other class. If heretofore they have been despised, it is that they were despicable ; if heretofore

* Popular Politics, p. 58.

they have been oppressed, it is that they were ignorant. They feel dimly enough, but strongly, that insurrections of the people have hitherto failed, because the people were not fit to be their own masters ; so that after a riot, as *La Jacquerie*, or that headed by Wat Tyler, they have always been driven back again to servitude by their masters ; a handful of knights could quell a rebellion ! In what consisted this inferiority of the people ? In their ignorance. They had physical force, why did they not successfully use it ? Because it *was* physical force—because it was brute strength and energy, striving in vain against an instructed few. The arm was strong, but it wanted a mind to direct it ; the arrow was without its feather.

In my next letter I will endeavour to expose the weakness of the Tory doctrine.

Yours ever,

VIVIAN.

THE WRITING AND PRINTING REFORM.

PART II.—PHONOGRAPHIC LONG-HAND, AND PHONOTYPY.

“ For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there 's none ;
If there *is* one—try to find it,
If there 's *not* one—never mind it.”

To the system of Phonography, as explained in our former paper, there has, as yet, been offered but *one* objection possessing any weight. It is this :—That, supposing the probability of Phonography coming into anything like general use, the simplicity of its characters, and the ease with which they may be altered, would afford very *facile* means to dishonest parties (and, more 's the pity, there are too many to be found who would be ready to avail themselves of them) of making such alterations in any written document as would render it useless. Now in legal documents—such as wills, &c.—*certainty* is the object required, not *rapidity* ; therefore, to meet this requirement, and complete the Phonetic mode of writing, a system of Phonetic Long-hand has been invented. To effect this, our present method of writing has been retained—the *only* alteration being, that new characters have been invented for such sounds as have no representative in our present alphabet, and the

redundant ones it contains have been expunged. So well has this been done, and so closely does it resemble our present long-hand, that, although perfectly Phonetic, it is easily read by those who know nothing of Phonography. In proof of this, it is only necessary to add, that the writer of these articles frequently receives letters with the address written in these characters.

No sooner was Phonography brought under public notice, than many became convinced of the truthfulness of the theory on which it was based, and commenced learning the system. To such, however, it immediately became evident there was something more needed to complete the scheme—to render it a beautiful and perfect whole. They could write the system, and read what they had written—they could also read what others had written. But this was not enough. Still there was a *vacuum*. Hence immediately arose the question,—“Why not print Phonetically? If the system be good for writing, it must be equally good for printing. To be of *universal* benefit, the reform must be carried to that length, or it will prove a failure. It will not do to attack one part of the vicious system of heterography only—to lop off one branch of this Upas tree of knowledge—we must strike the axe at the root to be successful. We feel we have truth on our side—Can we then doubt the course we should pursue?” No sooner said than done.

At the outset, however, a difficulty presented itself. In determining to print Phonetically, there were three methods which suggested themselves as to the *way* in which this should be done:—

1st. Whether the Phonographs could be used as moveable metal types.

2nd. Whether it would not be better to form an entirely *new* alphabet, on the model of our present Roman one.

3rd. Whether the present Roman alphabet reformed—useless letters being rejected, and necessary new ones introduced—would not be the preferable method.

The solution of this question caused some delay in the practical part of the reform. The result was, that the last of these modes has been adopted; and, as we think, wisely; for this reason,—The alphabet, being so much like the Roman one, anything printed in it may, with a little attention, be read by a person entirely ignorant of Phonography. It thus possesses the advantage of attracting rather than repelling. Curiosity will induce people

to look at it—read it; they will thus become convinced of its truthfulness; and, ultimately, converts to Phonetic writing.

But what are the *advantages* to be derived from printing Phonetically? inquires some utilitarian reader. We answer, that were it only the adoption of a correct method of printing in lieu of a false one—the triumph of truth over error—that alone should be enough to satisfy any one. But this is not all. Who is there that does not, in reading, often meet with words, to the proper pronunciation of which the characters used to represent them render him not the least assistance? Especially is this the case as regards names of persons and places. One advantage of Phonotypy is, that by it the sound of every word—its pronunciation—will be made, as it were, *visible*. And is it no advantage to do away with the present tedious preparatory step to learning to read—the learning to *spell*? What a saving of time will this effect! What a barrier to education—self-education, the best of all education—will thus be knocked down! On such points as this, however, to use an old saw, “an ounce of fact is worth a pound of opinion.” Will Phonotypy do this? We reply in the following paragraph, which appeared in a popular periodical a few weeks since:—

“An interesting experiment has lately been made in connexion with the City of Westminster Temperance Society, Broadway, to instruct a class of unlettered adults in the art of reading, by means of Mr. Pitman’s system of Phonotypy, or printing by sound. The class (conducted by Mr. Benn Pitman) consisted principally of reformed drunkards, thirty of whom were entirely unable to read. After eighteen hours’ instruction had been given, in consecutive lessons, an examination took place, when the members of the class went through the sounds and articulations of the English language forming the Phonetic alphabet, with remarkable precision. They afterwards read various exercises, containing words of three and four syllables, with the greatest accuracy. A general opinion was expressed by the gentlemen present (many of whom were unacquainted with the principles of Phonotypy) that the class read English, as expressed in its new and simple character, far more fluently and accurately than could have been accomplished by the ordinary system of printing after twelve months’ practice.”

In America, also, a class of six negroes have been taught to read, by the same system, in *sixty hours*.

To such facts as these we need add nothing. They tell their own tale.

To enable our readers to form an opinion on the merits of the System, we here give a Phonetic alphabet, followed by a paragraph “set-up” in Phonotypes, which we doubt not each one of them will be able to peruse with very little assistance from the

alphabet, thus proving our assertions to be true. That the Phonotypes are quite equal, if not superior, in appearance to the old Roman types, we imagine few will deny. Some of them—simply *because they are new*—may at first sight appear strange; but a little time will soon convince of their utility, if not of their beauty.

THE ENGLISH PHONOTYPIC ALPHABET.

The sounds which the Phonotypes represent, are indicated by the Italic letters in the illustrative words placed under them.

VOWELS.

E <i>ē</i> ,	Ā <i>ā</i> ,	Ǽ <i>æ</i> ,	Θ <i>ē</i> ,	O <i>o</i> ,	U <i>u</i> ;
<i>eel</i> ,	<i>ale</i> ,	<i>alms</i> ,	<i>all</i> ,	<i>ope</i> ,	<i>food</i> ;
I <i>i</i> ,	E <i>e</i> ,	Λ <i>a</i> ,	O <i>o</i> ,	U <i>u</i> ,	Ū <i>u</i> .
<i>ill</i> ,	<i>ell</i> ,	<i>am</i> ,	<i>olive</i> ,	<i>up</i> ,	<i>foot</i> .

DIPHTHONGS.

COALESCENTS.

ASPIRATE.

Ē <i>i</i> ,	Ō <i>o</i> ,	Ȣ <i>æ</i> ,	Ŭ <i>u</i> .	Y <i>y</i> ,	W <i>w</i> .	H <i>h</i> .
<i>isle</i> ,	<i>oil</i> ,	<i>owl</i> ,	<i>yule</i> .	<i>yea</i> ,	<i>way</i> .	<i>hay</i> .

CONSONANTS.

P <i>p</i> ,	B <i>b</i> ,	T <i>t</i> ,	D <i>d</i> ,	Ɔ <i>c</i> ,	J <i>j</i> ,	C <i>c</i> ,	G <i>g</i> ;
<i>rope</i> ,	<i>robe</i> ,	<i>fate</i> ,	<i>fade</i> ,	<i>etch</i> ,	<i>edge</i> ,	<i>leck</i> ,	<i>league</i> ;
F <i>f</i> ,	V <i>v</i> ,	Ƨ <i>t</i> ,	Ƨ <i>d</i> ,	S <i>s</i> ,	Z <i>z</i> ,	Σ <i>f</i> ,	Ɔ <i>z</i> ;
<i>safe</i> ,	<i>sare</i> ,	<i>wreath</i> ,	<i>wreathe</i> ,	<i>hiss</i> ,	<i>his</i> ,	<i>vicious</i> ,	<i>vision</i> ;
R <i>r</i> ,	L <i>l</i> ;	M <i>m</i> ,	N <i>n</i> ,	Ū <i>ŋ</i> .			
<i>for</i> ,	<i>fall</i> ;	<i>seem</i> ,	<i>seen</i> ,	<i>sing</i> .			

"We hav her [in a seem hwiġ Sur Jon Hurfel (Herschell) had just givn,] ðe fuest leturz wid hwiġ it iz posibl tuu riġt Iyġliſ. But, on ðe uður hand, wið ðe aðiſun ov tuu or tre mor vselz, and az meni consonants, evuri non langwaj miġt probabli be efectuall redust tuu riġtiſ, so az tuu prezurv an egzact corespondens betwen ðe riġtiſ and pronunsiatun, hwiġ wud be wun ov ðe most valuabl æwiziſunz not onli tuu filolojists, but tuu mancind; faſilitatiſ ðe inturcors betwen naſunz, and laiſ ðe fſndaſun ov ðe furst step tordz a univurſal langwaj, wun ov ðe grat DESIDURATA at hwiġ mancind et tuu am bi comun consent."—SUR JON HUREEL. Articl "Sænd," in ðe ENCICLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA, par. 367.

That this is no crude scheme—no mere phantasy of a disor-

dered brain—which we recommend, may be inferred from the fact, that three years have been spent in bringing it to its present state. In this good work, Mr. Pitman, and Mr. Ellis, B.A., assisted by several Phonographers, have been assiduously engaged. Numerous experiments have been carried on in order to obtain the best forms for the new letters required; many *matrices* having been cut, and afterwards thrown aside, the letters cast in them being either not beautiful in appearance or suitable to the sound intended to be represented when printed. The Phonotypes are now to be had in three founts—Pica, Long Primer, and Brevier. The “Phonotypic Journal,” as well as one or two other smaller periodicals, and Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” are all printed with Phonotypes. A copy of the “New Testament” is also in course of publication in them.

We will only add, in conclusion, in order to show the disinterestedness of those who advocate this reform, that the whole of the expenses attendant upon the construction of the Phonotypic founts, and for others that will yet be wanted—amounting at present to nearly £320, and continually increasing—have been borne by the voluntary contributions of Phonographers. Seeing that they can have no *private* end in view to serve, surely their’s may be truthfully called “A labour of love.”

PHONOPEN.

WOMAN'S WIT.

In the Morning Post of February 26th, 1847, we see announced the death of Count Leopold Ferri, at Padua. This gentleman is described as leaving a perfectly *unique* library, composed of works written by female authors amounting to nearly 32,000 volumes. We had no idea that the female mind and pen had been so prolific—nor that there existed so gallant a Bibliomaniac! We can imagine the old noble inhabiting an ancient palace in seer-famed Padua. We can see the terraced garden. That “purest of all human pleasures,” which “highly refreshes and recreates the spirits. There are the marble balustrades and steps, decorated with vases of sweet flowering plants. The vine-arbour with its heavy bunches of blooming grapes is before us, and fancy so assists and sharpens our senses

that the tuberose and orange blossoms of the south seem to fill the nostrils with their fragrance. In the midst is a sparkling jet d'eau where a naiad is wringing out her foam-besprinkled locks—while in the basin grow the large white blossoms of the water lily—the “*candida lilia*” so beloved by the old poets. Let us walk into the dark wainscotted library, its tall windows are glowing with coloured glass—through which the evening sun streams, and from the pane smiles some sweet saint of old Romish story with her crown of ethereal blossoms and her martyr's palm—

“The God I serve
Laughs at your happy Araby—or the
Elysian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.”

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

The breeze that rustles amid those scarlet damask curtains bears thither the tones of the vesper hymn—it is chanted in the cathedral hard by. Let us imagine that the Assumption of the Blessed Mary is celebrated in those venerable aisles, lighted up with the glory of departing day—that these words sound in broken syllables through that library sacred to female genius—

“*Oh concessa tibi quanta potestas :
Per te quanta venit gratia terris !*”

That beautiful Magdalen in the young days of her religion, which adorns the dark walnut panels is doubtless by the Sofaniska and her gifted sisters. The chisel of *Properzia dei Rossi* carved the bas-relief on that chimney piece. The subject is the Rape of *Proserpina*. There is the graceful band of handmaids as described by *Ovid*—

“*Hæc implet lento calathos e vimine textos :
Hæc gremium, laxos degravat illa sinus.
Illa legit calthas : huic sunt violaria curæ :
Illa papaveras subsecat ungue comas.*”

Surely that wondrous specimen of colouring and finish, the holy group of the Virgin and Child, is by *Marguerite Van Eyck* ? She who vowed her youth and affections to the study and cultivation of her beautiful art—who wedded it for her life's companion and solace, and worked with her gifted brothers, the pride, living and dead, of their good town of Ghent. The glories of the jeweller and lapidary undimmed by the suns of centuries gleam on the robe and girdle of the Jewish maiden, that meek wild-flower of

the quiet valley whose very humility seems to have recommended her to that high distinction in earth and heaven, which made her "Blessed among women." There is a peculiar freshness of colouring—a delicacy and chastity of expression—in the nearly shadowless face of Mary, which is sometimes seen in these early masters, and almost causes us to overlook the elaboration of their verdant back-ground, their Chinese disregard of perspective and well-meant determination to lay the several scenes of the crowded narratives before the gazer. Heaven and earth, and even the nethermost hell their pictures sometimes embraced; the much cherished *unities* did not fetter the genius of these fathers of Art. How quaint is the stiffness of some of their figures, the perverse ugliness of others! They seem often to have selected as a worthy model, some burly burgher of that humid land of good beer and gin—or his gaunt uncomely wife, and a world of pains is taken to pourtray each wooden mis-shapen feature in its own individual perfection of ugliness, the scanty beard equally undesirable in man and woman is copied to a hair with a religious fidelity. Aye! and there are the very excrescences which the good things of Dives had doubtless promoted to adorn that burgher visage three hundred years ago; but for which the possessor never coveted an immortality; there however they live "perennius ære" thanks to the unliving patience and faithful pencil of the Van Eycks and their succeeding school! But we have no right to pause to discuss these subjects. Let us turn to the walls of Count Leopold Ferri's library. There gleam in white vellum and gold, in their fragrant Russian and Morocco bindings, the graceful tomes that have in various times emanated from the female pen. "Il y a une galanterie spirituelle aussi bien qu'une sensuelle," says Nicole, one of the learned and pious solitaires of Port Royal, and with this characteristic the Count Leopold must have been largely endowed. Of his life, and its joy, or his sorrow, we know not, and probably never shall learn more, his faults and virtues will all sleep in a calm and safe oblivion; all save this one, that he loved and encouraged female genius, learning, and labour. Ariosto, in a spirit of gallantry that rivals the Count's, declares—

"Le Donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun' arte ov' hanno posto cura."

Though Lord Jeffreys is not quite prepared to go so far in their

favour he has yet spoken in terms highly flattering of the result of woman's talent and application. In his review of Felicia Hemans, he says, "Women we fear cannot do everything, but what they can do, they do for the most part excellently, and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex." After telling us very justly what women cannot do; how the fierce sullen passion of the multitude—the mixed motives and strong faulty characters—are beyond their scan and powers of delineation; after dwelling on "their substantial and incurable ignorance of business," he tells us pleasantly and wisely of their excellencies. "When women have turned their minds, as they have done but too seldom to the exposition and arrangement of any branch of knowledge they have commonly exhibited we think a more beautiful accuracy, and a more uniform and complete justness of thinking than their less discriminating brethren." And certainly Anne Dacier, Elizabeth Carter, and Mary Sommerville, have displayed learning and research of the highest order. The few scattered leaves penned by Olympia Morata assure us that the far-famed erudition of some of the eminent women of former ages was not exaggerated. There are the works of this gifted and gentle creature in Count Ferri's library. The book is dedicated to the great Queen Elizabeth by the learned editor, Curio; it contains some short papers and letters, remarkable for the elegance of their Latin, and the sound and enlightened views of our Christian faith, for Olympia was one of that small and dispersed band who professed the doctrines of the Reformed Church in the very jaws of its powerful opponent in Papal Italy. To be a Lutheran, or Reformed Christian, then and there, was to face death in its most abhorrent and terrible forms—torture, and dungeon, and fire; but the fair companion of Anne of Este dared these perils; and those who read her few and scattered pages will see how much of sorrow and persecution, of genius, learning, and virtue, can be crowded into twenty-nine brief years of a painful existence. "The Tenth Muse," as her scholar friends and contemporaries called her, was the companion selected by the Duchess Renée of Ferrara for her distinguished daughter, Anne of Este, afterwards the wife of François, Duke of Guise, who was shot by the madman, Poltrot. For ten years the fair students lived under the same roof, and there she became imbued with the religious opinions of the Duchess Renée, and they were strongly Protestant. Her court was fre-

quoted by Ochino, one of the most eminent of the persecuted band of Italian reformers, and many others of the same opinions. Even in these days of universal education, and general literary taste, and acquirement, we are startled to read of the extent and depth of Olympia's learning. "She wrote," says her biographer, Curio, "observations on Homer, the Prince of Poets, whom she translated with great strength and sweetness. She composed many and various poems with great elegance, especially on divine subjects, and dialogues in Greek and Latin, in imitation of Plato and Cicero, in such perfection that even Zoilus himself could have found nothing to criticise." That high indomitable martyr spirit which sustained Perpetua in the arena, and Anne Askew on the rack, eminently distinguished this refined and tender creature who had been the admired of courts and schools. We quote from a letter addressed to her sister:—"Whoever wishes to be a Christian must bear his cross with him in all places. One thing I implore, that God may bestow on me faith and constancy even to the end—which I trust he will do—for has he not promised to hear my prayers? I constantly pour out my soul to him—nor is it in vain; for I feel myself so strengthened and supported that I would not yield even a hair-breadth in the cause of religion to its adversaries, who are in possession of every earthly advantage."

"La plus belle destinée d'une Femme," says an accomplished French writer, Madame C. Bodin, "est d'inspirer un sentiment sincère; dans cette vie d'épreuves morales et de douleurs physiques qui est presque entièrement notre partage, ce qui nous console, c'est une affection profonde et sure: si tu la repousse dans ce moment, qui sait si tu la retrouveras jamais?" Nor did Olympia repulse this great blessing of her short life, for in her marriage with Andrew Gründler, a young physician of great learning and merit, she was very happy. This amiable person possessed similar tastes, and was justly proud of the accomplishments of his beloved wife. Amid her exile from Italy, from whence religious persecution drove her, and the vicissitudes of her German wanderings, she ever found the most precious sympathy and support in her husband. Like one of those whom they humbly sought to imitate, these young and zealous servants of God were "in perils oft" in besieged cities—driven forth by fire, famine, and sword—at one time the courted friends and guests of sovereigns and merchant princes—at the next, the beautiful Tenth Muse was

fleeing before a pursuing army, her shoeless feet cut by flints, and clad in a gown not her own.

We conclude this notice of one of the many female authoresses before us, by an extract from her last letter, addressed to Curio, the editor of her works ; she died a few days afterwards, and her hand was almost numbed by death ere the completion of this epistle, and visions were floating around her of that heaven which she was about to enter. "I beheld," said she to her weeping husband, "just now, while lying quiet, a place filled with the clearest and brightest light." Weakness prevented her saying more, and Andrew Gröndler whispered to her words of good cheer ; she smiled on him for the last time on earth, and murmured, "I am all gladness. I scarcely know you ; but all places appear to me to be full of the fairest flowers ;" and, as if falling into a sweet slumber, her pure and chastened spirit passed from the toils and troubles of its earthly pilgrimage. Her letter is dated October, 1555. "My dearest father, Curio," she writes, "you may conceive how tenderly those who are united by true, that is, by Christian friendship, feel for one another when I tell you that the perusal of your letter drew tears from my eyes ; for on learning that you had been rescued from the jaws of the grave, I wept for joy. May God long preserve you to be a blessing to his church. As to myself, my dear Curio, I must inform you that there are now no hopes of my surviving long. No medicine gives me any relief. Every day—indeed every hour—my friends look for my dissolution. It is probable that this may be the last letter you will receive from me. My body and strength are wasted—my appetite is gone. Night and day the cough threatens to suffocate me. The fever is strong and unremitting, and the pains which I feel over the whole of my body deprive me of sleep. Nothing, therefore, remains but that I breathe out my spirit ; but so long as life continues, I will remember my friends, and the benefits I have received from them. Farewell, excellent Curio ! and do not distress yourself when you hear of my death ; for I know that I shall be victorious at the last. I am desirous to depart and be with Christ. I send you such of the poems as I have been able to write out from memory since the destruction of Schweinfürt. All my other writings have perished. I request that you will be my Aristarchus, and polish them. Again, farewell !"

Those who love to turn aside from the glare of celebrity to

trace the windings of the deep quiet brooklet of domestic affections, and pause on its banks to cull the sweet flowers that adorn its passage, sometimes blooming amid tears—these readers will be interested in learning, that those who were so united and beautiful in their lives were not long separated by the great foe of human ties. The beloved husband, and Emilius, the little brother, who occupied much of Olympia's care and thought, ere the close of the year of our Lord 1556, had passed away to rejoin the dear spirit of her who had gone before them into the rest of the saints. Oddly enough associated with this grave scholar and Christian, the voluminous Letters of De Sevigné catch our eye; that rainbow creature of smiles and tears—with all her womanly weakness and kindness of nature—her ready wit and happy vanity—that peculiar knack which she possesses of uttering profound truths amid lightsome laughter—these things have all endeared her to readers of every nation. We forgive her little affectations of sensibility, her kitten-like ebullitions of spite, intermixed as they are with keen and witty criticism—facility and elegance of language—that would have been invaluable to many a candidate for fame at bar or senate. Who could imagine that this gay being descended from the famous and sainted Madame de Chantal, the friend of St. François de Salis—she whose life was one passionate exercise of piety—whose cries and struggles against the sins which beset us, prove indeed that the salvation she sought was worked “out with fear and trembling?” A life of *déep* devotion, of constant and practical charity, of frequent change of place,—yet with still the same thoughts and projects filling her benevolent mind—all seem to have failed in giving her anxious soul that sobriety of peace, that composure in bereavements and vicissitudes, which others apparently have earned more easily. The imprisoned energies and affections of her warm heart expended themselves and were poured forth for the good of the community; yet her history leaves a painful impression behind: the error might belong to the system under which she acted—it might be a radical unconquerable defect of temperament, or a hidden and combated, because forbidden, affection—but still the fact remains unchanged before the reader. The favourite follower of that most fascinating and gentle of spiritual advisers, of the really benevolent and good François de Salis, possessed not the happy serenity, the peace which “*passeth understanding*,” so often vouchsafed to those like *her* whose patient faith, whose alms and good works, have gone up

as a memorial before God. Of a less exalted piety and of a more healthy physical constitution, the great grand-daughter of La Mère Chantal was incapable of devoting herself blindly to a religious director. She was a sincere but unbigoted Janseniste; deeply impressed with the virtue and sound views of the admirable Port Royalists, hers was not the character of mind to become either gloomy or fanatic; the strong maternal affection that filled her heart made the cloister no meet refuge for her; gay, yet profound, the sunshine of her soul banished sombre reveries—the love and mercy of God affected and impressed her mind more than his judgments. No human heart has, perhaps, ever been more sincerely opened to mortal eyes than hers, and surely few have been so well qualified to pass this fiery ordeal. In her excellencies there is nothing that daunts or abashes inferior genius, but a sympathy and simplicity that carries us along with her in her wandering from Paris to Les Roches and Grignan and back. Her very faults hardly lie on the dark side of our nature, and a very enviable fame has she left behind her. She who by some rare and skilful alchemy converted discarded lovers into admiring and life-long friends, is placed on our library-shelves in company with and enjoying as great a popularity as the chef d'œuvres of Corneille, the dramatic Oraisons Funèbres of Bossuet, the Spartan French of Pascal's *Pensées*, and the polished plays of the courtly Racine. Long could we linger were time and space allowed us, turning over the pages of this curious library—rich in Letters, Memoirs, and writings of eminent women. We see the works of the voluminous and enthusiastic De Guyon, whose effusions are among the curiosities of literature. There too are the Apocryphal Tales of the Queen of Navarre. These little volumes would offer an extraordinary instance of human inconsistency in one so eminently pious, could the authorship be proved against her; but, on the contrary, every circumstance combines to strengthen the belief that these amusing but light and questionable stories were the production of another pen. The friend and correspondent of Beza and Calvin would hardly have the inclination to invent such fictions, even supposing her to be inspired with the strong party feelings of her time, and desirous to exhibit the profligacies of the Romish priesthood to the abhorrent Huguenots. Beside these books is the undoubted work of "La Marguerite des Marguerites," breathing a spirit far more in accordance with the records of her life; "*Le Miroir de l'Âme Pêcheresse*," with its

deep tone of humiliation, and exhibiting that confidence "in the blood of Christ alone as her all-sufficient remedy" to quote the words of Beza, for which she was very remarkable. This royal authoress found an equally distinguished translator, for our great Tudor Queen rendered her work into English, and it was printed in 1548, with the title of "A Godlie Meditation of the Christian Soule."

We see the life and poems of Vittoria Colonna, the accomplished wife and widow of a hard-fighting Italian commander. The letters of the Princess Orsini, who for a time was a more arbitrary queen in Spain than even the great Isabella, and whose downfall has remained one of the mysteries of history, these and a crowd more tempt us to linger among the records of female celebrity. "Fame," said Felicia Hemans, "can only afford reflected delight to a woman;" and so perhaps it is. There is no part of that accomplished woman's life more interesting and charming than the passages that describe the pride and pleasure which her boys took in her success; their lying awake to receive the first news of the reception of their mother's play. Happy indeed is she who can gladden the eyes of affection and fill a fond heart with that most innocent exultation—that beautiful sympathy of a generous nature—which rejoices and grows proud in the success of a beloved object.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILFUL murder." Two ugly words to be flung in the teeth of a young nobleman. Nevertheless, a Surrey jury, having sat upon the body of Ebenezer Snipeton, returned such verdict—went through such matter of form, as Tangle benevolently explained it away, and young St. James, in Kingston gaol, awaited the opening of the Sessions. Happily, however, for his cause, Mr. Montecute Crawley was retained, and from the interest he expressed for the young nobleman himself, and for the house of

* Continued from page 377, Vol. V

St. James at large, there was no doubt that the learned counsel would be more than ordinarily pathetic. Kingston gaol was for some weeks the resort of very fashionable people, tender in inquiries touching the health and spirits of the noble offender; and—we sigh for human depravity as we chronicle the wickedness—more than one Kingston innkeeper was known to express a lively hope that “some fine young lord would kill a money-lender every week, it did such a world of good for business.” Thus, day after day between the murder and the trial was benevolently killed by the friends of St. James for his ease and consolation.

And the outcast, vagabond horse-stealer and returned convict, was not left friendless to count the passing hours between the dungeon and the gibbet. The Member for Liquorish, at least once a week, condescended to visit Kingston gaol, generally accompanied by Mr. Tangle, who, suddenly, expressed the tenderest sort of professional sympathy toward the offender. Mr. Capstick, the lawyer, and Bright Jem, were one day, some fortnight before the Sessions, at the prison with St. Giles in counsel upon his mode of defence, a subject which the muffin-maker seemed to fondle with growing affection—when they were summoned by the turnkey.

“If you please, gen’lemen, and you, St. Giles, you’re wanted in the infirmary,” said the man.

“With the greatest pleasure—certainly,” said Mr. Capstick. “What’s the matter?”

“Why, the prisoner, Tom Blast”—he had been committed to safe custody to insure his evidence—“wants to die.”

“Well,” cried Capstick. “Has anybody expressed any objection?”

“Not in the least,” said the turnkey, “only he says he can’t die comfortable, afore he sees you, sir, and the prisoner, St. Giles, in partic’lar. He says he wants to make himself as clean as he can afore he goes out o’ the world, and the governor has sent for the magistrate and clerk that all things may be done proper.”

“Very right—most important,” exclaimed Capstick. “Come along, St. Giles: well, death’s a rare softener. The inexpressible rascal! Poor miserable wretch!” and Capstick, duly followed, proceeded to the infirmary.

Snipeton’s bullet had done its work, although Mr. Crossbone’s professional reputation had been duly vindicated, and the lead extracted from the ruffian. It had, nevertheless, left its mortal sting

behind: Tom's intemperate habits had rendered him, as the doctor familiarly observed to the sufferer, a ticklish subject; inflammation ensued, and Thomas Blast was in a fair way, in his last hour, to defeat the prophecy of past envy, and to die in a bed with naked feet. "If I hadn't a drunk so, doctor says I'd ha' got over it," observed that philosophic scoundrel to the nurse. "It isn't the lead, but the gin. Well, if gin isn't the devil himself—cheat him as you may, he's sure in the end to be down upon us." These moral reflections were delivered by Blast with the air of a man who, nevertheless, believes that he has strength or luck enough in him to beat the devil in the long run, though he does not care to withhold a compliment to the subtlety of the demon. But days wore on, and Tom—in the agony of a hopeless soul—began to execrate the past, and to howl at the future. A day or two, a few hours, and all would be known! The chaplain of the prison preached repentance, and the culprit writhed at the adjuration as though beneath the lash. It was impossible *then* to repent; it was only to add to crime a mockery of goodness. Nevertheless, he would confess. Yes; he would lift away somewhat of the load of lies that stifled his heart; though it was no use—he knew that—still he would do it. No harm at least could come of it; and it would be something, at least for him, to do any deed which was not hurtful to somebody. And so—he would confess.

Hereupon the turnkey, by direction of the governor, proceeded to St. Giles's dungeon, and delivered the summons. Death was in Blast's face—death in his eyes—and he mumbled with a dying tongue. His awful look, his silent fight with the mastering power of nature, subdued in St. Giles all thought, all purpose of revenge. He saw before him the man who had stamped upon his yielding childhood the ineffaceable brand of infamy—he, the felon reserved for the gibbet, beheld the villain who had, in very babyhood, pre-doomed him—and yet he viewed him with compassionate, with charitable looks, for he saw a human creature fast subsiding into churchyard clay. St. Giles moved silently to the dying man; and, after a brief inward struggle, betokened by an outward shiver, held forth his hand to his old and early enemy.

"I can't take it, St. Giles—I can't take it—'twould scorch me—burn me—like—like where I'm going," muttered Blast; and still he fought for breath. "Don't speak—nobody—make no noise. And you, sir, God bless you—if I may say God—you, sir, take down what I say;" and Blast motioned to the magis-

trates' clerk, prepared to take the deposition. "Now then," cried Blast, and with an effort, the result of indomitable will asserting its last, he sat up in the bed, and controlled the horrid working of his face, the convulsive movement of his limbs. He looked terribly calm as he thus delivered himself—"St. Giles, poor boy! never stole no horse—I did it—I tricked him into it—I had the money for it—I made a thief of him—and I transported him. I wish I could live to be hanged for it—don't laugh, I do—so that they shouldn't hurt a hair of that poor cretur's head. It's been a bad world to him all along, but I've been the worst devil in it to him—and I know it. I'm a-goin' where I must answer for it. There—that's all I have to say. He was wrongfully transported, and had a right to come back agin. If any harm comes to him for it, its murder, that's all. I've got nothin'—nothin'—more to say," and the poor wretch fell back in the bed.

St. Giles sprang forward and had already one arm about Blast's neck. The dying man unclosed his burning eyes, and, for a minute, gazed intently at his victim. Then his chest heaved and laboured, and with a loud sob, his heart loosed itself in tears, that trickled down the hands of him, who had been his baby victim. Not a sound, save the sobbing of remorse, was heard. And then Capstick coughed loudly, as was his wont, on strong occasions. Bright Jem shrank into a corner, and plied his arm across his eyes.

"God bless you, St. Giles—yes, now I can say it, I didn't think I could—God bless you, St. Giles. Whatever fortin's left for you in this world, you're all right, *you* are in—in—" and Blast, as though choking, paused.

At this moment, an old acquaintance of the reader's, Kingcup, schoolmaster, entered. He was followed by a clean, comely looking child; no other than that babe of the gutter, little Jingo. When St. Giles, wandering from the town of Liqueurish, into its green neighbourhood, met Bright Jem, it may be remembered that, a minute after, young Jingo fell into the hands of his brother. Bright Jem was bound on an errand to the schoolmaster; and St. Giles, revealing himself to his early friend, took with him the vagabond boy, and briefly telling the story of his destitution, of his certain destruction in the hands of Blast, implored and induced the good old man to receive the child, Bright Jem—Capstick was for a time to know nothing of the matter—answering for necessary

charges. Kingcup, one of the unrewarded heroes of the world—a conscientious village schoolmaster—received the child as he would have snatched him from fire or flood. And the boy, in a brief time, unconsciously vindicated the wisdom, the goodness of Almighty Nature, that does not—however contrary the old-fashioned creed—send into the world crowds of infant villains; suckling scoundrels who grow in wickedness as in stature; and would seem only sent upon earth the better by shadows, to bring out the lights of respectable life. Jingo looked clean and happy; and had lost that sly, sidelong, hound-like look which, at the breast, he had been taught to copy even from the eyes that gazed down upon him. Early teaching this—but even at this moment, how many the pupils!

Bright Jem, saying no word to St. Giles, had written to Kingcup to come to the prison with his pupil.

“Why—who’s that?” cried Blast, fixing his eyes upon the child; “it can’t be him—no, it can’t be. That’s how he would have looked, poor creature, if—if he’d had a mother; if—” Here the boy held forth his hand. Blast seized it, and snatched him close to the bed. At the moment, it was plain death was in the man’s throat—was creeping into his eyes; for he drew the boy’s face close to his own, and tried—and tried to read it—and seemed baffled—and still tried. And then he passed his dying hand over the little face, and a smile—a smile of knowledge and assurance—gleamed in the features of the dying man. It was their last living expression: the next instant they were blank clay.

There was silence for a minute: and then Capstick, with a loud prefatory cough, observed to the magistrate, “The deposition is quite in form, I hope?”

“Perfectly right, sir. With deponent’s mark, and duly witnessed. All in form, sir,” answered the clerk.

“I should like to have a copy,” said Capstick, as he turned away with the magistrate.

“Certainly; I can’t see any objection. Nevertheless, my dear sir, and though I very much admire your energy in this affair; nevertheless, it would be very wrong of you to hope—don’t hope,” said his worship.

“I can’t help it,” said Capstick; “it’s my infirmity: an ailment I trust I shall carry to the grave.” And the muffin-maker, urged by the inveteracy of the disease, walked from the prison with the magistrate, affirming that it was impossible for any

Christian government to hang a man in the face of such a deposition.

The magistrate paused, smiled, and, making a farewell bow, blandly observed—"Impossible ! My dear sir, you'll pardon my frankness ; but—I must say it—I wonder that you, as a member of Parliament, don't know better—very much better—than to say so. Good morning."

Time passed, and the trumpets brayed, in the streets of Kingston, the advent of Justice. She had come with nicest balance, to weigh the sins of men—with Mercy, doubtless, somewhere in her train to wait upon her.

The trial of young St. James took precedence of the trial of St. Giles. This was to be expected. "Better first," as a simple dweller in Kingston observed, in easy gossip, to a neighbour. The trial of a nobleman, and for murder, too, was a great event for the town ; and the small traders and inhabitants, in their artless way, hailed it with all due honour. Stalls—even as at joyous fair time—were set up in the streets ; and gingerbread, and ginger-nuts, were offered to the faint and hungry. People put on their best clothes, and at parlour windows, in public houses, and at street corners, airily discussed the question, "whether his lordship would be hanged or not ?" The general opinion, however, ran in favour of his lordship's vitality ; not from the conviction of his merits in the case ; certainly not ; but from a stiff-necked belief in a prejudiced people that "they'd never hang a lord, though he'd killed fifty men." And yet, had the good populace paused to think, they might have acknowledged that Tyburn Tree had borne such fruit.

The day of trial dawned. Never before had ostlers been so busy in the town of Kingston. "Never such posting in the memory of man," was an opinion generally indulged in the stable-yards ; "never so much nobility and gentry in Kingston afore" was the satisfied thought of innkeepers at the bar. Nobody could have thought that the murder of a money-lender—who, it had been profanely uttered in the street, was better out of the world than in it—would have done so much good for the trade of Kingston.

The town was all life—three-parts fashionable life. Beaux and beauties had flocked from London, significantly to testify, by their presence, to the high character of the interesting nobleman about to appear in the dock. The court was opened, and in a few

minutes—there was a murmur—a buzz—a profound hush—and young St. James stood a prisoner at the bar, the jury—twelve worthy housekeepers of Surrey—looking at him as they would have looked at one of the royal lions in the tower; a dangerous, but withal a very majestic and interesting creature.

In the first quarter of an hour, everybody showed signs of greatest interest in the case; then, by degrees, anxiety subsided, and ere half an hour had passed, a sudden stranger, uninformed of the awful business of the time, might have thought the court assembled, merely met for casual talk. However, in due season Mr. Montecute Crawley touched the heart of the assembly. Great was the rustling of silk, when he rose for the defence. He rose, he said, with great difficulty. It was plain that he was inwardly wrestling with great emotion. Already, the tears seemed very close to his eyes, and, at every instant, might be expected to run over. The learned and lachrymose counsel, in his defence, took a very comprehensive view of the case. If ever he had felt the acuteness of pain—the intensity of suffering from the conviction of his great inability to grapple with a difficulty, it was at *that* moment. However, he must not shrink, and would therefore throw himself upon the best feelings of the jury. The learned counsel said it was impossible that the distinguished nobleman at the bar could have any malice against the deceased, who had brought a violent death upon himself—and he, the counsel, would only fervently hope that the wretched man was well prepared to meet the sudden summons—by the vehemence of his passion. It had been proved in evidence, that the deceased had, from his hiding-place, sprung upon the prisoner; who, with a human instinct, quickened by nobility of blood, drew his weapon, and death ensued. Nobody could regret the issue more than himself; but the jury must bear this in mind. A man—a nobleman—believed himself assaulted by a sudden enemy; and the law of self-preservation—who could deny it? was paramount to any law, with all humility it might be said, made by king, lords, or commons. The prisoner was of noble blood. More than a thousand years ago, the blood that beat at the prisoner's heart was ennobled, and—even as a river (he would say, the Nile), flooding from an undiscovered source, widening, deepening on, bearing new glories as it runs, and with increasing and fertilizing magnificence *enriching* the family of man—so might it be said of the blood in the *veins* of the nobleman at the bar, that from the time whereto

the memory of man ran not to the contrary, it had descended from sire to sire, blessing and benefiting generation after generation. He, the counsel, would beg the jury to consider the effect of even an imaginary blow upon such a man—upon one, whose Norman ancestors had leapt on this soil of merry England, making it their own—on one whose progenitors had bled at Poitiers, and Cressy, and Marston-Moor, and—but he would not weary the attention of an enlightened jury by too minute an enumeration of the debts owed by England to the family of the distinguished individual who, at that moment unfortunately—he could not but say, unfortunately, stood at the bar. No: he would leave the number to be filled up by the intelligence of the jury he addressed. He would only again beg them to consider the effect of an imaginary blow upon a man whose family had given generals to the field, dignitaries to the court, chancellors to the —

Here the learned counsel—whose eye-lids had for some time reddened and trembled, burst into a flood of tears—sank down upon his seat and sobbed in his handkerchief. The effect was very fine upon all in court. Ladies plied their scent-bottles, and one or two, less guarded than the rest, violently blew their noses. After a decent time allowed to grief, Mr. Montecute Crawley, putting down emotion with giant will, was again upon his legs.

He had nothing more to say. With every confidence he left the case of the nobleman at the bar in the hands of the jury; convinced that they would arrive at such a verdict as would to the last day of their lengthened lives contribute to the sweetness and soundness of their nightly sleep, and the prosperity and happiness of their waking hours.

The Judge summed up the case with unusual brevity; and ere Mr. Montecute Crawley had well dried his eyes, the Jury returned a verdict—"Not guilty."

Let us pass the burst of applause that shook the roof—the crowding of friends about the innocent nobleman, no longer a prisoner, with his almost instantaneous departure for London in the carriage-and-four, confidently prepared and waiting for him at the prison walls. St. James is a free man. But our story has yet a prisoner—St. Giles.

The next day was appointed for the trial of the returned convict. The court was attended by a few idlers. Capstick, Bright Jem, and Becky—her face scalded with tears—were present; and Mr. Tangle, as solicitor for the prisoner, was very busy, and spoke

in terms of considerable tenderness to the Member for Liquorish, assuring him that at least heaven and earth should be moved to save St. Giles. "I tell you, sir," repeated the attorney—"I tell you, I'll move both heaven and earth. My interest can go no further."

"Not yet," said Capstick, and his eye twinkled.

"Silence in the court!" exclaimed the officer, and the trial was continued.

It was a very matter-of-fact case. The prisoner at the bar had been convicted, when quite a boy, of horse-stealing; evidence was given of judgment, his identity was proved, and there could remain no doubt—nevertheless, if the jury had a scruple the prisoner ought to benefit by it—of the crime of the culprit in the dock. Blast's dying declaration of the innocence of St. Giles was put in; but the judge, biting the end of his quill, shook his head.

Mr. Montecute Crawley, not being very well from the wear-and-tear of his emotions on the previous morning, albeit retained by order of St. James to defend St. Giles, was compelled to resign his brief to his junior, who would be, Mr. Crawley comfortingly observed, a very promising young man one day. The young gentleman, evidently satisfied himself with his defence of the prisoner, and, indeed, had hardly ceased to acknowledge the encouraging nod of the leader, when the judge, having shortly summed up, the jury, not stirring from the box, returned their verdict—"Guilty."

There was a heavy fall upon the floor, and poor Becky, pale and insensible as a corpse, was carried out.

The judge placed the black cap upon his head. "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "you have been tried by a jury of your fellow-countrymen, and have been found guilty of a most heinous crime against the peace of our sovereign lord the king, and the laws of this realm. I am sorry that there is nothing in your case that pleads for the least chance of mercy. Far be it from me to add to your suffering at this moment by any harsh word of mine. Nevertheless, it is only due to society that I should briefly dwell upon the career that has brought you to this most dreadful condition. It appears that, altogether heedless of the blessings of a Christian society and Christian influences, you, at a very early age, in fact, as a mere child, broke the commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Your thefts, I grant, were petty ones;

but robbery grows with growth. You proceeded in your reckless conduct, and were at length—I have the conviction before me—condemned to death for horse-stealing.”

“My lord, the deposition!” cried Capstick.

“Take that man into custody, if he speaks another word,” thundered the judge to the officer. Then, after a pause, he continued.

“The deposition shall be forwarded to the proper quarter; but I would solemnly advise you, prisoner at the bar, to indulge in no vain hope upon that head. As I have already said, you were condemned to death for horse-stealing, when the royal clemency intervened, and your sentence was commuted to transportation. You were sent to a country, blest with a salubrious climate and a most fertile soil. And you ought to have shown your gratitude for your deliverance from a shameful death by remaining in your adopted land. However, your natural hardness of heart prompted you to fly in the face of the king’s mercy, and to return to this kingdom. The punishment for this crime is wisely ordered by our law to be death. This punishment you will suffer. In the time, however, that will elapse ere you are called from this world, you will be attended by a Christian minister, who will instruct your darkened mind with the glorious truths of Christianity; will teach you their goodness, their abounding mercy, and, above all, their charity for all men. You will have the means of this consolation; I implore you, make use of them. And now, the sentence of this court is that you be taken to whence you came, and be hanged by the neck until you are dead.”

Briefly, St. Giles was not hanged. No. St. James repeated the good work of his boyhood, and—aided by Capstick, who made his maiden speech in Parliament on the question, calling the attention of the minister to the confession of Blast—St. Giles was pardoned. He married Becky, and lived and died a decent shop-keeper. Indeed, he had so far beaten the prejudices of the world, that ere he parted from it, he had been intrusted with the duties of churchwarden.

St. James, a few weeks after the trial, went abroad, made the grand tour, returned, married a duke’s daughter, and to the end of his days, supported to the utmost the dignity of his order.

Mr. Crossbone, defeated in his hopes of court preferment, again

retired to the country, to cultivate the weeds of life. He, however, had the subsequent satisfaction of transporting Mr. Robert Willis for highway robbery; an operation performed at the cheapest cost to Mr. Crossbone, as the robber pillaged him of only four and twopence and a tobacco-stopper.

A metropolitan tombstone still attests the pleasing fact, that Mr. Tangle died at the age of eighty-two, "a faithful husband, an affectionate father, and an unswerving friend. His charity was as boundless as it was unostentatious." Thus speaks Tangle's tomb-stone; and who—save it may be the recording angel—shall contradict a tomb-stone?

And Clarissa—What of Clarissa? She shrank from the world, and living, was not of life, but died the daily death of a wasting heart—one other victim to the thousands gone and—to come.

And Capstick, at the end of the first session, took office—became the steward of the Children Hundreds. He and Bright Jem went back to the Tub, and many a time would talk of the events that, all imperfectly, we have chronicled in these pages. Capstick retained his old humour to the last. He would often talk of St. James and St. Giles, and would always end his discourse with something like these words:—

"Well. St. James sneaked away upon a tour, and St. Giles was pardoned; all right that it should be so. Nevertheless, Jem, as it's turned out, it's more like the happy wind-up of a story on paper than a bit of real life. I can't make it out how it has so happened; for I expected nothing less than that St. Giles would be hanged, and the Lord St. James sent to some foreign court as English Ambassador."

New Books.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER, a Comedy by NICHOLAS UDALL. And the TRAGEDIE OF GORBODUC, by THOMAS NORTON and THOMAS SACKVILLE. With Introductory Memoirs: edited by W. DURRANT COOPER, F.S.A. 8vo. Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

THE first comedy in the English language carries the mind back, as to a fountain, up a long and mighty stream; from this single well what a literature has flowed—what an endless illustration of human life and the world! How soon it expanded into a literature so noble, that it must endure with human nature itself! The origin of this, the greatest and the most original class of modern literature—a literature that may well stand in complete opposition to the classic—is of itself highly interesting; and the Shakespeare Society has never employed itself better than in giving, with all the perfection and accuracy that scholarship could bestow, these two early monuments and key-stones to our unique and magnificent drama.

Of the intrinsic merits of these antique plays, it is not our intention to dissertate; had they not been the earliest known, and in all probability the first productions of the respective Muses in this country, we still think they would have deserved careful editing, and be worthy of reprinting. In the comedy is strongly expressed the broad mirth peculiar to our race, and in the tragedy "the high and stately grandeur" which, if sometimes deficient in grace, is typical of that national energy which has covered the sea with ships, and the land with railroads.

The following brief account of each, from Mr. Cooper's full and accurate preface and memoirs, must be interesting to the reader:—

"It is well known that the existence of a copy of Ralph Roister Doister, as printed in 1566, was only discovered in 1818, and that the letter of Merygreeke (see pp. 47 and 54) was quoted by T. Wilson in 'The Rule of Reason, containing the arte of logique,' printed in 1551, where he gives it as 'An example of such doubtful writing, which by reason of pointing, may have a double sense or contrary meaning, taken out of an Interlude made by Nicholas Udall.' The authorship of Udall was first established by Mr. Collier, in his Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry, vol. ii. p. 445. This Comedy must therefore have preceded by at least fifteen (and I believe by not less than thirty) years Still's comedy of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' acted in 1566. 'The scene of Ralph Roister Doister,' says Mr. Collier, 'is laid in London, so that in no slight degree it is a representation of the manners of more polished society, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of thinking and acting in the metropolis, at the period when it was written. It is divided into acts

and scenes, and is one of the earliest productions for the stage, which has reached us, in a printed shape, with these distinctions." The interest of the plot, the cleverness of the situations, and the wit and humour of the dialogue, all warrant the title of a true Comedy. It was reprinted, but without particular care, by James Compton, for the Rev. Mr. Briggs, in 1818; and also, with more attention, but still with several errors, by F. Marshall, in 1821; and again, in 1830, by Thomas White, in the first volume of his 'Old English Drama.' Of the notes to the edition of 1821 I have largely availed myself.

"The Tragedy of Gorboduc was written for and exhibited at one of the famous Christmas festivities holden at the Inner Temple in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was afterwards acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, 'before the Quene's most excellent Majestie in her highnes court at Whitehall, the 18th January, 1561.' It was not, however, printed till 1565 by William Griffith; from what MS. does not appear.

"For the character of the Tragedy itself I need only refer to the discriminating and qualified praise of Sir Philip Sydney, C. Lamb, and Collier; and to Rymer and Pope's direct and somewhat extravagant opinions of its beauty. Dryden and Oldham, who criticised it adversely, seem never to have seen a copy, or, at any rate, never to have studied the work. Whatever be its dramatic merits, however, the play is remarkable for the following characteristics: it was the first historical subject regularly brought upon the stage of this country; it is the earliest extant piece, which can with any fitness be called a tragedy; and it was the first play in the English language written in blank verse. How long it kept the stage has not been ascertained, but the subject was popular, and W. Haughton, in March, 1599, and April, 1600, received from Henslowe, in different payments, £4 15s. for his 'booke called ferex and porrex.'"

The memoirs of Udall, Norton, and Sackville are full and extremely interesting, and throw a stronger light on the authors and the literature of the time than is to be found elsewhere. The Shakespeare and other Societies of the same kind have been regarded by general readers as so exclusively devoted to antiquarian literature as to be removed from the sympathy of the more universal scholar. Though there may be some truth in this remark, it applies less to the Shakespeare Society than any other. In the present instance is given a book, which, treating as it does of a most important era of literature, is one necessary to be known to every intelligent student, and comprising in addition two vigorous and original works. And out of the thirty volumes already issued by this diligent Society, will be found many highly interesting to the general reader. All will be necessary to those who are eager to comprehend every phrase of the great dramatist; but those who only read him for the obvious passages of poetry and wisdom, will still find amongst these volumes many as interesting to him as the whole of them are to the archaeological student. This last issue is necessary to every library that has a shelf for the drama.

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION. By MRS. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. 2 Vols. post 8vo. E. Moxon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MALTA, SICILY, AND THE CONTINENT. By PENRY WILLIAMS, Jun., Esq. 1 Vol. fcap. 8vo. Fraser & Co., Edinburgh.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST. By CONSTANTINE TISCHENDROFF. Translated from the German, by W. E. SHUCKARD. 1 Vol. 16mo. Longman & Co.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM IN THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC AND THE JUNGFAU ALPS. By GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D. 12mo. W. Collins, Glasgow.

VIEWS A-FOOT; OR, EUROPE SEEN WITH KNAPSACK AND STAFF. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. Two Parts, 16mo. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam.

OF all the advantages that wealth and leisure afford, perhaps the power of travelling is the most envied. The soberest minds are stimulated by the succession of novelties which it affords; and the senses never hold so justifiable a sway over the intellect, as when they are indulged with all the stimuli of perpetual change, and are regaled in every way under the plea of obtaining intellectual advantages. The formal, the conventional, the dull, equally with the man of the world, the man of intellect or learning, find delight in this reasonable idleness, this indolent activity. It is the nearest approach to individual freedom that can be attained by civilised man; and, perhaps, the spirit is never so light, the feelings so disengaged, as, when about to start on travelling expeditions, we prepare for adventure of a most gentle kind, and bid adieu to the formalities and the routine of every-day existence. It has, in some men, merged into a passion which the greatest dangers could not moderate, nor the most painful endurances subdue. Ledyard perished in the pursuit of a taste in which, he confessed, he endured so much that he would neither write nor tell what he had suffered in passing through Norway in the winter. Hundreds of others could make the same confession; and the ardour for travel, and the passion for adventure, no doubt crowded the ranks of the crusaders with men who mistook much restlessness for much religion. The inclination is no way abated, but rather increased, by the restrictions of modern society; and of this we have proof by the volumes at the head of this notice, as well by numerous others on our table.

In this Brummagem age, however, every luxury has its cheap substitute, and not only the gent for the gentleman, but electro-gold and electro-gems, and a complete gradation from King Hudson's house to the ten-pounder. Literature, too, supplies the universal craving excited by the universal imitation, and the press daily yields travels for all those who cannot shake off "the chain on their shins", and are bound to the purlieus of the law courts and the hospitals, or by the dominion of the counting-house. Those who cannot have sensations themselves participate in those of others more fortunate, and enjoy, second-hand, the glow

of enthusiasm created by the contact of the wonders of nature and the beauties of art. They have the advantage, too, of choosing their companions, and can make a choice, as a *conducteur*, of the impulsive, ardent, downright, and observant Mrs. Butler; precise Mr. Williams; the persevering and intelligent Taylor, a pedestrian tourist; the learned and religious Tischendorff; or the controversial and Calvinistic Cheever. For our own parts, we must give the preference to the lady; in nowise because she is of the better sex, but because there is in her book a greater amount of genuine impression recorded, and a greater amount of experience gathered than in the journals of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Butler is wilful: she dares much, but often succeeds. She sets down an impression as forcibly as it occurred, and dashes off a description without any sorting of terms or niceness of phrase. If she is not always delicate, she is always true; and she is so pure of spirit, that she can afford to dispense with particularity of expression. As she is also of a very impulsive nature, (judging entirely by her writings,) she sees and endures double that of phlegmatic travellers, whether pilgrims or philosophers. Together with a catalogue *raisonnée* of the museums and wonders she visits, she gives us dramatic expositions of the other visitors, and the showmen. Her page is ever stirring with life, and we have the reflex of a very lively spirit shedding the influence of intelligence and activity, if not of gaiety, on all it comes in contact with. It is true the lady is very egotistic; somewhat even exacting; chides roughly bankers' clerks who ask requisite questions, and anathematizes custom-house officers, who pursue the cold routine of official duties, unsubdued by the magic of name or manner. Still, she has quick eyes, and a happy expression for all that is odd, or *outré*, or novel; large sympathies with the grand and the beautiful; is bold in heart as well as utterance; and the memories of so much genius of her own, and her fine family, cling around her, that, in spite of a tinge of arrogance and self-assertion, she becomes the involuntary heroine of her own work, and the book is closed with the feeling that we have made a friend, though we have lost the individual.

"A Year of Consolation" is not only a record of travels, but of feelings: and these are as frequently expressed in verse as in prose—in little tablets of poetry, or bright sentences, with pretty images and strong feelings. It is not a grand heroic picture, but a mosaic work, made up of bright and shining bits. There is occasionally a vein of sorrow and melancholy, and a Byronic strain is often apparent, but these come so closely in contact with a sly humorous observation, and a never-ceasing vigilance as to money matters, that the keenness of one's sympathy is assuaged by the extreme care that is exemplified. By the way, it might occur to some readers, that it is not only vintners, and hatters, and postmasters, that set an exorbitant price on their services or their merchandise. The consolations of religion are also so prominently expressed, and seem to be so fervently felt, that the lachrymose verse may be taken to be a verbal utterance of a passing sentiment.

We can only give a slight sample from these varying volumes, as we must pass on to our other travellers. Here is one of her landscapes :—

"We passed close along the lake of Albano, whose melancholy, cheerless-looking water goes deep down from the very banks—drowning, dismal-looking water, like a smooth polished floor of solid dark-green marble—it made me shudder. The water has taken the place of the fires of a volcano ; and the gloomy stillness that broods over the whole resembles the repose of exhausted convulsion, and filled me with a sort of awe in spite of its smiling walls of vivid chestnut, and moonlight-looking patches of silvery olive trees, and green garlands of the vineyards on its banks. How much less beautiful I thought it, because so much less friendly and humane, than the lovely little lake between Lenox and Stockbridge, with its shallow sunny shores, where the transparent water plays over broad slabs of glittering granite—its middle depths of darkest sapphire, and the mysterious bower of pine trees whence the springs that feed it come, under which the white fragrant water-lilies, like a company of nymphs, float and rock in the shade. At mid-day we rested and eat our lunch under a noble tree, high above the lake ; thence passing along the upper gallery, as it is called, a winding road with splendid single trees leaning over it, producing the most enchanting effect of light and shade. At Albano we resumed our carriage, and returned home through Castel Gandolfo, and along the side of the lake, where the great Roman emissary was made, when, in the twilight times of the conquest of Veii, it overflowed its banks. The whole drive was admirably beautiful ; on one side of us the deep-lying, verd antique lake—the campagna, bounded by the glittering Mediterranean, on the other. There are no words for the splendour and beauty of the scene. Behind Marino we passed a beautiful glen, a fine wood, and the grey buildings of the village hemming it in on either side ; while in the deep rocky ravine, a large stone fountain, a rushing brook, and an ivy-mantled ruined tower, formed a perfect and most romantic picture."

And here, a specimen of her passionate poetry, feeling struggling with intellect for an intelligible utterance :—

ON A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

"Terrible music, whose strange utterance
Seem'd like the spell of some dread conscious trance ;
Impotent misery, helpless despair,
With far-off visions of things dear and fair ;
Restless desire, sharp poignant agonies ;
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories ;
Struggle and tempest, and around it all,
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall
Stifling it slowly ; a wild wail for life,
Sinking in darkness—a short passionate strife
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth ;
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth ;
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day ;

Dim faces growing pale in distant lands ;
 Departing feet, and slowly severing hands ;
 Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,—
 The mockery of a blessing come too late ;
 Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,—
 This curse that music seem'd to speak to me."

The rest of our travellers are much simpler persons to deal with. If they have less of genius they are also less wayward and more on a level with every-day life. Their enthusiasm never rises into passion, nor their emotions into poetry.

Mr. Penry Williams, junior, has flitted through Malta, Sicily, Italy, and Switzerland, with utilitarian motives—to revive the health of his family, gratify his own tastes, and, we must add, we think, to write a book. He appears (as he manifests himself in print) to be on remarkably good terms with himself, and not too easily swayed by the judgment of others. The dissertations of the learned—the highest productions of art—the most celebrated scenes in nature are despatched with a brief sentence of approbation or disapprobation ; and too frequently with the latter. He too, like his fellow travellers, writes as if no work had preceded him on the subject, and as if Italy was a virgin land to the tourist, and her magnificent show-places unknown to reader or traveller. He, however, rather takes to the comic or lively style of narration—an increasing fashion since friend Titmarsh was facetious all the way from the Chops of the Channel to Grand Cairo ; but notwithstanding, this strain is preferable to the dolorous. It is to be regretted that the staple of all modern travelling narration is intense egotism. It would be a great improvement in this style of composition if, emulating the first great tourist, Julius Cæsar, it could be composed in the third person.

Mr. Williams's book is not however without its uses ; we do not sympathise with his taste, nor defer to his judgment ; but it contains, in a brief space, a good deal of information which must be serviceable to those desirous of pursuing the same route. It is not rhapsodical ; and there is some of the colouring of a romantic mind. Italy seems no more to him than Wales or Scotland, as regards association—a power of mind, by the way, not so frequent with publishing travellers as it ought to be. However, if we have not any poetry, we have a good many facts. Though travellers strangely disagree. Mrs. Butler tells us the women of Rome are very handsome ; Mr. Williams the contrary. But as the sexes have never agreed on the subject of female beauty, Mr. Williams is probably right ; and moreover is confirmed by the thousand and one other writers of tours through Italy. The following is a strange announcement as to Thorwaldsen :—

" Nothing can be more courteous and polite than the reception given by the artists to those who visit their studios, though these visits must occasionally be most cruel interruptions. A sculptor, however, suffers less than

a painter from the infliction : his model once completed, the chief part of the labour which falls to his share is nearly at an end. The principal portion of the marble work is a matter of rule and compass, and is done by deputy, so that he probably is occasionally able to afford a few hours for idleness. I was rather surprised at hearing it stated as a notorious fact, with regard to Thorwaldsen, that he rarely touched the marble in any of his later works, some of which he had never even seen after their completion. Of this the Swiss lion at Lucerne may be quoted as an instance. But to the painter, frequent interruptions are a serious evil. He has little assistance to depend upon from the hands of others. His colours may be placed upon his palette, and his brushes washed ; but few like intrusting the smallest part of the design to any hands but their own."

On relooking over Mr. Williams's book, we cannot but admit that he has crammed a very great number of facts into his little volume, and that it is a useful guide-book, with a greater liveliness of style than usually belongs to that very dull class of literature. The following note may be instructive to country cousins :—

"*Colosseum*.—This word is written Coliseum, Coliseum, and Colosseum. I have adopted the latter, as being the nearest to Colossus, from whence all three are derived, from the well-known fact of a colossal statue of Nero having been discovered in the immediate vicinity of the Amphitheatre."

We have now to turn to a more solemn traveller, and a more sublime region. Constantine Tischendorff pursued his way through the Holy Land, not as an idle tourist, but a fervent pilgrim. He solicits attention to his "Biblico-critical" labours, and expresses "a hope that amid the mighty struggle of ecclesiastical interests, a salutation will be welcome to many from that land of palms, whence the imperishable Word of Peace has resounded to every one that has a heart fitted to be its receptacle."

We turn over the leaf of his preface, and plunge into his book, respectful of his sincere and ardent devotion. Nor will it any way deceive the reader. It is worthy of the name of a book of travels ; and, in the more luxurious times of book-making, would have been published in a goodly quarto, and would have been read with profound respect by rich scholars, and probably reviewed at large in one of the two Quarterlies. It abounds with interesting information and learning, pleasingly expressed. It is a book worthy to be put beside "Purchas his Pilgrimages," Clarke, and those travellers truly worthy of the name, who travel, not only to record every dinner they miss, or their squabbles with postmasters and couriers, but to convey a knowledge of mankind, and the earth in its wondrous variety. Such know and feel the power of association, and their egotism vanishes in their veneration and appreciation of the places they visit. We have no room to say more, and can only give the following sample of his style. The first portion of the sentence might have been uttered by "The Modern Tancred" himself.

"Jerusalem is said to lie in the centre of the earth ; a marble wreath in the centre of the pavement of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre indicates its precise position. This calculation is doubtlessly erroneous ; but that Jerusalem is to the nations of the earth's circumference the great maternal heart wherein beat the pulsations of their own hearts, the eye of the pilgrim distinctly feels. Christians of the East and of the West, as various in their confessions as in their languages, Mahometans, Jews, all dwell beneath the roofs of the Holy City. It is not worldly interests that have here drawn them together ; not the promptings of vanity, but the impulse to pray upon a spot sacred and holy above any other spot in the world. Believers in Mahometanism possess here their incomparable mosque elevated over the ruins of the temple of Solomon. All else is open to the inspection of the stranger. Omar's mosque alone is inviolably closed to him. Christians congregate here beneath the cupolas raised over Golgotha and the Sepulchre of our Lord. What in comparison with this is the magnificence of St. Peter's or the splendour of St. Paul's ! The children of Israel come hither from afar. What do they call their property among all the holy things of the city of David ? A narrow corner alone remains to them of Jehovah's temple to kneel within and weep. Who could approach this place of lamentation on a Friday, when women are never wanting with tears beneath their veils, without sympathising deeply with the fate of this people ! It calls the patriarchs, with whom God discoursed, its ancestors ; in David and Solomon it possessed princes whose wisdom the world admires, and the voices of the prophets addressed them in sublime and imperishable language. It stood forth as the chosen people of God, a holy oasis in humanity, nurturing in its heart the promise of the Messiah."

The "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc, and the Jungfrau Alps," by the Rev. Doctor Cheever, is also a book so far of a higher class than the mere record of a holiday tourist, that it is ambitious of drawing "sermons from stones," and for "good" we must say "lessons in everything." So far we go with our traveller ; but think his book would have been more amusing, and therefore more beneficial, as well as more extensive in its operation, if he had not quite so much symbolised his descriptions, and, as it were, almost rewritten his lectures on the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The fast-increasing flux of literature overwhelming us, almost, in our critical capacity, with its inundation, has compelled us to consider what natural boundary there is to such a cataract of writing. It never could be intended that every one should be writers, or at least publishers, and therefore we conceive that there is a kind of "right divine" bestowed on the chosen of Apollo ; and those who cannot justify, or do not manifest their title to this commission of the god should be arrested, and put under restraint, as the vagabonds of literature, and be sent back to some honest and humbler calling. We cannot think that "the right divine" of writing can be awarded to Dr. Cheever. He indeed puts himself out of court, for he tells us he hopes only to express what *he himself* felt at the sublimities of nature, in the regions through which *he* travelled, and that he cannot hope to re-create in his reader

the sensations that have so affected him. Now "the divine faculty" is exactly that which would enable him to do this; and if he cannot effect this, then he should confine himself to private utterance, or scientific forms of expression.

Dr. Cheever is an American, and his work has been reprinted without a word to that effect: a proceeding which, though truly American, is by no means worthy of British imitation. He is an ardent, and, apparently, devout Calvinistic minister, well informed in his professional literature, and, so far, qualified to speak of many matters. The continual mingling of divine and human affairs, the ostentatious tone of his dissertation, and the vehemence of his opinions, together with the indestructible egotism common to all travellers, render his book heavy reading. The everlasting freshness of nature, however, comes to his aid, and anything that revives or raises up images of that great and noble region must interest. And notwithstanding the hundreds of descriptions extant of the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, the reader is never weary of the subject, though he may be of the narrator. The following is one of the most picturesque passages we have met, and the closing paragraph will show the officious way in which the doctor will think for his reader, not giving him a chance for reflection.

"Now we overlook the Vale of the Upper Hasli, with the Aar winding through it. As I sit upon a rock by the way-side and sketch these words, the air is full of melody, the birds are singing thoughtfully, the large grasshoppers make a sonorous merry chirping, and the bells of the goats are tinkling among the herbage and trees on the sides of the mountains. The dewy mist has not yet passed from the grass, but lies in a thin, transparent haze over the meadow. Half way across lies the deep shadow of a mighty mountain peak, over which the sun is rising; but beyond this shade the chalets and clumps of trees are glittering and smoking in the morning sunshine. The mist-clouds are now lingering only within the ridges of the farthest mountains, while the whole grand outline cuts the deep cloudless blue of heaven. The shafts of light shoot down into the vale, past the angular peaks and defiles. No language can tell the beauty of the view. I could sit here for hours, not desiring to stir a step further. The mind and heart are filled with its loveliness, and one cannot help blessing God for the great and pure enjoyment of beholding it. If his grace may but sanctify it, it will be like a sweet chapter of his word, and one may go on his way, refreshed as Pilgrim was when he had gazed over the distant celestial glory from the Delectable mountains."

"Views A-foot; or, Europeseen with Knapsack and Staff," is also a reprint, or indeed an actual importation of an American book. Surely nothing but the greater cheapness gained by avoiding payment to the authors can occasion this useless influx of books of travel. If our own authors and travellers are getting more prudent and forbearing in their publications, it is but sorry treatment to overwhelm us with the continental and American narrators.

Mr. Taylor, the author, is a journeyman printer, who supported himself by his business and correspondence during a two years' travel in Europe. Such a traveller is likely to open new ground; to be natural and free in his descriptions, and to extend the horizon of our knowledge beyond the highways, posting-houses, shows, natural and artificial, which in general comprise the range of the more monied man's progress. Nor are we disappointed in any considerable degree. Though we must say that a certain imitative vein runs through all travellers, and that mediocre ability, whether cultivated or uncultivated, yields but an insipid and unsatisfying repast. Why is there ever such a disproportionate gossip as to dinners, teas, and suppers, charges, custom-house officers, and landlords? It surely would render the next book of travels more readable if the printer were empowered to strike out this stereotyped twaddle and indicate the hiatus thus caused with stars.

This and some other of the books we have noticed contain the usual rhapsodies about the Rhine scenery; but we have heard one or two independent whispers, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and that, with the exception of a very few points, more homely views can show greater beauties.

Mr. Taylor, though we do not think he much elevates the character of the modern traveller, has literary capacity; and poetical gleams break out in his narrative, and occasionally animate his descriptions and his criticisms. He is also gay and good-natured, and has no taint of sourness or misanthropy. He travels to inform himself, and not to revive sated and jaded appetites; or excite an exhausted imagination.

We have now finished our pilgrimage through many thousand pages, and over every kind of surface: but, alas! like the travellers themselves, generally along the smooth and wordy roads macadamized with the usual literary phraseology. Now and then struck by a new sentiment; sometimes by a new description; sometimes jolted by the roughness of an attempt at originality; but generally gliding smoothly along with the monotony and the ease of a Dutch canal. Albeit we must except from these remarks such portions of the works as are not geographical or topographical. Wearied with our progress we must turn to other regions of literature for repose and refreshment.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE POET AND THE MECHANIC.—ARCHER'S ADVICE TO HARDING ON THE SELF-EDUCATION OF A WORKING MAN.

BUT after all, what were a few months? Time soon passes. They must make the best of the interval. By waiting a little longer they would soon come to understand their own feelings for each other thoroughly, now that they had begun to consider these things closer. Not that Archer thought that time would make any difference in his feelings or wishes—he was sure it would not. However, as Mary requested this postponement, he had agreed. Circumstances might also take a favourable turn with respect to his uncle, and also in his own position in literature, which he resolved to make some fresh effort to improve. An occasional magazine-article or review, long digested, and written with great care and refinement, did not produce a sufficient addition to his small income, he could but admit. He would therefore seek other quarters for similar productions; or perhaps write a philosophical novel, a subject for which had often presented itself to his mind. He determined to set about these things as soon as he could sufficiently collect and arrange his ideas.

At present, however, Archer felt in a very unsettled state, as was natural he should, upon such a check to his impulses. He took a long and solitary morning's walk upon the beach, discoursing at times to the sea; and finally he bathed. In the afternoon he went to visit Harding at the dockyard.

* Continued from page 406, Vol. V.

Here Archer found many objects to arrest his attention and excite an interest. But in his admiration of the surprising works of the place, he did not pass lightly over, as it is so common to do, the men who were employed upon them. The more skilled among the workmen were especial objects of interest to him, and chiefly, of course, his attention was fixed upon Harding. Their meeting was most cordial, and a mutual pleasure. Archer went again next day to see him, and invited him to come and take a walk in the evening with him on the ramparts, after he left the dockyard, which would be at six o'clock. This proposal Harding gladly accepted.

At the appointed time Archer repaired to the ramparts. He saw Harding already walking there, dressed in a dark blue pilot coat, buttoned close up, and a low-crowned beaver hat, with a broad brim, and broad silk band. He might have been taken for the gunner, or carpenter of a man-of-war, "ashore on leave," only that he walked steadily straight forward, and without the roll and lurch which characterise seamen.

After some desultory conversation, Archer asked him if he adopted any plan for self-improvement. He said, no—no regular plan, but that he read some of the cheap periodicals of the time, such as "Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," "Howitt's Journal," "The People's Journal," "The Mechanic's Magazine," and now and then a weekly newspaper; and that he and two others subscribed for "Punch," which he finally kept as his own, by agreeing to have him last.

"All these are very good for you," said Archer, "but you ought to do more for yourself than this."

"And sometimes 'Tales of Horror,' or the 'Terrific Register,'" continued Harding rather hesitatingly; adding, in a deprecatory tone, "one feels very dull and heavy after work sometimes."

"So you stir your mind up," said Archer laughing, "with a horrible Newgate story, now and then, or the biographical reminiscences of some ghost in a bloody sheet."

"Very seldom, though; and I believe, sir, it really is a waste of time. But the good things I get hold of in other works, though they add so much to my knowledge, do yet, at the same time, make me more than ever aware of my ignorance. They continually refer to things concerning which I need help—or at least to be shown how I may learn to help myself."

"Ah! the self-education of a working man," said Archer, "is

a very difficult undertaking ; partly, from his want of sufficient time ; partly, from the want of means ; but more than all, for the want of proper direction in the employment of such time and such means as he really possesses."

"Perhaps, Mr. Archer, you would be so kind as to give me your advice in this matter."

"I shall most willingly do so ; and yet not without some apprehensions and demurs, lest, by any misdirection of the few hours you can obtain before the mechanical labours of the day commence, or after your day's work, I should do you the great injury of causing all these efforts without any adequate result. However, I will tell you what I consider the best course for a working man to adopt in his arduous task of self-education."

"I shall be very grateful to you, Mr. Archer. And, besides, I shall have more time for it in the winter quarter now approaching, when we leave work in the dockyard at half-past four o'clock."

"Then you might very well work for your mind, from six or seven o'clock to ten."

"Or eleven, or twelve o'clock sometimes."

"Yes. Now, in the first place, I shall take it for granted, that the working man thoroughly knows his own business—is sufficiently a master of the trade or handicraft by which he earns his bread. This being understood—and I may fairly say this to a man like you, Harding, who is so masterly a hand in all departments of his work—I would then ask you, and any mechanic like you, a question at which you will certainly smile. Do you ever read poetry ?"

"Not often, sir."

"Will you tell me why not ? I have my own impressions of the reason, but am curious to hear yours."

"Perhaps I have no imagination to meet it with ?"

"That would indeed be a final answer ; but that is not your case. Your mind is of course rather hard and matter of fact, like your daily work, but you have enough imagination to comprehend poetry up to a certain point ; and, as to comprehend it, is to enjoy it, I wish to know your reason for not reading it."

"Well, sir—I find I either do not care for it, because I gain nothing from it,—or else it is above me, and I do not understand it."

"This is just what I expected," said Archer.

"But poetry was never intended for a working man, as I think; neither do I know, sir, what to make of the opinion the world entertains of poets and poetry. Hot and cold are blown upon them; and black and white are talked about them."

"Poetry and poets," replied Archer, "are indeed in a most anomalous position in the minds of mankind. In the abstract, they are treated with the highest admiration and regard; practically and personally they are treated lightly, if not laughed at. Well, then, that a poet should of all things in the world propose poetry as a fit study for a working man, would ensure a large amount of laughter from the majority of hearers. Imagine, therefore, this recommendation of mine to be made; that it is extremely laughed at; and, as there comes an end to merriment at some time or other, even when at the expense of visionaries and dreamers, let us now suppose that this laughter has at length ceased. I shall now perhaps be allowed to offer my reasons.—I consider, then, that after a working man is master of his handicraft or means of existence, what he most wants, is to get some *beauty into his soul*. His nature needs this, whether the man is aware of his want, or not. As for all the sad realities, or the more common-place events of actual life put into verse, I do not refer to any such things. They will do no good to a working man's dormant or troubled spirit. They neither rouse, nor soothe, nor elevate. He knows all the realities and common occurrences of his life too well already. What he needs is something that shall carry him out of himself—beyond the wretched or harsh and heavy circumstances that surround him—something that shall lift him up into an ethereal realm—a brighter world of ideas and hopes—a new and heavenly region, such as he dreamed of when a child. What we dream of in childhood we should, without neglecting needful realities, continue to dream as men, though constantly ascending in the form and character of those dreams. This is poetry; this is to get beauty into your soul, and help, and inward wings for fresher life; this is the true utilitarian poetry. As for practical poetry—shipwright's songs, weaver's songs, the mechanic's little warbler, verses for the million, poetry for the people—they will do nothing of any permanent utility, and, like Soyer's soup and poor-man's plaister, they only keep out the wind, and fill up an interval of time, so that a man may have a *chance of life* if ever a bright day should come. What I propose to you, is to seek the bright day by the shortest cut—to hasten

through the shady sweet-briar lanes into the sun-lit fields—and not to waste your time and hopes in walking through cockney suburbs, and dusty tea-gardens by the side of a dyke, or through back streets and alleys full of brokers' shops, with all their musty-minded old furniture, and sentimental pans and pipkins, under the misguided notion of mental improvement, and that these are things that come home to the hearts and souls of mankind. These things are not for poetry, and their versifiers are not poets. Those who write *down* to you, help to keep you down."

"This is the only sort of poetry, as they call it, I ever see," said Harding: "I never cared much about it."

"The less the better."

"But I still do not understand, sir, what you recommend me to read in this way; and I also should like to ask you about some other things besides poetry."

"Ah, I see you are a little alarmed about the poetry question. If you can get a day's holiday, and come and pass a few hours with me at my lodgings, I shall be very glad to give you all the assistance in my power."

"I could have a day to-morrow, Mr. Archer, if that would suit you."

"By all means; yes, come to-morrow. You need not fear but I have other things to recommend to your attention besides poetry. I should next recommend to you, to read modern history. That you may properly comprehend the political condition of your own country, some historical reading is indispensable. Difficulties, however, occur here, almost as great as those which beset poetry."

"At all events I can read the 'History of England,'" said Harding. "I have partly done so."

"What I meant by difficulties," said Archer, "is the want of truthfulness and strict impartiality in the historians, and their want of public spirit and enlarged views. Their histories are nearly every one of them merely records of the great events of king's reigns as they relate to the kings and nobles, and rich men of the country, and the important foreign relations; but the great events relating to the people are generally passed over with a slight remark, or with a false colouring. A true and complete history of England does not exist in any single work. As a proof of the condition of history, let us take any great national events involving foreign countries, even in our own day—say in Spain or India—read the English account, then the French account, then

the American account, and then read the comments made in Germany, or in Ireland—and what a romance does it all become!"

"But surely this is not the case with our own history of England—written here, in the country, with all the records of the facts to be found, locked up somewhere, I suppose, in colleges and museums. How could they venture to tell lies?"

"Well now, Harding, for instance—you have heard of Wat Tyler?"

"Yes."

"Just tell me all you know about him."

"He was a blacksmith. He killed a tax-gatherer, who was about to offer some gross violence to his daughter, with a blow of his hammer."

"Go on."

"And served him right."

"Well, what next?"

"After that, he became a rebel, and got a ferocious mob together, and went to meet the king. The king spoke very civilly to him; but he made some insolent answer, and was knocked off his horse by the Lord Mayor of London, and killed somehow. The rebels made a disturbance at this, but the mob soon dispersed."

"A good rough sample," replied Archer, "of the general impression, conveyed by all the English histories. But listen to the undisguised truth. Wat, the Tyler, did kill a tax-collector, for offering a gross personal offence to his daughter, under pretence of establishing a legal claim to an odious and oppressive tax. This private exasperation was the torch that set fire to the already inflammable mass of popular indignation; and a great rebellion was the result. It was headed by Wat Tyler. It was no mere mob—no vulgar riot; it was a vast and undisciplined army—a rising of the people to the extent of a hundred thousand men. In the 'History' written by Hume, they are called 'the common people' and 'the low people.' This army of the people drove the tyrannical nobles and their retainers pell-mell before them, and committed many shocking excesses, as armies commonly do, when mad with excitement. The king fled to the Tower for refuge, and the people were masters of London. They proposed terms to the king; most reasonable terms—such as the abolition of slavery; freedom of commerce in market towns, without tolls and imposts; a fixed rent on lands, instead of services due to villenage, &c. The king agreed to all those terms.

and signed the documents. The people thus obtained charters of privileges—and a free pardon for the rebellion. The king then issued forth from his refuge. All was in a fair train for reconciliation, when the king with his suite met Wat Tyler, at the head of a body of his partisans in Smithfield, apparently by accident; but this does not matter. During the parley, Wat Tyler said something which was construed into offence by the Lord Mayor (whose 'loyalty had been sharpened,' as Charles Knight tells us, by the insurgents having destroyed some of his private property), upon which he suddenly stabbed Wat Tyler in the throat. Tyler fell from his horse, and was despatched by some of the king's followers. The surrounding people rose in fury at this, but were checked by the king riding forward among them, and pacifying them with bland words, until his soldiers arrived in great force. The people were immediately dispersed, and a dreadful revenge was soon taken upon them. All the treaties, and contracts, and promises, were broken by the king, without even a show of decent hesitation. The king announced this by proclamation! The hangings in chains, and beheadings were incessant. No less than one thousand five hundred of the people were *executed*!"

"Horrible! Ah, I see—Wat Tyler, then, was not a mere ignorant savage and rebel, but a working man at the head of a great mass of people, demanding some justice and liberty."

"And not more than they now possess. As for Wat Tyler's character, motives, and intentions, they are doubtful: there is no doubt about the king's."

"I have forgotten to tell you that I have read some voyages and travels."

"That is a very good thing to do occasionally; and I would also exhort you to take every opportunity of attending any lectures that may be given at Mechanics' Institutes on scientific subjects—particularly chemistry, mechanics, geology, physiology, and astronomy. You would be the better prepared to understand these lectures, if you would first read any simple and rudimentary treatise upon such of these sciences as most excited and interested you. Mathematics, and drawing, particularly perspective drawing, and the drawing of geometrical figures, would surely be of more especial service to you. If you have a taste for music, you might very well do something in that way; or if you have an aptitude for languages, you would do well to

study French, and chiefly with a view to speaking it, which might prove very useful to you. All these things, and far more, have been done from time to time, by working men like yourself. Be hopeful therefore, and persevering, and in a few years you may do the same, or something else as good."

"I am afraid," said Harding, "considering the time I can afford, that I cannot venture upon so many things."

"I mean you only to choose those you feel most aptitude to study."

"But what you say, sir, about history, puzzles me, and shakes all my faith in books. I never supposed that Wat Tyler had any right on his side."

"This," said Archer, "is only one event out of the great historical ocean of unfaithfulness. Let us take another far wider range. What is your impression of the objects of the French Revolution—of our twenty years' war with France—and the chief cause of Napoleon's downfall?"

"This is rather too much at once," said Harding with a smile, and shaking his head. "I had rather not tackle it."

"Just say what you think—as an Englishman."

"Why then I think, of course, that England was in the right—and I say—down with all our enemies!"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," laughed Archer; "and if you spoke the result of your national feelings and opinions, derived from all you have read, heard, and fancied, you could say much more. Now, tell me."

"I should say that the cause of the French Revolution was the determination of all those who had nothing, to possess themselves of the property of all those who had much; and that the horrors of the Revolution were caused by the blood-thirsty natures of the French people, who were nearly all drunk or mad at this time."

"Come, that is pretty well; and now for our twenty years' war."

"Our twenty years' war with France, was because England was the champion of humanity and good order, and a friend of the legitimate kings of France, whom the English were resolved, at all costs, to replace upon the throne which had been usurped by Napoleon."

"The Corsican Monster?"

"Yes. As for Napoleon himself, I think he was a great

commander—very ambitious, and despotic, and cruel—yet in some respects a great man, too ; that he *would* invade and make war with everybody, till the French overran Europe, and were only stopped by England. The cause of his fall was the Battle of Waterloo.”

As Harding said this, he laughed with Archer, being well aware that it was but a very rough draft of so large a map of history and biography.

“Your answer,” said Archer, “is exactly what I anticipated. It speaks the opinions and impressions of hundreds of thousands, nay, millions in this country—perhaps of the great majority of the middle and working classes, who have any notions at all upon the matter. Now, pray listen to the truth. Let us have our roast beef, and have also some respect for reason and justice in speaking of our neighbours.”

“Well, I can’t forget I’m an Englishman ; at the same time, I hope I can give fair play to the French.”

“The main object of the French Revolution,” proceeded Archer, “was to obtain a Constitution. The slavery and misery of the people had lasted for ages. The American Revolution, (which France aided), the writings of several great French authors, and a famine, all combined to arouse them to resistance. A weak government, and an exhausted exchequer, favoured the attempt. They rose in rebellion : they took the Bastille by storm : all their efforts were successful, and they obtained a constitution regularly agreed to, and settled by the King. A number of the princes of the blood, nobles, and great landed proprietors, who were ruined by this popular movement, emigrated, the greater part of them coming to England—most unfortunately thus honoured by their choice. These princes and nobles shortly began to intrigue with friends in France, and eventually with the King, with a view to their return, and to bring about the old state of things. The plot was discovered. The people rose in alarm and indignation, seized the King ; he was found guilty, and decapitated. The King’s son (the Dauphin) was imprisoned, and died there ; but the King’s brothers escaped. England having received most of the refugees, appears to have thought herself bound to espouse their cause ;—at any rate, she espoused the cause of legitimacy and divine right against the cause of constitutional liberty and the people. I say England did this ; but let us place the full weight upon the right shoulders. It was not the act of the English people, but of

the English Tory government, the Prime Minister being Pitt. The war-cry was raised in the cause of kingship and despotism ; and Austria, Prussia, and Russia joined England, and their combined armies marched to the French frontiers to place the legitimate successor of the decapitated King upon the throne of France, restoring the former order of things, in opposition to the Constitution. The French people became furious at this interference and hostility ; they repulsed their assailants, became ferociously suspicious of all around them, and madly enacted the horrors of the Revolution."

"But where was Napoleon at this time ?"

"Napoleon now came into action as an artillery officer. The allied armies increased, and continued their attacks upon the French frontier. The French continued to defend themselves ; Napoleon rapidly rose to the first command, and was continually victorious. He drove the armies from the frontier, and pursued some of them into their own countries. He conquered Italy, Prussia, and Austria. He subjugated kings and emperors, and then made treaties of peace with them."

"But will this account for all his invasions, and love of war ?"

"No. Some of his invasions were with a view to enforce his Continental System, in order to destroy the commerce of his great foe, England ;—he could not get at us in any other way so effectively, had his system succeeded. But there was no excuse for his invasion of Egypt and St. Domingo. As the excitement of these wars continued, the national mind of England naturally became inflamed against the French, and Napoleon had become fond of his horrid trade of war, which impelled him to his last disastrous attempt to enforce his Continental System upon Russia. He lost his enormous army ; reverses and ruin threatened him on all sides ; and, *accordingly*, the emperors and kings whom he had subdued, all violated their treaties, and again allied themselves with England against him."

"Was this the Holy Alliance ?"

"Yes ; you may well ask the question. This pious combination, supported throughout by the prodigal wealth of England, (created by the matchless industry and skill of our tax-burdened people,) and led on by the steady valour of our soldiers, accomplished the final overthrow of Napoleon, and placed a legitimate *Divine Right* nonentity upon the French throne, in defiance of the people. The grand error of Napoleon, and chief cause of his

reverses, his ruin, and fall, was his desertion of the principles of liberty and popular representation upon which he had risen. Not content with having *made himself* the greatest emperor of the earth, he was yet anxious to ally himself with those who were born with crowns in their cradles, and to make his own sovereignty hereditary. He fell, because, being the man of the people, who were devoted to him, he allied himself with the kings who feared and hated him."

"And did England, besides fighting for all these things, pay for them also?"

"She fought for them all, and paid for the greater part. First, she fought against the establishment of a Constitution in France, (the true principle of the French Revolution), and the statistical estimate of the money we expended in that war from 1793 to the peace of Amiens in 1802, amounts to upwards of four hundred and sixty millions. If we add to this the money borrowed to maintain this prodigality, and the interest upon this in thirty years, it will more than double the sum I first mentioned. Next, our war to support the principle of Divine Right and French Legitimacy against Napoleon, cost enormous sums, much above one thousand millions. Again we had to borrow money—and again comes the interest upon the debt—I am afraid to say how much. The gross amount, however, of the expense to England far exceeded two thousand millions."

"But what have we gained by it? We, as Englishmen, are willing to pay, as well as to fight, for any good to our country, or the world. What has been gained?"

"Nothing. The 'Three Days' in France defeated all the intended results, both in principle and practice. They restored the French Constitution, which had been sought by the French Revolution; they destroyed then, and for ever, the principle of Divine Right and Legitimacy; and they enabled the French people to choose their own king. Our monstrous national debt is our only result."

"And the rest of the Holy Alliance?"

"The only result to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, was the restoration to their legitimate despots of their ancient despotisms unchecked, together with the power to re-enslave Spain, Italy, and Poland, and to reinstate a heap of petty German princes. The 'Three Days' in Paris destroyed the principle of all these wars with France. What a comment on physical force! The

heroes of the 'Three Days' had the moral force of the nation on their side: they were the spiritual sons of the men who took the Bastille, and first obtained a Constitution."

A long silence ensued.

"Well, Mr. Archer," said Harding, fetching a long breath, "I am an Englishman—and you are an Englishman, for all that; but it seems to me, somehow, that this is the hardest day's work I have ever had! My head buzzes with it. A pretty sort of History of England will be written some day!"

At this they both laughed, shook hands, and parted for the night.

"Come early to-morrow, you know," said Archer, turning round; "come as early as you like. You shall have no more history."

CHAPTER XII.

THE EARLY BATH; AN UNSENTIMENTAL DESCRIPTION.—HARDING'S DAY WITH ARCHER.—BOOKS BY THE FIRE.—AUTHORS' DREAM-BOOKS, AND A MECHANIC'S DAY-BOOK.—RAMBLE AT SUNSET.—DREAMS IN FULL WORK.

ARCHER woke the next morning much earlier than usual, having gone to bed over-night with the impression that he had told Harding to come early. It was not six o'clock. He certainly did not expect Harding at such an hour as that. However, as he was awake, he determined to get up forthwith, and go down to the sea-beach, and take a hasty bath, and a brisk walk before breakfast.

He opened his bed-room shutters, and let in the dusky light. No one was up in the house; he had therefore to grope his way through the passage, and unbar and unlock the door. He hurried down the silent street, with all its closed doors and shutters,—passed the fortified bridge leading to Southsea,—and gained the common. A more uninviting scene than Southsea Common, particularly upon this occasion, could not well be conceived.

It was a very cold, dull morning, in the beginning of November. A white frost was upon the common. There was a north-east wind, and plenty of it. A distant clock struck six. Archer stood still, and rubbed his cold finger-nails, hesitatingly. He heard the melancholy voice of a chimney-sweeper, on the way to Southsea. How solitary everything appeared! His cheeks

were cold with the wind—his nose ached—even his eyes felt cold. He determined, nevertheless, to have his swim. It will of course be conjectured that Archer was well used to this sort of thing, being what may be called a seasoned swimmer, which supposes bathing at *all* seasons. No doubt he found the morning very trying, notwithstanding ; but he had been excited and troubled of late ; something fresh was in his mind, and a re-action of fresh energies was the consequence. He hurried across the common.

Approaching the beach, he looked up at the hazy, colourless clouds, and saw the cold, hook-backed half-moon emerge from a drift of muzzy, blue-grey vapour. It was an old witch-face, with a peaked cap, and peaked chin, faded nose, and obscure eye.

The tide was up to the lower part of a bank of shingles. As the tide was rising, Archer was obliged to seat himself near the top of this bank, with the north-east wind behind him. The moment he took his coat off, he felt as if he received the blow of a cold broadsword across the small of his back. Truly, it was sharp fun. He again hesitated ; but, thinking he should now be certain of some horrible cold or rheumatism, if he did not obtain a shock that should produce a rapid circulation, he hastily threw off his clothes, and rushed in.

With equal celerity he rushed out again—hopped and limped over the flints up to his clothes, which were all struggling in the wind, to escape from beneath the stones he had piled upon them ; and with red-cold hands and feet, and aching ancles, he sat, stood, and staggered upon shingles—which, from some cause or other, are probably the hardest and sharpest in the world,—every article of his habiliments contending against their usual disposition upon his person, inspired by the east wind, which appeared to have reserved its most perverse efforts until he came out of the water.

He hastened to the nearest road bordering the common, along which he ran, in order to obtain the shelter of occasional banks and hedges, while he continued the exercise he so much needed. Having persevered in this until he felt sufficient signs and tokens of returning warmth, he passed along the upper edge of the common, where the loneliness was now about to lose its " charms " by the advent of certain band-boys from the town, coming to practise the bugle. Before Archer had arrived at the path leading to the drawbridge, he heard the strange, rupey tones of abortive brass coming across the windy common, and mingled

occasionally with the advancing wail of the sweep, returning from his dusky victory over some cottage chimney. There was a dull red spot in the east, with a dull streak or smear underneath it, marking the probability that the sun was rising in that direction, as well as he could, under such distressing circumstances.

By the time Archer reached his lodgings he was all a-glow, and sat down to his bachelor breakfast-table, beside the fire, with great complacency at his recent performance. He laughed as he thought of his old uncle. "If anything was to be got by it, you would never have made such an effort," said he to himself, in his uncle's voice; and then he stirred the fire like his uncle, and continued his breakfast with a pleased expression of countenance.

At nine o'clock Harding arrived. He had been up, and out for a walk since seven, thinking it would be too early to come.

"That's a pity, Harding. If you had been with me, you would have had something more sparkling than a walk. Do you ever bathe?"

"Yes, sir; but not this weather."

"I suppose not; indeed it would be madness to do so now, if you are not used to it. But this reminds me to say something which I omitted last night. It does not apply to you, Harding, because you are one of the many instances one often sees, of careful personal appearance in a working man: I speak generally; and the very first thing I should recommend to a working man in his efforts at self-improvement, would be that he should adopt some regular system of personal cleanliness. Do you swim well? You say you take a plunge in the sea sometimes."

"I often do, in summer."

"Next summer do so every morning, continuing it to the end of autumn, and begin again early in the spring. After the first year you may safely do it in winter. I scarcely ever miss a morning. Now—sit nearer the fire—and let us have a good talk."

"I should much rather listen."

"By no means," said Archer, "I shall need your replies, in many cases, to enable me the better to judge of what may be best for you, so far as I can venture to advise. I think advice is generally a dangerous thing to attempt, and I am most anxious not to misdirect you. Besides, you can tell me many things I do not know, about the artisans and mechanics, and the working classes generally."

"I do not expect I can do so, Mr. Archer."

"But I feel sure of it. Now tell me—Have you thought at all of our conversation last night?"

"Very much; and I could find enough in it to think about for a long time."

"I am glad to hear you say that; and yet how little have I shown you, as first hints and openings of subjects and objects you will have to examine with all your senses, and work at with all your mind. I promised to inflict no more history upon you for the present. I will therefore only make a few passing remarks upon several books I have been looking out for you. I wish to lend them to you for two or three months. Here they are."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, Mr. Archer—but I have a sort of fear—as I look at those books, that I shall not be able to understand them."

"Why not? Do the backs or bindings frighten you, or is it that your imagination magnifies their contents into difficulty and confusion?"

"Something does. But perhaps, sir, you will help me a little with them beforehand?"

"With pleasure. This is a volume of Sonnets by William Wordsworth. He is the greatest English poet of the didactic class, and also a genuine pastoral poet. He writes in the clearest and most straightforward style, generally with little adornment. I have marked all those I wish you to read—nothing can be finer. The rest are prosy, or of intolerable dryness and dullness. But never use those epithets, I beg of you, in speaking of Wordsworth generally; they are not his great characteristics, but only his objectionable ones. Always judge of a man by his merits, not his defects."

"The world would not seem so bad, if we always did that. Is there any more poetry, sir?"

"Do not be alarmed. There are several other poets I am anxious you should read; but not yet. I begin with these Sonnets, as a noble steady-going march of English poetry, seldom soaring too high for the majority of good understandings, and never sinking to a common earth. I shall next give you the Lyrics of Wordsworth, Southey, and Leigh Hunt; also some of the prose works of Leigh Hunt, particularly a book of his called 'Imagination and Fancy,' which is a delightful introduction—perhaps the best in the language—to the study of the finer

poets. I purposely reserve Shakspeare, that you may have him come fresh upon you, when you are better able to receive him. I wish this were always done,—it would be a great event in life. Finally, let me repeat what I said to you last night—that what a working man most wants, whose physical condition enables him to commence self-improvement, is to get beauty into his soul—and that those poets who write down to him, help to keep him down. The writers who cannot lift you up out of yourself should keep to prose—poetry has a different office.”

“I think I see the force of this, sir; and yet I once read a poem, which affected me very much, though it only referred to the every-day work of a poor seamstress.”

“Hood’s ‘Song of a Shirt’ you mean?”

“Yes; that was it.”

“A fine and rare exception. No—not an exception—the song did not only refer to her daily work, but the cruel wearing out of her body and soul. Equally poetical is the profoundly pathetic lament by the same poet over a poor ruined girl who had drowned herself. In like manner I regard the ‘London Lyrics’ of Barry Cornwall, Mary Howitt’s ‘Lyrics of Life,’ Mackay’s ‘Voices from the Crowd,’ and some few others of our own day. But why are these exceptions, or more than exceptions? Because they are poetical versions of hard realities—not matter-of-fact copies in colloquial dialect versified. That is the distinction—one that leaves an impassable gulph between the two. Read clever political exhortations, satires, and squibs in rhyme, if you will; they make no pretensions to being poetry: but never waste a moment of your precious time over verses adapted to the ‘meanest capacity,’ concerning not merely uninspiring things, but lowering things—odes to suburb cow-sheds—satires on parish soup—sentimental elegies on brooms and dust-pans—the every-day dirt, clay, and hard-ware that surround you.”

“Yes, I see there is nothing to lift a man up out of his heavy circumstances in such things, and thoughts about them; but what I am in fear about, is that without far more study than I can ever hope to give, I shall never be able to understand that higher class of poetry you allude to. It seems all so different to prose, and so much more difficult.”

“This is, in a great measure, an imaginary fear. See now—here is the volume of the great American essayist—Ralph Waldo Emerson. I will just go to my desk and copy two or three

sentences. They are about building a house—not with bricks and mortar. I shall have done directly. The Muse—or Spirit of Poetry—builds a house. There is no architect can build like this spirit. Now read with me what I have written. Look—‘There is no architect can build as the Muse can. She is skilful to select materials for her plan; slowly and warily to choose rafters of immortal pine or cedar, incorruptible, worthy her design. She treads dark alpine forests or valleys by the sea in many lands, with painful steps ere she can find a tree. She ransacks mines and ledges, and quarries every rock, to hew the famous adamant for each eternal block.’—Come, there is nothing difficult in this, is there?”

“Not much; perhaps nothing, if I were to look it over once more; but then this is prose, is it not?”

“No, it is poetry, and ought to have been written in the form of poetry, which I believe to be the chief thing that alarms you. See, here is the next verse, as it is printed in the book, and as the others ought to be written—

“She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world,
Which dances round the sun.”

“Well, you understand that as well as what we first read? It only needs closer attention, and to give freer way to the feelings and the imagination than prose; a readiness to take images and figures of speech for granted; to embody them in the vision of the mind; and half the difficulty is overcome. ‘If the architectural Muse in the above poem, instead of ‘laying her beams in music,’ had laid them to the lumbering sound of timber, and to the blows of an iron hammer, what would you, as a shipwright, have gained by such a poem?”

“It would be no treat to *me*.”

“Instead of which, you receive into your mind, music—and a picture of the luminous earth spinning round the sun.”

“I begin to see what all this does to a man’s spirit. I only fear it may be beyond me.”

“Do not fear any such thing. Well, I did not mean to say so much about poetry. I will not press any more history upon you just yet; I mean, as matter of conversation; still you must have a book or two. Here is a ‘History of England.’ I have long since written many comments in the margin of the pages, concern-

ing unfair statements and omissions, with reference to the people and their rulers; to affairs at home, and to foreign wars, particularly America, and France, and in India. This little tract is 'Forster's Essay on Popular Progress,' which may be relied upon as a faithful historical account. And this is the most full and concise history of Rome yet published: it is by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, a profoundly learned, and impartial man. These will be enough for some months, if slowly and carefully read. Stay, here is a volume of the most delightful kind of intellectual gossip, equally full of instruction and amusement, unaffected sterling thought, and variety. It is called 'Hazlitt's Conversations with Northcote the painter.'"

Harding remained silent. He sat eyeing the pile of books with a very grave countenance.

"But there is one thing," pursued Archer, "which I ought to have inquired more particularly about at the outset. I assumed that you were a thorough master of your work, as a shipwright."

"I believe I may say I am so, as far as I have to do."

"So far as you have to do. No farther?"

"I do not quite understand your question, Mr. Archer."

"Could you build a ship from the foundation?"

"If I had plenty of good hands under me, I could lay down a ship's keel, and build her up in a good shape, so that she would be very strong for a cargo, or for fighting, and sail well, and look handsome on the water. I should not like to say more."

"In the name of all the Tritons, what more is there to say?"

"Why, I could not say she would be made, on the whole, nor in every part, to a mathematical nicety,—not to a hair's breadth or two, nor perhaps to half-an-inch. I could only use my pocket-rule and a plumb-line. The rest would be matter of eye and hand."

"Then you know nothing of mathematics or geometry?"

"I do not."

"But you can work any questions in fractions and decimals?"

"No, I cannot."

"The admiralty, I hear, has issued an order that no one shall be a leading man without he can do this."

"Yes; but probably it is only done to fire up the young shavers," replied Harding, with a smile at his accidental pun. "If they persevere in it, actually, I shall leave the dockyard."

"What! rather than study the thing required? If this theo-

retical acquirement be useless to you as a leading man, there can be no doubt but it will be absolutely necessary to enable you to rise to the next gradation of—whatever it is.”

“Inspector.”

“Well, and again yet more would be required for the next above the inspectors.”

“Foreman of the yard.”

“And again more still, in a master-builder.”

“This is all very true, Mr. Archer, as to the inspectors and foremen; but I do not wish to rise beyond a leading man.”

“No! why not?”

“I have several reasons, sir.”

“I should much like to hear them. We have talked of written books—of poetry and history, which are almost equally to be ranked as dreams; the one of past events, the other of ever-flowing but intangible springs—and we now come to the book of things present; a mechanic’s day-book.”

“In the first place, Mr. Archer, when a working man rises one degree out of his own class, it increases his cares, and is a loss of independence, contentment, and happiness. It is also more difficult for him to live, especially if he should be married, because he is obliged to make an appearance that costs far more than his increased means can bear. I had some ambition for rising, once, but I got cured of it in Canada.”

“How?”

“I was induced to leave my position in the Plymouth Dockyard, giving up my time and chance of a pension, to go out with a ship-builder, who had a contract for building boats for the Greenland and Newfoundland fisheries. I was placed at the head of his boat-builders, and was to be junior partner in the concern if it succeeded. I never had so many bad thoughts in all the rest of my life put together, nor did and suffered so many little paltry things to feel ashamed of—though I could not help myself, either—as in the six months I staid at this business, managing knaves, and building hopes upon the sands. I was really not sorry when the whole concern broke up.”

“But these are the pains and penalties of proprietors and speculating contractors. Why not build upon security? Why not rise at least to be an inspector, or the foreman of a yard?”

“Because, sir, besides the necessity of keeping up an appearance beyond my means, and being at the same time looked down

upon, and only tolerated by those of the middle classes, who have been born in that station to which I should have slowly clambered up—besides this, I have many new thoughts come into my head and new hopes in my heart, since I first met you in Wales, and heard you talk; and I do not intend to leave my class. If I can rise in my mind by your kind assistance and my own efforts, that shall be my future aim; and my ambition shall be to help others of my class to the same advanced state of mind. But, as I was born a mechanic, I intend to live and die a mechanic."

"This is a new view to me, and a new thing in the world. Great men have risen among the working classes, but then they have immediately left their class, to swell the honours of the middle and upper classes. A few only of these have nobly held heart with those they have left, and used their vantage ground to assist the struggles of the suffering operatives. And you really wish not to rise? You will escape many anxieties, no doubt; still ——"

"Oh, sir, not only anxiety, but poverty and humiliation. Even acknowledged men of ability have suffered all this. I have read of the life of Robert Burns, the unfortunate ploughman—of Bloomfield, the half-starved shoemaker; and in our own day, with all its societies and institutes, and the men known too—of the poor weavers Thom and Prince—and heaven knows who, besides. What am I compared with these men; and look at what they brought upon themselves by leaving their class!"

"Ah, but these men were poets—or of the poet-class—working-men who were also dreamers; and, from time immemorial, the world has starved them without one moment's misgiving. Poetry is an art that no one likes to pay for, and which therefore ought not to need payment. But the poets must live somehow, and as society does nothing to help this, they must just take their fate. But what can excuse the selfish vanity and short-sightedness of wealthy men, and patrons, in bringing poetical-minded men out of the working-classes—making lions of them for a season, and then leaving them? Of course they fall into distress. What can such men—who are only wonderful *in* their class, or considering their circumstances—what can such men do, in a great capital full of genius, knowledge, long-practised talent, energy, worldly needs, and powerful competition? All this, however, applies in a far less degree, or not at all, to other arts, such as painting, sculpture, and music, or to the useful arts, to learning, political literature,

and the sciences. Men, highly gifted by nature for such studies, who work perseveringly for years, succeed at last. I do not therefore see why you should not rise as Arkwright, and many others, have done—men who have risen above others by absolute, as well as comparative excellence, independent of all class considerations.”

“I know it has often been done, sir; even the master-builder of our dockyard rose from a working man. By-the-bye, if *he* understands fractions and decimals to perfection, it is as much as he does. He is no scholar, nor no mathematician: he is only a master of his craft—better than the more learned ones. But, as I said before, I am determined not to go out of my class. I would not change places with him. I was born and bred an artisan, and I should not like to feel and look awkward among noblemen and gentlemen. It would take me ten years of my life to learn to behave and speak like a gentleman—that is, with ease—and I should never be able to look like one. I have hacked and hammered, and heaved and carried, too much for that. As I said, I have come to feel a new kind of ambition. If I could set a good example to my class of being much more in themselves than they are at present, I think I should do a thousand times more good by staying among them, than if I rose, as an example of how to leave them. And I never *will* leave them.”

Archer sat ruminating some minutes; “I like all this,” said he at length; “perhaps you are right. Indeed I am sure that it is at least a right thing for you to do, as you have so strongly felt it, and so well reasoned it out; and I believe, that if such a principle could be acted upon by a number of men of your class, it would do more for them than can be estimated. The working-classes are rapidly rising, and more particularly the mechanic or artisan class, who are, comparatively, the most advanced of any other class in the world.”

“Oh, Mr. Archer,” said Harding, with an emotion quite unlike his usual manner, which was somewhat hard and self-restrained, “do not flatter the working-classes. I know you would never mislead us; but indeed you help to give us a higher opinion of ourselves, our position and prospects, than the facts warrant. How many writers, men of intellect and full of the spirit of liberty, and the wish to see justice done by society and the laws to our hard work—how many say, and how constantly say, that we are the great rising class of the present time. How have we risen? Where do we stand? It seems to me, sir, that all other classes

have risen, and are rising around us, and that we should be buried alive, if it were not that they need the use of our spades for themselves."

"You surprise me, Harding, by talking in this way. The millions are rising like a great tide that will know no ebb; the mighty shadow of the masses is already rising visibly upon the base of the lofty pyramid of hereditary power, darkening its lustre, and threatening its downfall."

"I cannot see it. A working-man's ears may hear it, but his heart cannot rejoice, because he is unable to see it. What does he really see? Excepting the best hands—the skilled artisans and craftsmen—what does he see? You tell me, sir, of the millions, and the masses—where are they? When you enter a great city you are struck by the magnificent palaces, and churches, and institutions, and theatres, and club-houses, and hotels—the large airy squares—the fine broad streets—the shining rows of shops filled with all manner of things—and by the great numbers of houses—always in splendour by day or by night. These are all for the upper and middle classes. When a gentleman at home, or a traveller abroad, has seen all this, he considers he has seen this city. Well, sir—but where are the millions we hear about?—the masses we read of? He has only seen the localities belonging to 'the few,' and the comparatively few. Is there *another* city—not so fine, nor so commodious, of course, but very much larger of course, where 'the many'—all these millions, these masses, reside?—their public and private work-shops, and their innumerable colonies of homes? There is another city—what a city!—not quite a city under ground, but a straggling series of holes and corners, and side-lanes, and attics, and lofts, and cellars, and nooks behind dark walls, and dung-heaps, and hovels and dens close to cess-pools and slushy passages, and all the dirty people crowded and jammed together in these family-places—far behind, and round about, and out of the sight of the city which gentlemen and travellers walk through and admire. *This* is the second city of all great capitals—the city kept out of sight—the unknown town within the famous town. The city with the name does not *itself* know anything about our place. And this unknown region of the millions and masses, bears the same relation to the city of the upper and middle classes, which the drains and sewers, with the rats, toads, and efts, bear to a splendid river with all its shipping upon it—except that the populations of the sewers work for them—

selves only, and are not shipwright-rats, tailoring-toads, nor brewing and baking-efts, who drudge through the mire for their betters who float in the light. I ask your pardon, Mr. Archer—I would not say all this, if I did not know it myself. I have not told you half."

"Go on—pray proceed."

"I cannot—there is so much. What has the progress of the world, with all its discoveries and improvements, and increased practical knowledge, done for the working-classes of England? For them, printing has not been invented—the great majority get nothing of it—know nothing of it. Even the Bible, so far as hundreds are concerned, has not been printed. They never saw one, nor any good book of any kind, nor could read one if they had it. For the million, there has been no home-felt good in the discovery of gas—they can barely afford a rushlight. For them, steam-power has not come into the world; and the inventions and improvements in machinery have chiefly been felt by the mischief and deprivation they have caused to the operatives during the change, and from which great masses of them never recover all the rest of their lives. The railway, gas, the new machineries, the wonderful discoveries in chemistry and electricity, which I read of in the 'Mechanics' Magazine'—none of these are for us—they are only for those who live in the city that bears a name, and is fit to be seen. *Our* city has no name—is never fit to be seen—it never *is* seen—and is only known to one or two medical men who have explored its dark regions, and written accounts so very true that scarcely any body believes them. I can see no rising classes here."

As Harding said this, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, like a man who has performed some great effort of bodily strength—adding, with a sort of hopeless composure, "Things are better managed in a ship. There the people have the largest half of the decks, and it's always clean."

"It is much the same," said Archer, thoughtfully,—"*in barracks.*"

"Yet somehow," continued Harding, "it all works in one groove—in one circle; for the army and navy both belong to 'the few.' The masses and millions of a nation never go to war of their own accord. Do they Mr. Archer?"

"Never," said Archer. "The people's rulers bribe, or persuade, or 'press' them, and exasperate the minds of the respec-

tive nations, as backers and bettors do with animals, till they are ready to tear each other to pieces—and do.”

“Yes,” murmured Harding, half to himself, “the masses of the army and the navy, and all the working millions belong to ‘the few’ who occupy the cities which are in sight, and have names.”

Archer was evidently meditating a reply ; or rather, he was turning over in his mind all that Harding had said, before he proceeded with the subject, when the door opened, and a large tray was brought in according to Archer’s arrangement, to avoid the formality of a dinner-table. This put an end to conversation for a few minutes. Harding seemed disposed to renew it, but the explosion of a bottle of Guinness’s stout reminded him of how very thirsty he was, as he had talked more in the last hour than he usually did in a month, being habitually a man of few words, and always better disposed to listen than speak. They soon diverged into a variety of subjects, chiefly relating to Canada, the shipwreck, and the delightful though brief residence at the hospitable cottage of the Miss Lloyds. They both agreed that they had never been so happy in their lives as during those few days.

After dinner, Archer casually turned over the leaves of a volume of Catlin’s “North American Indians,” selecting such passages for reading and comment as he thought would be most interesting to Harding : he then proposed a walk on the beach.

The sun was setting as they approached Southsea Common. Heavy clouds over-hung the sky, and the wind still blew from the north-east. Archer thought of his sharp morning bath, and of the unpromising scene that had attended it. The difficult and dismal struggle of the sun to rise and show himself to the world through such an atmosphere, seemed in murky harmony with the condition and efforts of the people, which had formed the chief subject of their conversation all day. He mentioned the comparison to Harding.

“Nevertheless,” pursued Archer, “the strength of the light which exists in all great masses of people, when once awake and aroused to a sense of their rights, will assuredly cause them to rise to their true position. History contains many examples of efforts on the part of the people to emancipate themselves from the selfish exactions and tyranny of ‘the few,’ nearly all of which have quickly become exhausted, and the people have sunk back into their former condition. But the social world throughout the

whole of Europe, and of a greater part of America, was never before in a state of mind like the present, nor in possession of such multiplied means of progression. There is no experience to measure what is going on now. You think because the most wretched and neglected among the masses show no appearance of rising in the social scale, choked up as they now are in filthy darkness, in hunger, in rags, and in disease, that there are no sound seeds of hope planted amidst them. I do not wonder that you feel this. But there are many sound seeds bursting to light through the rank soil, and great springs are fast bubbling up beneath all their dark and muddy embankments. Look at the 'Signs of the Times!' We have enforced and made the first great step to Free Trade, which will gradually extend all over the world, and bring about something like a fair interchange of the labours of different nations, and therefore a mutual understanding and union among the people, the great masses of different nations, who will from that time refuse to be led, hoaxed, and driven to slay or be slain in battle-fields, but will be disposed to help each other instead. Observe the Education ferment now working beneath the whole surface of the middle classes, and extending far beneath all the advanced divisions of the working-classes. Notice the increased knowledge possessed by literary men of the condition of the working-classes, and the interest they take in improving it. A total abolition of the punishment of death, and a new and greatly-improved prison discipline, are nearly accomplished. There is the Sanatory Movement, which most certainly will be carried out—and what a wonderful and extensive change will that make in the bodies and minds of the masses and millions of the 'unknown city,' as you justly call it! The Ten Hours Factory Bill has passed. There is the Early-closing Movement, which is certain to be carried out, and the consequence will be a vast increase of time for the self-improvement of the humbler ranks of the middle classes—an immense number—and it will then be more fully seen how great a foundation for good is the Whittington Club. We have got a Penny Postage, which has already caused a prodigious increase of communication over all parts of the kingdom. These things show, I think, that improvement in all kinds of machinery—whether Government machinery, locomotive, or manufacturing—will eventually be used for the benefit of the workmen as well as the

masters—of the producers of wealth as well as the possessors. We have a variety of co-operative societies. There is the Building Society; and some friends of ours are already endeavouring to establish a company for the building of Associated Homes. The working-men are also making attempts at Co-operative Associations. The great number of Mechanics' Institutes in all parts of—You were going to say something?"

"I was only thinking—that is, I wanted to say that no such thing as a Mechanics' Institute had yet been established. There are a great many excellent institutions so called; but very few mechanics go to them. Wherever I have been, I have looked round and round, but none of the flannel jackets were there."

"They were probably distributed in different parts of the room."

"No sir; there are but few ever go there. If you look at the rows of faces, you will see the difference between those who make things, and those who sell them—those who hammer, and file, and carry rough weights, from those who measure and weigh out small tender things—the salesmen whose faces are watchful and wary, and calculating the town, and the artisans who are thoughtful and earnest, and with more fixed looks."

"I have observed this," said Archer, "there is a marked difference between the men who have to manage customers of all minds, and the men who simply make the thing out of the raw material. Knowledge looks on many sides, and skill looks steadily right before it. But it never occurred to me to examine the frequenters of Mechanics' Institutes so closely as to determine upon the comparative numbers of each class. I was, however, about to say, that I knew these valuable and powerful institutions were, in some sort, failures—that is, as far as the working classes are concerned—and that this very circumstance would lead to the establishment of real Workmen's Institutes. A few are even now rising in various districts, Yorkshire especially. In like manner the fall of the great London theatres, patented for the legitimate drama, and now appropriated to the exclusive use of the upper classes, has already led to the opening of numerous small theatres for the people, which will improve every year. Out of evil will come much good in our day. The increased liberality of feeling about Sunday, as an interval of time, set apart for thankful rest and innocent enjoyment, has induced a furiously bigoted attack, which is likely to give the final impulse to a general opinion in favour of liberal and Christian views of the

matter. Even so, the famine and fever, which are the climax to the multiplied injuries and miseries of Ireland, will lead to her emancipation and renovation, besides acting as a terrible impulse to the slow movement of ministerial reform in England. The Irish Famine was the final blow that gained the victory for Free Trade, and the Irish Fever will probably give the final blow for the success of the Sanatory Movement. These are some of the great 'Signs of the Times'—too mighty in principle and practice not to be accepted as proofs of great coming changes throughout the whole depth, as well as surface of society. They are deducible from obvious things, and also from things never spoken of. For instance, there is a marked improvement, during the last twenty years, in the behaviour of those unfortunates who perambulate the streets in melancholy elegance or gaudy squalor, which proves that a certain degree of refinement is invisibly at work, even in the homes of ruin and the haunts of vice. The Arts of Design are also doing much to assist in the refinement of the people. Besides the abundance of cheap pictorial art, there is the commencement of an improvement in street music. Above all, we have not only an abundance of healthy cheap journals, but we have substantive works, or serials in a cheap form, by beneficially popular authors—men who have a 'strong right arm' in the cause of popular progress—the emancipation and elevation of the great masses of the people. These are the signs that make me believe in Man, and hopeful of good things. These are the great realities which began with dreams, and are now in full operation: ideas of progress, some of which are now gradually taking substance, and form, and motion, amidst opponent struggles, and scoffs, and denunciations,—many more of which may now be called dreams in full work; while several of the most important of all these have now become massive and profound realities in vigorous operation—the glorious consummation of thought and action—of a clear conception, a true heart, and a hand that never tires. The day is dawning: the sun is obscured: but we know that he is there, and that he will shine forth in all his glory on the fields and waters. Meantime the winds howl round naked humanity, who shall yet be clothed, after his struggle with the breakers. Be hopeful and united, Working Men—the good dreamers are your unconquerable friends."

The Dreamer and the Worker here shook hands. They parted for the night, well assured that a bright morning would come—perhaps *not to-morrow*, yet at no distant day.

LIFE UNSATISFYING.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

So young, so lovely, so beloved !
 And yet do you complain
 Of the deceitfulness of life,
 And deem existence vain ?

And say, that back towards your youth
 Two years you would return ;
 Of faith betrayed, of painful truth,
 Some lessons to unlearn ?

Is nothing real, nothing sure ?
 On nought can you rely,
 Save this, that you are in the world
 To suffer, and to die ?

The heart's sweet flowers, profusely forth,
 Youth's treasures, did you bring ;
 And did the promise of your life
 Prove treacherous as the spring ?

It might, it must ; and millions more,
 At tardy Time who sigh,
 With weariness of hollowness,
 The same will testify.

I'm thankful for such discontent ;
 In such despair I find
 That nothing in the world was wont
 To satisfy the mind.

Those violets, a minute past,
 The sense delighted well,
 With youth's deliciousness—but now
 They have an earthy smell.

I'm glad they are not always sweet ;
 I would not have them stay ;
 I would not have the world stand still
 In a perpetual May !

What souls of love ! what shapes of light !
 That on our paths attended,
 Have, like the sweets of odorous flowers,
 Up from the earth ascended !

Lady ! I murmur not that Death
 Grows wealthy, and Life poor !
 Nor that we haste to overtake
 The travellers gone before.

O Lady ! evermore for me,
 In sunset and in dawn,
 Is something growing into light—
 But much more is withdrawn.

Thus, of the pained and purified,
 Are intimations given,
 That even in fading flowers I see
 The outer gates of Heaven.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

PART II.

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
 That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do."

TENNYSON.

MY DEAR PERCY,—In my last I indicated our state of intellectual anarchy, and concluded by assigning as the cause the progress of intelligence among the masses. In that cause also lies the cure. The progress of intelligence has shaken to the foundation the whole of our political system ; the progress of intelligence must produce a new system. *The Coming Reformation* will evolve itself from the present anarchy.

Curious enough it is to consider how "Educate the People" has become the watchword of all parties ; how all parties more or less clearly see that *therein* lies national safety. Even the Tories who, with reason, dread the consequences of a spread of knowledge—who would so willingly, were it practicable, keep the people in "their proper places," *i.e.*, keep them as machines—ignorant, obedient ; even the Tories now join the Democrats in recommending

education. They feel that a crisis is at hand. They know that the influence of knowledge is humanising ; that it curbs the wild ferocities which prowl about the heart of the savage. They know that, if the ignorant peasant makes the most willing drudge, he also makes, when roused, the most implacable of tyrants. Ignorance—let us never forget—is not simply the negation of knowledge. It is something positive. It is not the mere absence of a good, but the presence of an evil. It is not the mere calm of an unoccupied mind, but the *misdirection* of that mind. The soul of man is irrepressibly active. If it work not for good, it works for evil. If it grasp not golden knowledge, it will clutch at whatever lies nearest. In the untaught soul the passions and brute instincts are like unchained beasts. For indeed the mind of man is as an open book, in which, if we do not trace the fair characters of knowledge, there is every danger that it will be scrawled over with the hideous, staggering characters of vice.

Educate the People ! This is the cry, even of Tories. It is their death-cry ; and some of them know it. Knowledge, the arch-civiliser, has been the great lever of Democracy. Knowledge is the great leveller. Knowledge *will be* the great pacificator.

Still more curious does it appear, at first sight, to see the Church so resolutely opposed to Democracy, and to its great engine—education of the people. Yet the Church was in former days the great source of Democracy, and that *by* education. It first opened the path to intelligence. Its ranks were principally recruited from the people ; and the man of genius who might have languished as a serf, became the equal of nobles—sometimes the superior of kings. It was his intelligence which threw down the barriers of convention, and made him take his rightful place among men.*

You once asked me how it was that Christianity : being essentially the religion of Democracy—of equality : the ministers of its Church are so seldom Democrats ? I fancy this is the simple reason. The clergy instinctively feel that in a Democracy their Church constitution would be greatly altered. It is a constitution formed in aristocratic ages, and must change under a Democracy.

* The fiery Pope Julius II., the enlightened impetuous patron of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, and all men of genius, was wont to observe, that " Learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and in princes was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty." There was a Democrat !

But be the reason what it may, the fact is indisputable, and shows how, in some respects at least, the Church is unfitted for our age; its opposition to the enlightenment of the people shows how incompetent it is to fulfil its true mission. The mission of a Church is the spiritual leadership of the age. Is our Church the spiritual leader of our age?

Such leadership, as the confused state of things will admit, is unquestionably now in the hands of Literature; and you know how thoroughly democratic are the tendencies of Literature, even the Literature of Tories. Thanks to the growing intelligence of the masses, the mighty Press, with myriad arms, is stretching far and wide its conquests, and hastening the victory of Democracy. But in its march, what great temporary evils! It has unsettled men's ideas. It has disturbed all theories of government. It has created new political problems, but has not yet explained them. It has rendered Toryism and Whiggism wavering and incompetent; destroying their ancient dogmas, forcing them to adopt suicidal principles; and yet has substituted no acceptable creed in their stead.

Part of our confusion lies in the gradual decay of ancient dogmas, so that now the real significance of a creed is not apprehended even by its ardent supporters. Some years ago a Tory was a Tory. You knew his opinions, and their practical consequences. He was a man to argue with, for there was a certain consistency in his opinions. Now it is difficult to say what a Tory is. The theory of government he used to profess is now so mixed up with antagonistic and destructive notions, that you are amazed at his blindness in not seeing that it will not hold together. Now he talks about the people as fluently as a demagogue. He gets up statistics of their misery. He writes pamphlets on their condition. He demands that they be educated. He argues in favour of Free-trade. And in all this he perceives no illogicality—knows not how inevitably he is bringing down destruction on his party—sees not that in placing the People thus upon the stage he is raising a spirit which will destroy him, a spirit which he cannot exorcise at will! Does he, in his stupid pride, imagine he can stay the advancing tide of Democracy, now like a mighty river flowing in? Is he, the Canute of private life, prepared to say unto that rushing tide, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

You ask me if it be not possible to preserve our constitution by making certain "concessions" to the demands of the age.

I answer, No ; the concessions demanded amount to a practical reformation of the whole scheme of society.

No doubt concessions have been made ; and these have satisfied for a time the ravenous maw of Progress ; but more will be demanded, and more must be conceded. The concessions hitherto have been reluctant acquiescences of weakness, not the spontaneous modification of a system to suit the age. They have been morsels stintingly thrown down to assuage the clamours of a hungry people ; and thrown out of fear, not out of compassion. Something has been conceded that all may not be wrested. Our rulers have been like the Livonian woman pursued by a troop of wolves, to whom she threw one of her children that she might save the others ; but the wolves pressed on, and one by one her children were sacrificed, till she perished herself, hugging the last child to her broken heart !

Consider only one "concession," namely, that of Education. While Privilege and Wealth are accumulated in the hands of the Few, we see knowledge widening and exalting the souls of the Many. Can any sane man contemplate this state of things, and doubt that society *must* undergo a thorough reformation ? Is not society at present constituted to the advantage of the Few ? I stop not to argue whether or not it be better for society to be so constituted ; I only point to the *fact*. Now, whether it be good or bad for *society* I am quite sure that the majority of mankind will decide in their *own* favour. Once let the mass of mankind be so educated as to be able to appreciate the rudiments of social science, and from that instant the predominance of the Few, as at present, will be annulled. It cannot be otherwise. The Many, equal to the Few in knowledge, will not long remain unequal to them in privilege. The Many, when they know their rights, will enforce them. This Reformation must come. But let us hope that it will come gradually, peacefully ; let us hope that the triumph will be the triumph of opinion, with its gentle yet irresistible power.

I am not wandering from my purpose in these digressions. I only want space to run before I take my leap, and now am ready to spring at once into the midst of Toryism. For the purpose of a clear appreciation, I at present set aside all modifications of Toryism, such as Conservatism, Young Englandism, and any other *ism*. These modifications are indirect avowals of the decrepitude of the doctrine ; they will be noticed hereafter.

Toryism, as a theory of politics, is nothing more than this :—Under the Institutions of our country, has our country flourished. If, therefore, we would continue our career of prosperity and greatness, we must hold fast to our venerable Institutions.

The Rights of Property—the Security of Persons—the well-being of all classes depends upon the maintenance of social Order; and that Order depends upon our Institutions. Any attempt to overset the “venerable Institutions of our country,”—Institutions sanctified by time, blessed by prosperity, and approved by all lovers of order, is an attempt which, if successful, must plunge the nation in fearful peril and anarchy.

Such is the *doctrine* of Toryism, reduced to its simplest expression. There is some truth and no little fallacy in it. Its practical consequences, and its dangerous fallacies I will endeavour to explain.

Its consequences are hidden from any but a rigid inspector, on account of the impossibility now existing for their practical realisation. It remains a theory, and its dangerous consequences are not brought into view. In theory all goes on so smoothly; society moves on in such beautiful order; unfortunately practice is not so smooth! Let us suppose Toryism to have the power of realising its theory, and let us then ask “What would be the result?”

The result would be, that, so far from bringing society into a healthy normal condition—a condition suited to the tendencies and exigencies of the age—it would only *replace society in that condition which necessitated the revolutionary crisis*. In other words, it would, as Auguste Comte has shown, force society to *recommence* its destruction of a form of government which has for many years been incompatible with the exigencies of the governed.*

Does this strike you as true, or as paradoxical? To me it seems irresistible. To deny it you must, first, either shut your eyes to the vast changes which society has undergone since the Feudal Times; and who has the audacity to be so blind? or, secondly, you must look upon the revolutionary spirit which has animated all Europe as an *accident*—as the product of a factitious stimulant—the riot of a few unprincipled demagogues; not as an inherent necessity—not as the continuous development of the nation—not as the inevitable result of certain social laws acting under certain conditions.

* Comte : Cours de Philosophie Positive, vol. IV., p. 19.

The latter explanation is preposterously unphilosophical; yet, preposterous as it is, it has been readily offered by Tories, who, with a glorious inconsequence, appeal to History and revere Tradition in flagrant contradiction to the most palpable lessons of History!

In the first place, you will admit that *accidents* can have very little influence on so vast and complex a thing as the development of a nation; you know that the laws of human evolution are as fixed and immutable as the laws which regulate the movements of the planets; and if these laws are not so simple, not so easily to be apprehended, the reason is, that the phenomena are so wondrously *complex*. Let us therefore get rid of all the pretended influence of accidents—of all the perturbation of demagogues—by this one consideration: If demagogues did not give utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people, they would not be listened to, they *could* have no influence.

In the second place, History—since History is appealed to—if it tells us one thing more plainly than another, tells us that the condition of society has gradually been *altering* (I will not say *improving*, lest it raise a question); and tells us moreover that the very political system itself has been from time to time materially altered. Now I ask you if it be not an absurdity to propose—in the face of all historical evidence—to *support social order by a political system which has not been able to support itself*? If with each alteration in the condition of the age there has been a corresponding alteration in the political system—(and this is one of the great points in the Tory argument, that the system has so adapted itself to the growing nation); if reluctant but inevitable concessions have been made, is this not a proof that the theory could not be practically *consequent*? For where are the “concessions” to stop? Either the system is *as* applicable to the present, as it was to the past; or it is not. If the former, whence the “concessions?” If the latter, what is there to prevent its *total* abolition?

The Institutions of our country are for the most part essentially *Feudal*; and even the great changes which were consolidated into that system named “our glorious Constitution,” date from 1688. These Institutions, so venerable and majestic, were the offspring of a feudal society: they were then necessary—they were then the expression of the age, and strictly conformable with the ideas of the age.

But our age, thank God! is not Feudal. Why, then, has it Feudal Institutions?

Here is an example. The Law of Primogeniture has not only existence, but has still amongst us passionate, ay and disinterested, defenders. It is essentially Feudal. In Feudal days we can understand the importance of the accumulation of property (and power) in the hands of the head of each family. Had it been divided and subdivided amongst each member of the family, the compact bundle of sticks would have become weakened by separation, as in *Æsop's fable*. If the Barons were to be powerful, they needed large estates, on which to support numerous retainers. They were small sovereigns. Their younger sons were not so badly off. They lived on the family estate; they shared the family property. But how different the conditions now! The eldest son is wealthy; the other children are penniless, or dependent on the generosity of the heir, and on the foresight of their parents. No longer is there that necessity for large estates; no longer is the nation in want of a bulwark of powerful Barons to protect it from the despotism of a monarch. Yet Primogeniture continues a law of the land. What the consequences are you know too well. I need not dwell upon the evils of the law; too many have done that before me. Hereafter I will endeavour to point out how the advantages resulting from this law—and they are many and serious—will equally accrue from other causes now working in society; but it would lead me too far at present.

A Feudal Institution in times the reverse of Feudal—what healthy action can it have? Is not the mere statement of the fact sufficient condemnation? But let us examine for a moment the fallacies of the Tory doctrine.

I. England's greatness is identified with her Institutions; if she would continue great, we must preserve those Institutions.

This would be irrefragable if it could once be proved that those Institutions were the *causes* of our greatness. But I have as yet seen no intimate relation of cause and effect between these two. It seems to me a mere *concurrence* of two facts, namely, the fact of our greatness and the fact of feudal Institutions. As well almost might it be argued, that because Spain was more flourishing under the Inquisition than it is now, *ergo* was the Inquisition the cause of her prosperity. England was assuredly great under Elizabeth, when torture was employed to extort false accusations from witnesses, and heretics were roasted at Smithfield for the

purity of Christian doctrines ; but I have never heard that torture and the roasting of heretics form the basis of national prosperity. Might one not unreasonably suppose that England prospered *in spite* of her Institutions ?

II. The second fallacy is that the Rights of Property, the Security of Persons, and the well-being of all classes depend upon the maintenance of Order ; which, though true as a proposition—true even to a truism—has this fallacy tacked on to it : namely, that Order necessarily depends upon existing Institutions. But all Radicals deny this ; they all assert—and I cannot but side with them—that the Order which was necessary for an ancient condition of society, is not the sort of Order necessary for a modern and very different society.

Among your friends, Percy, there are some excellent Tories : upright-minded, out-speaking men, not ill-versed in the history of their country, nor without acquaintance in ancient and modern literature, which has refined and enlarged their minds, rendering them capable of rising above narrow views and petty prejudices. These men will very properly endeavour to instil their principles into your mind. Against their insidious persuasion I hope to guard you. By stripping their doctrine of all its rhetorical ornaments and historical illustration, I hope to show it you in all its shivering nakedness and decrepitude. Clothed in historical ermine, it makes a grand appearance ; it is then more alluring, but it is not less false. Some of its defenders have, it must be confessed, displayed astonishing sagacity in discovering by the light of History that of which no one is ignorant ; with great pomp of erudition, and with great patience of deduction, they have risen to the discovery of common-places. But even the best of them have read History perversely. You will soon perceive that they give up History when History gives up them. They reverence Tradition only up to a certain period ; that passed, they despise its instructions as deceitful. Auguste Comte has, with his usual penetration, seen “ this radical incompetence of the Retrograde School,* to prolong its historical theory up to that point which could alone give it a real political importance, that, namely, of making the Present only the continuous development of the Past. So that the situation of society during the last three

* He refers more directly to the Catholic School, of which our Puseyites are the followers ; but the argument applies equally to the English Tory.

centuries appears only intelligible to this school, by supposing humanity arrived, one knows not how, at a sort of chronic malady, which is incurable except by some miraculous interposition."

In thus preparing you to resist the arguments of Toryism, by making you aware of the incompetence of that doctrine to realise its theories, I must not omit to point out with philosophic impartiality the truth that is in Toryism, and its importance in preserving society from violent disruption.

Without disguising the state of intellectual dissidence—without shutting their eyes to the manifold disorders now troubling the peace of society, the Tories can triumphantly point to their Institutions as, on the whole, not intolerable, and as, on the whole, preserving social Order. That Order, they add, would be more perfect were it not opposed by Radicals, whose opposition they are unable to subdue. All their habits and interests are bound up with the present system; and as they can conceive no other system productive of the same amount of order, they regard every attempt at reform as a progress towards anarchy.

In truth it is the fear of anarchy which makes Toryism strong; as it is the fear of the tyranny of a mob which gives to monarchy its dominion. I have known men, whose hearts nobly responded to the cry of liberty—whose faith was in the future—yet who deemed themselves bound to throw the weight of their talents in the Tory scale, simply because they fancied the predominance on the Radical side becoming dangerous, and they believed that the exertions of all friends of Order were necessary to keep the country from social disruption. This espousal of a party, out of terror at its opponents, though sometimes the conscious act of reflective men, is oftener the unconscious instinct, and not seldom the mere dictate of interest. Men's convictions are wondrously shaped by their interests! With perfect good faith they are unable to conceive a state of society in which their present interests should be deranged, without at the same time deranging the general interests of mankind. So difficult is it to conceive that what is sweet to us should be bitter to others!

Were it not for the terror inspired by the growing preponderance of democracy, and which seems to be hastening England into the vortex of social disorder, the Tory doctrine would be almost universally discredited, and reduced to a merely historical existence. Men would acknowledge that feudal institutions are unsuited to non-feudal ages. But now they declare—and justly—that even

these institutions are preferable to none, or to such as would destroy the order of society.

Nor is this fear ungrounded. When I see the reckless and fallacious speculations of Owenism, Fourierism, and many other *isms*, boldly proposed as the substitutes of our present system, I cannot wonder if sober men think it better "to endure the ill we have, than fly to those we know not of." Be on your guard against such theories. Oppose Toryism, and expose it; but against all that facile utopists propose, defend it to your utmost. Toryism, I believe, false; but at any rate, when tempered by Radicalism, it does in some way preserve society from falling to pieces, and does secure liberty to the individual. Socialism is as false in doctrine, and still more impotent to regulate society.

There are evils in the present Law of Property. I believe these cannot much longer continue. A change must come. But I turn with contempt from those theories which propound as a remedy to the evils, the abolition of property altogether. If these theorists were not as ignorant of literature as they assuredly are of the principles of human nature, they would scarcely propose as a novelty an utopia as old as Plato, which has been triumphantly refuted as long ago as Aristotle.* There are evils also in the present Law of Marriage; but to abolish marriage as the remedy is really as wise as to cut a man's head off to cure him of the toothache.

Toryism is the drag-chain upon impetuous, ill-considered reform. It responds to the strong repugnance man entertains against every change which does not bring with it a conviction of its amelioration of his condition. It is the re-action against the attacks of revolutionary ardour. It is the bulwark against the too rapid progress of unprepared democracy. In this way it fulfils an important office in modern society, in spite of the decrepitude of its doctrine.

Such as it is, it does mainly help to preserve Order. In this respect it has the support of all those whose sense of the necessity for Order is greater than their sense of the necessity for Progress. It also accords with the natural inertia of the human race. Man is little prone to change. Like every other animal, he is essentially conservative. Change in him is only produced by extraordinary stimulus; and it is seldom that he releases himself from

* In the masterly work on Politics by that sage thinker.

the conditions which surround him, until they have become intolerable. Were it not so, how could he explain the long continuance of flagrant abuses?

To resume what has been here laid down: Toryism is the exponent of one great principle—Order. Nevertheless it is not the Order necessary for the stability of modern society. It aims at the futile and visionary project of regulating modern society upon the same principles as were necessary for the regulation of society centuries ago.

As conceived by the mass of Tories, you may consider the doctrine to be simply that of a *Stationary* school. It is the mere *vis inertia* of short-sighted, interest-blinded classes, wishing to “let well alone.”

As conceived by the thinking, energetic men of the party—men who, awakened to the extent of social disorder, would fain remedy it—men who, with the boldness of thinkers, logically deduce from their premises such consequences as less venturous politicians shrink from naming—the proper name is not the *Stationary*, but the *Retrograde* school.

Young Englandism and Puseyism are the two great active sections of this school. Fantastic as their opinions may be, they are at any rate *consistent*; and the political philosopher will gladly welcome them as at all events frankly expressing the real tendencies of Toryism.

So much for Toryism. In my next I will point out the weakness of its great antagonist—Radicalism.

Ever yours,

VIVIAN.

THE MARKET—OLD AND NEW.

THE clock upon his table struck two! Before had been the same dull sound as now came, after, stroke by stroke, without rousing him from his deep abstraction. But now, after the silence of hours, and diligence of travail, thought had reached its proudest climax—knowledge of truth; for the causes traced had this for finality: “That in proportion as man makes active the conditional laws, so will become entire his power over formative nature, and its mighty, moral, and governing consequences.”

Hall, the great anatomist, was roused now, and got up to stir

his fire. The knocks were at the street door. Odd knocks too; not heavy, like a cabman's; not short and quick, like those of gentility; not humble and timed, like those of poverty—but heavy, low, untimed, as if a brutish coarse hand struck them. His servants had been long in bed, and for a moment he hesitated; but the knocks going on, he lighted a candle at the gas-burner, and went to the door. When opened, he was surprised to see before him, a low, round-shouldered, thick-set man, with small stupid-looking blood-shot eyes, and a thin unshaven beard. He wore a low-crowned hat, and butcher's smock; the latter, like his hands, incrustated with blood and grease, and hanging dank round his filthy leather gaiters. Both sight and sense revolted from the man: for in no charnel-house, no fever-hospital, no den inhabited by *les chiffonniers* of Paris, or the beggars of Westminster Almonry, had this great surgeon ever come upon a stench more foul. Nor did speech seem human; even this had been brutalised by the demoralising influence of cruelty and filth. The great surgeon's first impulse was to close the door against such a visitor at such an hour; but the man seeming in earnest, he patiently tried to understand what he said, with this result: That he was a Smithfield butcher; that his only child, long ill, now lay dying; that many surgeons had attended it without success, and that the landlord of a certain Smithfield tavern, having read in the newspapers of the surgeon's great fame, had advised this butcher to apply to him. Imputing Hall's evident reluctance, not to its true cause, the repulsiveness of his own person, but to some doubts respecting payment, the butcher drew from his pocket a greasy canvas bag, and taking out several sovereigns, proffered them. Though Hall shook his head in instant negative, he now, seeing the man's mission was a real one, invited him in, closed the door, and led the way to his study. In such disorder, as it usually was at night, when alone and sure of being undisturbed, in his great anatomical analysis of form, this room, coupled with his fame, as detailed by the landlord with great fulness, was just the sort of place to rouse the stolid curiosity of ignorance. Still the gaze was but a dull wondering one, till it rested on a large atlas or book open on a reading-desk. Then was it intense, absorbed, wondering; the whole body, in its bent-forward attitude, as expressive of breathless curiosity as the face. Yet on that page was represented nothing more than an idiot's head, horribly contorted and ugly, and drawn as large as life. Still the man's wonder was

so intense, that quite unconscious, as was evident, to himself, he drew nearer and nearer, till at last he stood close before the page, and with uplifted finger. The attention of Hall, who had now rung for his servant, and was putting on his coat, was presently arrested by the man's attitude; he crossed the room and stood beside him. "Well, friend, and what see you?" The butcher, with blanched face, and eyes still more blood-shotten, though in a voice, that was almost soft and whispering, compared with its previous brutality, answered, "The child's no sense, it is an idiot."

"But you seem bright enough, eh? What's your wife?"

"Twice as sharp as I, sir. Kept the 'counts like a school-master 'afore she took to the dram; but it's all up with her now, like the rest o' the women. Gin's second natur to them as are up in the heart o' the slaughter houses. Though as to the child, if" Again the man looked up into the surgeon's face.

"I am not a God, friend, to make that wholly straight, which Nature has fashioned crooked, though ignorance has told you so. There's first, as you say, to save the child's life; then we'll see. Time and care have done as much as this!" As he spoke, his benign and intellectual face bent towards the page, and his hand turned the leaf to another, where was still the idiot's face; but yet, in its approach to sense and humanity, whole types above the one foregone. Hall looked down to see if ignorance could comprehend this change, and lo! the mighty universal heart of Nature, never wholly degraded, or senseless, in its worst condition, was touched; eyes seared by years' vision of cruelty were wet, and tears fell on his uplifted hands. For here was his child as it was—here as it might be. No other circumstance could have thus told upon this hardened and ferocious man!

It was a spring morning; the streets sloppy, and the air seeming keen and cold whilst they swiftly trod the broader streets, but becoming close and fetid as the purlieus of Saffron Hill closed round; and this too at every step thicker and duller with the roar of human voices and tramping feet. Elsewhere, to human eye and ear, in streets, in lanes, and squares, in market-places, on quays, on wharves, the mighty city lay profoundly still—its heart throbbed not: here another generation was at its task-work of labour and crime, and with loud voice, coarse gesture, swift motion, roared on its way, or crept silently along as if its fitful hour of task-work were short; ending when dawn begun, and man

rose to true work with the sun. Hawkers and butchers, prostitutes and thieves, children and beggars, knife-grinders and dealers, pie-men and link-boys, made up the motley rings that swayed on in one direction round droves of frightened cattle, urged on by men and dogs, the drivers hanging on the outskirts of these crowds in parley with some hawker, or the depths of a thrifty Scotch bargain with some still more cunning salesman. Just on the skirts of the market, where the crowd of cattle and men was still denser, and the smoke from the glaring links hung in a cloud, the butcher turned down a narrow passage, crossed a court strewn with rotted litter, and into which old stables, now converted into slaughter-houses, opened, and from this court into passages long and intricate, plastered like those of a dwelling-house, but the walls dripping with filth, and the brick floors so slippery with blood and grease that even the practised foot of the butcher swayed to and fro. The surgeon's curiosity was intense; though his heart sickened in the gratification of this curiosity. And from these passages, so dark that the way had to be often felt, and so narrow, that a stout man's shoulders would have touched either side, slaughter-houses opened; some, like wildernesses, stretching far back into dim vacuity, the foregrounds light enough to show the demoralizing orgies held, and others small, like prison cells, swarming with life, and varied with all conditions of scene. Amongst these grim wildernesses were some, where poor brute nature awaited its lingering death, lolled its thirsty tongue, and gazed ardently at every passing hand for food and water; dying a long first death within these sickening scenes, the more sickening to this mild brute nature, nurtured on the breezy Highland hills and flowery pastoral leas—some, where death's work was only half accomplished, so that slow sinkings and long agonies should create fitting delicacies for the rated appetite of the epicure; some, where unnatural food paved the way to this slow process; some, where the upheaved floor of filth, like that in Heathen fable, rotted and festered and begat its dire miasma; some, where the blood made its own stagnant pools, or trickled in dire waste to the gurgling sewers low down; some, where foul cruelty played its Hecate part and revelled in brutality; some, where round charcoal fires, half-naked men and boys whooped and fought, and cooked and eat their insatiate meal of quivering flesh; and even some, where demoralized and scarce recognisable woman played her part, imbrutified by crime and gin. And yet, Corporation of London, you nurse this Smithfield in your city's heart.

and cherish, by your monopoly, these orgies. In sanatory-pattern books, such nature-men as your Chadwicks, your Duneans, your Southwood Smiths, colour your town-plans with light or shade as disease and health prevail; and if these same great nature-men draw skeleton plans of your boasted city, and colour by this same rule, why, on this same Smithfield, will sink down a cloud, so dense and dark, a tempest-night shall be dawn by comparison. Further too, with this monstrous stereotyped monopoly is your stereotyped idea that gold and silver alone constitute wealth; that they are sole tangibility of riches. So with this same tangibility your exchequer is laden; you fasten it up with bolt and bar in your Bank of England cellars; you think all *real* wealth is safe in your goldsmiths' and silversmiths' windows, and exists only in your hoard of civic plate, in your cash-boxes, in your purses! You cry, "This bullion is solely capital; here we have it safe: and for famine, paralysed trade, or for misery amongst the gold-creating classes, we are the Lord Bountifuls that give so well in charity." Why? —In this same nursing-bed of your city's worst demoralization and crime, rots, wastes, flows forth, sinks into the ground, desecrates humanity, pollutes nature, such infinite and prodigious riches, that your tangibility,—bullion, capital,—large though it be as your stereotyped idea, is but a mustard grain to a mountain! Preserve these same agents, let them no longer brutalize and pollute, let chemical discovery remain no longer in books or merely active in the crucible; let it assist the conditions for evolving the limitless fruitlessness of nature, and these same organic principles which now desecrate and pollute, will, by their new elements, feed your before charity-fed and theft-supported population, and give it something like a sane and moral bearing.

As the way through these filthy passages grew more intricate and darker, the butcher stepped on before to get a lantern, and the anatomist slowly following, soon found the passage broadened out into a little open yard, surrounded by these same iniquitous dens of cruelty and filth. From the iron grating of one streamed so strong and broad a light, that he stepped up and looked within, and saw some five or six half-naked men and lads perched on a sort of bench around a charcoal fire. Having some matter of dispute on hand, their faces were crowded over the glaring fire like a cluster of bees; and far above piteous bleat and low, rattled the jinking pence as they were snatched from hand to hand by one or other of the disputants. At this point of fierce calm

and denial, one lad, less likely, perhaps, to be a victor than the rest, turned round, and touching another on the shoulder, cried out, "Hallo! soft Ned's at his work agin." At which shout others turned round and joined in the brutal hallo. "Now, my harties," roared a grim savage, thrusting the score of pence that had settled the dispute into his breeches pocket, which, by the way, was the only garment he wore, "here goes for Ned's lesson;" and as he spoke, he shied, with accurate aim, a short thick stick that lay on the floor at a lamb tethered to an iron ring. It had hitherto stood, though bleeding and faint, and had lapped some water from a little rusty porringer that a boy, scarcely seen in the dim light, had held towards it; but now, its fore-leg broken, it sunk upon the reeking floor, and a shout of brutal merriment rose above its low moan of death and pain. "Good God!" thought the anatomist, "are these things in the heart of London's boasted civilisation?" Yes! fifty times worse, if I might paint them, and show how brutal cruelty is inseparable from hideous crime. Sick at heart, Hall turned away, and found the butcher by his side. "Dreadful scenes these!" he said. "We 'se live among 'em, and git used to 'em," was the only answer. With the light of the lantern they now got quickly on, and passing a sort of shed, in which a little old queer night-capped knife-grinder was busily at work, Muffs, the butcher, pushed aside a door at the end of a short unventilated passage, and his kitchen and its occupants were before them. If he who has given so many great moral sermons to humanity, had wanted a model for a scene representing wealth, filth, and callous disregard, here it would have lain to his hand; for the substantial chairs, dressers, clock, gaudy clothes hanging about, and lavish eatables and drinkables, all told of money; the discomfort and sottish misery, of filth; and the disregard around the great wooden cradle of the child, of worse than callous indifference. The mother, imbecile with drink, lolled in a high-back chair, deaf to the moanings of her child; three or four boys, some in the chimney-corner, and one of them seated on a pile of reeking hides, cooked their supper over the huge fire; two old women, crouched beside the cradle, sipped the gin set forth for them on the table, and chatted fiercely as they swayed the cradle to and fro, totally careless whether they increased or hushed pain; and other women and gossips there were in the back-ground, who, younger and of more doubtful vocation, tried on the spendthrift finery scattered

about, or hobnobbed with cup and saucer. Scarcely able to breathe the pestiferous air, Hall's first words were to open a window—*there was none*, "they always burnt candles;" and when at that same instant the lads, warned by Muffs to go, opened a door beside the fire-place, in reeked the swelter and stench of the slaughter-house, thus merely divided from the human dwelling by a thin partition. Did the great anatomist wonder then, when throwing back the cloak that covered in the head of the cradle, to see before him the insane and animal-faced idiot mad with fever? No! the cause and the effect were one, and not mere incident. Nature is judge over her own mighty laws, and allows of no infringement in the constitution of her sublime progress; but ever seems teaching to man, and evolving by circumstances, that all of her, with her, and belonging to her, must accord with her own universal harmony! The drunken mother was rather fair and young; the father, though brutalised and dull, was not deformed; yet here was the child, so imbrutified and hideous, that compassion might have smote the heart of the most un pitying. It was very ill—fever was added to a new form of its insanity—this had made the father seek the great surgeon. After clearing the room of all but the mother, and lessening the huge fire, Hall wrote out a prescription, and dispatched the father with it to the nearest chemist. Whilst he was gone, he took the child upon his knee, and tried, by bathing its face and hands with water, to hush its moaning cries. But uselessly, even when the medicine was brought and given; and the father, thinking these cries were precursors of its death, walked wildly to and fro about the kitchen.

"Sir," he said, "stopping abruptly before the surgeon, and looking down on the child as it lay in its cradle, "such a creature is a judgment perhaps on me and her; but if you can, save its life; if you can bring its face nearer that one"

"It must be soothed and carried from this den; in it, it would not live many hours. Is there no one it has been accustomed to?"

"Why, I think," spoke the old knife-grinder, who had just stepped in to see how matters were going on, "Ned's the one that has sometimes got her to sleep, I know. Shall I make a search, Muffs?"

"They're rolling the cattle into Diggis's I hear, but" The old man was off, and soon came back with a lad, very gaunt and miserable, for he was only a hanger-on upon these scenes of blood, sometimes, as he had been that night; at others, helping

the glue-makers and tallow-melters, and catching the skirts of vice and misery, for his shamble bread. Yet, perhaps from habit, the idiot child nestled to him and sunk to rest; and, regardless of the fierce fever that parched it, the boy hung it over with tenderness and pity. After some consultation with Muffs and the knife-grinder, Mr. Twirl, for this was the name of the latter, gave up a little garret that was his, in the same house as where he rented his shop; and to this, with much care, the child was carried. Though still in the heart of these pestiferous dens, being a garret, the room was cool and airy; and after seeing it placed carefully in bed, the surgeon, promising to send some one to see it in a few hours, consigned it to the care of its father and the boy, who at Hall's request remained. A sudden thought seemed to cross the surgeon's mind, for he had reached the garret door, and then turned quickly back.

"You were the boy that gave the lamb the water, were you not?"

"Why, yes, sir—I"

"The act did you credit, though but one of merey I fear, in a million acts of cruelty. And the lamb"

"Is not dead, sir. Diggis said it wasn't worth a fath'ing, except for its hide; and if I'd do an extra bit o' night-work next market it should be mine."

"Well, let it live—and come to me to-morrow. I will leave my address with this good knife-grinder." When they reached the little candle-lighted shop below, the surgeon made some inquiry touching this lad.

"Why, what them as is here call a queer 'un, sir—that is, soft, 'cause he hasn't quite sich a likin to wickit-niss as themselves. And I don't expect he should, seeing I've taught him a bit o' reading in the way of a newspaper, for I 'se a politician to the back-bone, sir. And so, what with some other queer fancies, about collecting bones, them days he works for the bone-boilers, and doing what he calls chemistry work with my old tea-kettle, why, ye see"

"He's not related to Muffs?"

"Dear, no, sir; he was found, a baby, amongst the shambles. Some cretur had left him there. As for Muffs, he works for him, when the slaughter work is heavy, and thus has lushed that idiot baby, so"

At this same word the knife-grinder stuck a candle into a lantern, and opening the lower hatch of his shop, stepped on

before to show the way. The same vile dens were passed as in coming, only now they seemed to be filled with shouting men, and tramping infuriated cattle. Sounds there were, too, of blows as hard as if struck with the hammer and the arm of Thor or Vulcan; the gleam of many torches, and the clap of opening and shutting gratings that led to vaults below; and yet, above all these, the human roar of Smithfield, making perfect this grim negative of a boasted civilisation!

From this same time, the great anatomist took interest in the sanatory condition of Smithfield, in the mental progress of the idiot child, and the fortunes of the shamle boy. As soon as the fever was abated, Peg was placed with other children, on whom the great surgeon was trying his humane and educative theories, at a cottage within an easy distance from town; and when Ned, rescued from his shamle life, and educated at the expense of Hall, followed up his chemical and anatomical tastes, in the laboratories and dissecting theatres of the metropolitan hospitals, instead of in the tea-kettle of the knife-grinder, or the slaughter-houses of Smithfield, it was a bright holiday to go and see poor little idiot Peg, waxing wonderfully towards sense; and Bell, now grown into a comely sheep, following her footsteps amidst the field and garden flowers. Oh! let me whisper to you—that *no element of Nature is ignoble!*

* * * * *

Monopoly, however, backed, whether by tyranny, whether by money, whether by ignorance, or even all combined, falls before the gathered moral force of Common Sense. Therefore it was, when national education multiplied this admirable part called Common Sense, the grim nuisance of Smithfield market fell; not, however, without groans from battened monopoly and the plethora of corporate rule. And none so helped towards this just fall as Hall, the great anatomist. He it was, who, assisted by the familiar knowledge of Ned and the knife-grinder, laid before parliament, in succinct detail, the horrors of this Smithfield and its grim dens called slaughter-houses. He showed, that with such a focus for generating crime, education was *nil*; that the *nevus* which bound misery and filth together, was the same that bound them to vice and crime. That in such an atmosphere of putrescence none but a physically degraded population could exist; that this physical degradation, followed out through generations, brought human nature to a type below that of the brute; and that these same

scenes of brutal death and slaughter were the truest school for the glories of the hangman and the gibbet. Common Sense understanding these things at last, Smithfield nuisance fell.

Now, the *abattoir* system, active to supply a mighty population with its staple food, no longer, of necessity, involves phases of demoralization. Placed under government control, no pollution exists; and animal life, taken with the least pain and the quickest dispatch, leaves no room for cruelty. The refuse, once left to rot and create the foulest of nuisance, is now, by chemical agency, converted into the finest fertilising power; whilst, from the experiments made in the *abattoir* laboratories, are rising discoveries, to startle even a progressive and believing human mind. Such is the metropolitan *abattoir*, "The Market New," instead of "The Market Old," in all its conditions assisting towards the development of a healthy and flourishing population. Hall was right: Man, by development of moral law, gains power over formative nature.

A large and flourishing lodging-house for Highland drovers, and country folks, is now kept by Muffs; and it is beautiful to hear old gray-headed men say, how the gentle idiot girl, when they are sick or tired, comes to tend them or sit beside them, and tells all she knows of the country and the flowers. And, what is greatest still for my argument: of true nobility, the *abattoirs* and their hospital have a wondrous nature watching over them; wondrous in knowledge, the once poor shamle boy—the great humanitarian English Parent Duchâtelet.

Oh! world, let me whisper it unto thee musically again—*No element of Nature is ignoble!*

SILVERPEN.

THE VISIONS OF THE YOUNG MIND.

"Les pensées des hommes ressemblent
A l'air, aux vents, et aux saisons;
Et aux girouettes qui tremblent
Inconstamment sur les maisons."

Philip Desportes's Early French Poets, by Carp.

THERE they come!—the jocund phantoms—
Beautiful in all but truth,
Trooping with the breeze and sunbeams
O'er the morning hills of youth.

There they come ! all clad in brightness,
Music sounding through their wings ;
For, did ever thought or sadness
Shadow young imaginings ?

Life's romance is bound among them—
Phantasies most pure and glad,
And in every human bosom
Is their *death-throe* long and sad.

See ! that wild imperious Spirit,
Proud, but beautiful as light—
She with laurel, bay, and sceptre,
Rules young hearts with matchless might.

She, who points to earth's distinctions—
Scholars, Warriors, Poets' sways—
Beams of hope, and buds of promise,
Flings she o'er their thorny ways :

Telling not of weary vigils,
Nor that years with labour rife,
Train the mental gladiator
For the triumph and the strife.

And she whispers not the warning—
If ye live the goal to win,
Past the zest for keen enjoyment,
Old the heart, and wise in sin.

She paints not th' untimely furrow,
And the rich hair early grey,
Shatter'd ties, and wither'd garlands,
Trampled in ambition's way !

Yet is she a glorious Spirit :
And the sin—if sin it be—
Tempted angels, and hath given
Mortals immortality !

See the next bright phantom coming—
Monarch of the present hour !
And the greatest mind and basest,
Bends beneath his magic power.

Love with beauteous dreams hath peopled
Hearts as pure as mountain snow ;
Flashing oft a gleam of virtue
Thro' the soul abased and low.

Oft hath he the sway divided,
 With all other passions there ;
 Hand in hand with proud Ambition
 He hath walked in raiment fair.

Scenes are his of quiet gladness,
 Scenes where all is woe beside,
 Where his lamp, yet fondly cherish'd,
 Floats down Fortune's roughest tide.

Noble deeds oft unrecorded,
 Self-oblivion hath he taught—
 Font of many a hope and blessing,
 Pure and bright and lofty thought !

I am lost amid the beauty,
 I am lost amid the throng
 Of the visions, and the promise,
 And the hope, and light, and song.

They have faded, died, departed
 Phantoms of the new-born mind !
 And the pilgrim in his noontide
 Leaves youth's morning dreams behind.

And before him stand ungarnish'd,
 The realities of life ;
 And he girds him up for action,
 'Mid the stir and din and strife !

Mrs. ACTON TINDAL.

A DAY WITH OLD OCEANUS.

It is a glorious morning at that season of the spring, when, laying aside her fickleness and coquetry, she resigns herself to the youthful and fervid summer. The topmost leaves of the taller trees, gently stirred by the luscious air, are twinkling in the sunlight, in alternations of green and gold ; the sky is one limitless expanse of deep blue, save in the east, where a few transparent and richly gilt clouds rest on the horizon's verge—beautiful fragments of the chariot which has conveyed the monarch of Nature to this portion of his kingdom. It is one of those mornings, exhilarating alike to soul and sense, in which it seems something

monstrous to think of doing anything, except to drink the balmy sweetness of Nature's cup; there is a holiday-feeling in the atmosphere, and a holiday we mean to make of it. To-day will we listen to the murmurings of the summer ocean. Our little yacht lies but a short half-hour's journey from hence, and if you will accompany us, kind reader, you shall be heartily welcome to a share of the day's pleasure. Look through that opening in the trees—there is the estuary, widening as it flows on its glittering and tortuous course, between thickly wooded hills, and sweet vallies rich in promise. A few minutes, and we are standing by the side of our boat, which is at present high and dry on the “hard,” for the tide is little more than half-flood, and having some time therefore to spare, we will introduce you to that amphibious animal in a pair of patched canvas trousers supported by one brace, banyan shirt, and fur cap, which he wears with the peak over one ear—he is the sailing-master of our vessel, and as he is seldom known on the quay by any other name than “Bill,” we shall adhere, for custom's sake, to that brief and euphonious appellation. It is needless to say, for you will perceive it at once, that he is a character, and consequently enjoys all the privileges and immunities of that favoured class. While he is gone to fill those two stone bottles, one with porter from the little inn, over which swings the sign of a ship most preposterously built and outrageously rigged, and the other with water from a rill which gurgles through that field, we will take a survey of the quiet scene around us. Steeped in sunshine, and half-hidden by a screen of nets and masts, stands a little fishing village, at a short distance on the opposite bank of the river,—from whence the clink of chain cables, and the musical cry of those who man the handspikes, announce that the little fleet of dredgermen are putting to sea. Small groups of old worn-out sailors sit about on the huge, rusty anchors which lie on the quay. Before us, extend the waters of the harbour, flashing in silver radiance, and quivering with the dazzling scintillations of every restless ripple. “What do you say? you can't see our yacht?”—her little hull is hidden by the bend of the river, but if you look over the hillock on your right, you will see a mast, from the taper extremity of which streams a red and white swallow-tailed flag—that's she, and a pull of ten minutes will bring us alongside. “Come Bill, look alive—we want to be off—are all the things in the boat?” To this Bill replies by a nod, (it is too soon in the day for him to be talkative),

and putting our shoulders to the boat, we run her into the water, out with the oars, and are soon on board our little craft. We "up foresail," and while Bill is kneeling on the half-deck, hauling in, hand over hand, the cable, carefully cleaning it of sea-weed and mud, before he deposits it in a neat coil, we ship the tiller, and inquire which way he wants to cast her. Without looking over his shoulder, he makes a signal with his hand—we comply, as we suppose, but as her head swings contrary to the desired direction, he sings out, "T'other vay, sir, t'other vay—don't stand haetin' and skylarkin' now, ve shall be aground in a minute—shove your hellum hard down and haul in that 'ere sheet to leeward—I *towd* you t'other vay." The anchor is lifted, and the little vessel bounds to the touch of her helm, like a courser to the rein. We have got the wind nearly ahead, so we must beat out of the river. "Now then, you Bill, don't go to sleep—get the topsail on her, we are becalmed under the high land, and are drifting astern with the tide." Bill proceeds to hoist the topsail, muttering something about "not having had any breakfast yet,"—so as soon as the topsail is set, the little deck made neat and orderly, and the sheets all clear, we appease his temper and hunger together, by the propitiatory offering of a piece of cold meat and a slice of bread, both of which he holds in his left hand, while he works away with a clasp-knife, hanging by a rope-yarn from his neck, plates being superfluous articles in his Diogenic establishment. Well, eat thy breakfast, poor neglected item of humanity, and let not the thought of thy many deficiencies impede the activity of those vigorous jaws, (not that we have many fears on that head); for if through thy hard lot thou art a stranger to life's amenities, be it thy consolation, that through the same cause thou art also insensible to much of its bitterness, for,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Away we go, the breeze freshening, and the diamonds dancing at our bows, to the music of the Triton's horn. White crests begin to gleam and gambol on the tops of the glassy ridges. The woodland scenery of the river is giving place to the long line of barren sand, dotted here and there with a Martello tower, or Preventive station. At the distance of a couple of miles on our weather-bow you may see "a darker speck on the ocean green"—*it is the buoy that marks the bar at the entrance of the harbour;*

and when we have left it astern we shall be fairly in the German Ocean. Our sailing-master has finished his breakfast; and after giving one glance to the sails, and another to the sea and sky, he lies down to sleep on the cabin floor; knowing that as we are clear of the river his services will not be so much required. And now that nothing is heard but the monotonous wash of the waves, rolling in from windward in interminable succession, and the wild scream of the sea-bird, wheeling his glittering circles overhead, let us have a little quiet converse on the character and habits of those who pass their life, and too often meet death, on the dreary "waste of waters."

We think we are justified in asserting, that the true character of our seamen is but very imperfectly understood by landmen generally, and that those whose ideas of the "British Tar" are confined to the blue jacket, white trousers, and other attractive qualities of the sailor, on *paper*, can form but little notion of the mental and moral degradation of the generality of those who man our coasting and merchant vessels. The early tuition in the duties of a sailor's life necessarily excludes him from many advantages which landmen are perhaps too apt to undervalue; and the whole course of his hard servitude strengthens the barrier which seems to divide him from his kind. His privations are great, his usage hard, and sometimes cruel; his means of self-improvement are small, and his inclination still less than his means; his pleasures (so called) are often brutal and debasing; and his religion is a mixture of superstitious fears and extravagant credulity; but if he is a "thorough sailor," few persons seem to think it either practicable or necessary to make anything else of him. It is true, some masters of ships take very praiseworthy pains to improve the character, and ameliorate the condition of their crews; and as far as outward behaviour and physical comforts are concerned, much good arises. But, to raise the sailor in the social scale, it is necessary that he should have social advantages—that there should be less exclusiveness in his information, tastes, pursuits, and companions, all of which the isolating nature of his profession tends so much to preclude. It is easier to point out the deficiency than to offer a remedy; for, do what we may, it seems we cannot materially alter the constitution of poor Jack, whose chief property consists (as assigned to him in the old song) of "a light heart and thin pair of breeches," with which he endures privations with a cheerfulness which would make a landsman blush at his

own discontent, faces many a night of stormy horrors with unshaken constancy ; and when cast, bruised and shivering, on the terrific lee shore, with nothing but his life and a few rags, he wends his way to the nearest port, re-ships under a new master, and smokes his pipe with new ship-mates, with a stoicism worthy the admiration of Zeno himself. There is a singular combination of childishness and manliness in the naval character : on points where a landsman would show acuteness of observation, depth of thought, or soundness of judgment, Jack proves himself a very child ; but where that same landsman would hide his fearful head, and close his eyes and ears to sights and sounds appalling, *there* the sailor displays the coolness and the promptitude, the energy and the hardihood, that have gained for the British flag its proud superiority. Although a sailor's life is passed amid scenes of the most touching beauty or awful sublimity, his uninformed and obtuse mind seldom appreciates their influence ; and though he visits lands basking in the rays of Nature's divinest light, and walks the streets of cities resplendent with the glories of art, or dim with the melancholy shadows of departed greatness, it is all the same to him, and the only information he can give you on the subject is, how they had the wind going down channel, how many times they reefed topsails on the voyage, and what a spree they had the first night they went ashore.

But, whilst thus chatting, we have left the land far to leeward, and our tight little craft is pitching and labouring in the heavy sea, now burying her bowsprit till the jib is wet half-way up, and now settling her stern in the seething waters, till you may see under her fore-foot. If you will kick that sleeping philosopher up, we will take the topsail in, for we have got rather too much canvas on her for this stiff breeze. "Halloa, there, you son of a sea-cook, turn out, will you, and take in topsail." Sailor-like, he is awake in a moment, and after his usual comprehensive glance, he says, "Take in topsail ? Yes, I should think so. You must be crazy, together, to carry on her so. I'll lay a farden cake that ere topmast is sprung. Vy, there 's the hystermen a-takin' in a reef in their mainsails, and here 's you a-drivin' —." The rest of the sentence he mumbles to himself, as he sits astride on the cross-trees. The wind is backing into the east, and increasing to nearly half-a-gale. The sea is rising, and as it strikes the bows of our vessel, it makes her quiver from head to stern. She *seems*, at such times, to be endowed with the power of thought,

and to be reasoning with herself upon the propriety of proceeding any further. "Look out, there, sir, for that sea—keep her head to it. Luff—luff." On it comes, like a hungry giant, and giving a smashing thump to our weather-bow, it breaks over us in a cloud of spray, wetting us to the skin, and covering the floor of the boat with water. "My eye, that vos a washer!" is the exclamation of our sailing-master, shaking his jacket, and knocking his cap against the mast. "Call this goin' a plasurin', don't ye? Vell, I've heard the sayin', that them that goes to sea for *plasure* ought to go to—I 'ont say *vere*, for pastime."

"Very good, Bill; very good. Your remarks savour as much of the attic-salt as your jacket does of the sea-salt. But now, boy, let's about ship—it's no use forcing her through such a sea as this, and we must be careful how we do it, too, for our boat is very low in the water, and her length causes her to 'wear' but slowly; and if one of those great curly-headed fellows should take a fancy to plump aboard us while we are in stays, we should soon sleep on that slimy couch where rest the bones of many a better man. Hoist the mizen, my lad; as we can't carry our topsail, it will help us round the quicker. See your sheets all clear. *Now*, there's a lull. Down with the helm. Don't let go the foresheet yet, or she'll miss stays."

The little vessel slowly brings her bowsprit to the wind's eye; the sails flap, and dash, and struggle, with a force that makes her tremble; the mainsheet is tearing from side to side, on its iron horse—and if you have any respect for your brains, you had better mind your head; the angry crests are foaming and leaping round us, as if contending for their prey. "Let go the foresheet." "All gone," is the response; and gradually falling off from the wind, she fills on the other tack. We keep the helm up till we have brought the wind right aft. Then "steady" is the word. "Slack away your main sheet—it's jammed, somewhere. Give it a chuck. That's it—let her have all of it, if you like. Clew up the mizen, we don't want it now, and then bundle up and get the topmast down." There, now she's snug; and we will run her into the smooth water of some quiet creek, and get our dinner comfortably.

We are now running before the wind under mainsail, jib, and foresail, and it seems to be a trial of speed between our boat and the white foamy waves, as they come racing, roaring, and hissing on each quarter: the sharp jerking and heavy plunging of the

vessel through the buffeting seas, is exchanged for the graceful and triumphant sweep of a sea-Taglioni, executing a *pas seul* to the blustering strains of old Æolus. And now we are in the midst of the little fleet of fishing-boats which went dropping down the river in the calm of the early morning—we are quickly leaving them astern, except that smart cutter-built little fellow who seems determined to stick to us; well, she certainly is a little beauty—look what a hoist her mainsail has, and there must be nearly a couple of hundred yards of canvas in her jib; for half-an-hour we bowl along together without being able to shew him our stern, driving a creamy hill of foam before us with one continuous yet musical roar. She is steered by a stalwart fisherman, in water boots, blue banyan, and red night-cap, who, with pipe in mouth, and his hands in his pockets, stands with one foot on each side the tiller and steers with his legs, poising himself to the roll of the vessel with a steadiness and *grace* unattainable by any save a genuine “salt.” The other occupant of the deck is a nondescript creature, supposed to be a boy, nearly extinguished by a “sow-wester” which reaches half-way down his back; he is sitting on an inverted bucket cleaning fish, and is far too absorbed in his occupation to pay the smallest attention to us. But we must bear up for yonder creek; and now comes the point of honour—shall we stand boldly athwart his bows, or confess ourselves beaten by slipping under his stern? Our sailing-master looks with a wistful eye to our weak top-mast, and shakes his head with the conviction that it is “no go.”

“Well, but man, we can carry our mizen if we can’t our top-sail, and still leave him as much canvas as ourselves.” Up it goes, and we slowly draw a-head—“Now for it—hard a starboard!” The space of frothing water between us rapidly decreases: “She’ll be into us!—no—” just cleared her, and hardly that, our out-rigger scraping her cutwater.

“Call that close shavin’,” says our sailing-master shrugging his shoulders.

The stolid but good-humoured countenance of our opponent relaxes into a grin, and with a friendly waive of the hand, we each stand on our separate courses. The summer gale dies away as we near the land, and soon we float in the sunny waters of the calm creek, its stillness only broken by the whispering sedges and the plaintive note of the plover. Far down, through the clear depth, you may see the sandy bottom, studded with glistening shells, and interlaced with the bright-hued vegetation of the deep.

Plounce goes our anchor, frightening the Nereids, and doubtless demolishing some half-score rare plants in "*Amphitrite's bower*." Dinner over, we luxuriate for an hour with our *Havannah*, listening in dreamy mood to the popping of the water under our bows, mentally contrasting the tranquil beauty and soothing idlesse of the scene, with the noisy, driving, scrambling world, and investing some imaginary isle that rears its fairy height above the blue waters, with a *Medora's* tower or *Haidee's* grot. A few drops of the like poetic infusion seem to have found their way into the mind of our sailing-master, who remarks, that it was "just sich a artemoon as this, the last time as ever he valked vith his young vooman," and forthwith proceeds to communicate to us some interesting particulars relative to the fickleness of a certain barmaid, and the deep wrong which his sensitive heart has endured thereby. The tide is now making again, and warns us (if we mean to sleep ashore) to be getting our anchor up.

Scarcely a breath crisps the surface of the slumbering and smiling ocean, in which the white sails of motionless vessels are reflected in preposterous length. The larger boats are scooping water on their lazy sails, while the smaller ones are having recourse to their sweeps, and we must follow their example. Slowly and laboriously we retrace the watery path through which we bounded in the freshness of morn—meet emblem of the weary and time-worn man traversing again the scenes of his childhood's buoyancy—at length the church-spire and the vanes of the ships in harbour are discerned like specks of burning gold in the evening sky, and in due time our boat lies alongside the quay where our sailing-master is soon recognised by some "*fidus Achates*" instituting an inquiry into the extent of his capability to "stand a pint."

And now, kind reader, thanking you for your company, and hoping you have had a pleasant trip, we present our hand and wish you good night.

A. J.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

No. V.—A YOUNG HEAD UPON OLD SHOULDERS.

IN spite of all the fuss that is now-a-days perpetually made about Middle Age Art, by the Fadgetts and others, who seem to fancy that the World and themselves do not wrinkle fast enough—I often think it doubtful whether, at any previous period of England's history, simple, natural Old Age, with its duties and its beauties, was ever so imperfectly understood. "People choose to trip into their tombs now-a-days," said a pleasant and familiar speaker, not long ago. It is not merely that eldest Miss Le Grands (there are many such!) will learn the *Cellarius*—there were silly elderly gentlewomen giving to such "unbendings" when Richardson wrote the stupid second part of "Pamela"—but it is, perhaps, a consequence of these electrical and steam and ether times we are living in—that "most haste" has become Man's motto: till he forgets the hour at which a veil creeps over his eyes; and his ears close gradually to even the sound of the Trumpet, and his limbs will no longer bear him in search of the Athenians' pleasure—"some new thing." What wonder that his own displacement is mathematically followed, by that also of those who were meant first to lean upon and then to look up to him: and who, finding him more than an equal, and less than an authority (which means also, a friend), consider him as filling the place of his betters, and cumbering the ground? The Battas, who, as Sir Stamford Raffles informed us, were wont to eat their grandfathers and grandmothers with a Hungarian sort of sauce of red pepper, are only a trifle more demonstrative than the Young Rapids and Young Marlows,—I beg their pardons, the Dazzles and the Coningsbys—of this Victorian, Gregorian, Sidonian, Mortonian, and Wheatstonian era!

Why should this be—save because too many *will have* young heads on their old rheumatic shoulders?—*will* confound participation and sympathy; whereas the one may be all selfishness, while the other must be all self-sacrifice? Look at the wigs,

Sir, which elderly persons think proper to wear at this present juncture!—the back and the front, half a century apart from each other. Look at the crippled old creatures one sees screwed up into agonising pantaloons, hobbling on towards “Arthur’s bosom” with as much solicitude to keep up (or to keep down, is it?) a waist, as if they were the generation among whom the Miss Kilmanseggs were to throw their hundred-guinea handkerchiefs. Where will you find a gouty shoe?—where meet the most delicate admission that corns exist (woful harvest!), save in the advertising columns of the *Post* or the *Court Journal*? Consider the comfortless, unprofitable eye-glass, wedged in betwixt the poor furrowed old nose, and the ragged eye-brow, one sees too often: in place of the comfortable, easy, silver-mounted spectacles, which rode the human proboscis with ample dignity, and reposed “between whites” in their roomy cases of shagreen! Call to mind the indulgence of pig-tails!—though for that matter the *Mirabels* and the *Valentines* wore these too. The Old Man—one’s rather sick of hearing about the “Old English Gentleman” since Lord George and Lord John and Mr. Benjamin have taken him up—and the last taken him among the Jews—*was* a pleasant sight to see: something that it soothed rather than shocked the muser to fancy himself ripening into. The Old Man, *now*, is too often a withered, faded, pinched, padded young one: dealing in perpetual tumbles over chairs or sprains against wardrobe corners rather than owing to the gout—dancing attendance on the girls, not as a counsellor—not as a confidant—not as a good Brownie who loves to anticipate their little fancies and help them out in their little heart-scrapes: but, Heaven save the mark! as a Flirt! When I witness the success (as they are pleased to style it) and the popularity of such spectres as this,—I am apt to cross myself, though as little of a Papist as Mrs. Blackadder—and to remember these two lines of a Poet grown old-fashioned in days when the most mysterious verse is thought the finest:—

“O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!”

Our Halcyon Row has been hindered from becoming the perfect path of peace in which harmonious Bells would like to walk their lives long—by its old people: the vagaries of some, and the selfish rapacity of others. My lame Boy, having been much diverted by some French pictures of “Terrible Children,” was

with difficulty put aside from beginning a companion series of "Shocking Old People;" in which some of our neighbours would have been sorry to see themselves figure. (Being prevented by his mother and myself, he desires that the subject shall be suggested to Mr. Leech or Mr. R. Doyle!)—Mrs. Reedley feeding her cats, seven in number, and starving her servant maid; of whom Mr. Vavasour always says, "that had dogs been Mrs. Reedley's fancy, she could not have been so inhuman; but that living with wicked creatures, can make *even* a Woman wicked"—Mr. and Mrs. Coppingham, who are known not to have spoken to each other for several years; when at table asking each other what they will severally eat, through the medium of a servant.—Mr. Macdill, the contradictory Glasgow man, who raised his garden wall five feet high, just because my wife, who had displeased him by saying that she didn't think very much of "Roslin Castle," begged him not—were all to have been in Samson's book; and the Miss Le Grands, moreover, threatened with a like fate: as the three Graces. But the foremost figure ought to have been one, which I shall take the freedom to portray as well as I can; the original having deceased, and having left behind him no one to lament or be ashamed of his misdeeds.

This was "Old Scrawdon," as our neighbour at No. 17 was universally called, precisely because he never would be old; but strained to sing, and wrestled to dance, long after, as my Mrs. Bell hinted almost too broadly, "he should have taken more serious matters into his head, and thought of his end." He would sit in draughts of East wind, without a great coat, rather than express fears of rheumatism—he used to make a fuss about being helped last at table, which consumed a prodigious quantity of time and talk, and make every one feel out of place and ashamed:—was for ever in an imaginable state of courtship to every imaginable woman; and too often for respectability, offering himself to ("throwing himself at the feet" was his own phrase) all manner of absurd and inaccessible persons. A list of the times he was just going to be married, would fill one of the nine-volume French novels, and fit up dear Mrs. Trollope with a score of such new combinations as she loves best. I must say for Mr. Scrawdon, however, that his determination was not always based on mercenary calculations. There was Mademoiselle Val de Grace, for instance, the French rope-dancer (*Acrobate*, Miss Le Grand always chose to call her, believing secretly, Samson says, that the word

is French for "Jezebel"), when she broke her leg—Scrawdon would have married her there and then: and made himself needlessly conspicuous, by going about from house to house, and letting people understand as much. Nay, his sympathy, however creditable to humanity, became hardly decent, seeing that so many persons could tell, how, only three weeks before that time, Scrawdon had been paying close, and cozy, and respectable court to Mrs. Bullett, the widow of the carpet manufacturer: first having gone and looked at the parish register to ascertain how many years older than himself was the relict in question. It took some short time, we believe, to make Mrs. Bullett aware of his intentions; she being deaf and fat—one of those to whom facts come slowly to sink deep;—and her answer was, packing up at an hour's warning, and starting for Hoylake: a step so astounding to all familiar with her habits, that even Mr. Scrawdon's impudence dared not pack itself up to pursue her thither. So, to show his contempt of the matter, as I have said,—he made love, up and down the Row, to the broken leg of Mademoiselle Val de Grace! She proved to have one husband already: a Spanish equestrian and bull-fighter, not distantly related, it has been said, to Doña Lola of liberal memory—one Senhor Val de Peñas. But of this we are not certain: since those foreigners are apt to fit up grand names, and husbands and wives, moreover—my wife insists—just as suits their convenience.

Then, did we not know how, for one whole winter season, Old Scrawdon beset poor Miss Winifred Slagg, the invalid, with his distasteful attentions? Any person with an iota of penetration, aware of the mystery which the great gates of her brother's house inclosed, would have felt that true kindness dictated non-interference. But Scrawdon was coarse, and peering, and talkative, as Impudence's self—*would* help—*would* be confidential—*would* lay his finger on every one's sore to pity it for being deep—*would* assume motives, and suggest remedies; and wonder how some people had courage to look him in the face when the remedies were declined. But does any one require an anatomy of the good offices of Selfishness?—Sir, the man wrote verses (at least he called them so) at that modest, reserved, quiet gentlewoman—read them about among his friends, who were very curious to hear them, yet always spoke of them as "indelicately familiar;" and when he had read them to everybody he could think of (to some twice), printed them in the Poet's Corner of the

Manchester ———; with blanks and asterisks, indicating clearly the name of the Object and the Adorer! If you saw him strutting down our Row when people were sure to be abroad, with some sort of a shabby flower in a pot—a dropsical crooked hyacinth, or a tulip just shedding its leaves, or the like—it was “for our poor dear friend,”—sometimes, “for that poor Angel upon Earth, at the corner of Pymlett Lane.” If he turned over the pious books on Mr. Fulson’s counter (a noxious collection of the literature of uncharitableness), it was always when some one or two gentlewomen were in the shop, whom he could consult as to “what would be likely to suit our poor dear Miss Slagg,”—just as if she was not superior to such hot and windy food—just as if she had not been surrounded by a sedulous and affectionate circle of younger persons—just as if he had meant to buy anything! I verily believe he fancied that all this talking, and confidence: this winking, whispering, and professing to understand a person in whose reserves lay so much of her honour and virtue—*must* lead to something—to the fulfilment of his schemes. ’Tis no uncommon case for men to fancy that women may be hunted down. Do they never ask, what sort of women, and by what manner of men? But your elderly persons, who have the disease of getting married upon them, I have observed, are past the shame and rebuke of the answer; and would throw off the lesson as impudently as *Autolycus* turned off the *mischief* of his ballads. At all events, Winifred Slagg was not the woman whom an Old Scrawdon can worry into the madness of matrimony. We have reason to think, that she never answered the fat, stalky hyacinths, nor the seedy tulips, nor “The Pearl,” or “Daily Manna,” or “The Papist’s Reckoning” (if such choice tomes *were* sent to her), by word, look, or sign. *Dead* silence will sometimes kill even the impudence of a fortune-hunter, more finally and fatally than either protest or policeman. The nerve required, however, “to *keep dead*,” is amazing; and poor Winifred’s security from some scene or scandal caused by her suitor’s importunity, resided, possibly, in the closeness of her imprisonment.

But such impudence as that of our Shocking Old Man, though killed in one place ever so completely, will not be long ere it breaks out in another. After his “Tear of Constasy,” as Old Scrawdon chose to call his farewell verses to W*****d S*****g, (published indecently, only one week before the *same* journal announced the poor woman’s release from all mortal

plagues)—after his having chosen to appear in widower's mourning on the occasion, by which Miss Martha Le Grand was moved into saying "Come; there must be some heart in *that* Mr. Scrawdon, after all!"—it might have been hoped and anticipated that his malady was cured—had fairly been starved out of him. No such thing. A little shame, however, he did show, when taxed by my Mrs. Bell—who used to rate him as freely as if she had liked him—with having been seen sneaking, three Sundays running, into the Quakers' meeting in Dyer's Close; and on her adding, more in jest than earnest, "I suppose you are looking after that pretty Miss Gotobed, poor thing! if they would only let her wear clothes like other people!"—Little did my wife imagine that she had hit the nail on the head. Foolish as we knew Old Scrawdon to be—how could a staunch Churchwoman anticipate *such* a folly?

For it requires a training apart, and peculiar, and progressive, "to make head or tail" of a form of worship which is no form at all: or a quaint and paradoxical humour akin to Charles Lamb's—to perceive in the silence and the strangeness, the antiquated costumes (shading off towards this wicked world's fashion, in proportion as the wearers are young or wealthy), the odd scraps of ejaculation, or the interminable sing-song of dreary discourses on a family of texts, with which other religious bodies have small traffic; to say nothing of the amazement which attends on the preaching of females—to perceive in all this, I say, more than rank absurdity and perverse singularity. Scrawdon was not one of those who, sincere themselves, understand and allow for sincerity: whether, like *Malvolio*, it strut the world cross-gartered and in yellow stockings—or decketh itself in the ebony and ivory framework of a Sister of Charity, or weareth the Doctor's gown—or the Peer's ermine—or the Pedlar's blanket jerkin. A man who lived upon what he called "good stories," and would have mocked at his own father in his coffin, could he have "dined out" on the strength of the mirth—whose theory was, that all steady and self-denying persons are humbugs, and that every man is at heart a cheat and every woman at heart a rake—the monstrosity of such an one by way of commencing a course of Sunday behaviour, addicting himself to the drabness of Quakerdom, must have struck any one less impudently vain. But in his own conceit, "*he* knew the charm"—would soon come round all those "Broadbrims!" To twirl the thumbs was not so hard as to *go*lope:

and he had learned to *gallop* when hard upon fifty, in the hope of fascinating one of the six Miss Fadaiseys from Cork. He fancied, too, that "Friends" groaned and hummed, as did the Puritans when the preacher was particularly weighty: and there was no great mystery in getting up *that*! And, by gradually divesting himself of all colours, and approximating to the snuff-coloured and buttonless habiliments of the pillars of the Society, conceived that he would entice attention and excite observation; little knowing—vain, miserable, frivolous creature!—that Quakers are rather suspicious than desirous of proselytes. Such as he, however, know nothing save their own boastfulness. Accordingly, for many weeks running, he sate in Meeting on Sunday mornings, acting demureness with all the pains in his power: and doing his best, between whiles, to peep under the poke bonnet of pretty Rebecca Gotobed. We have reason to know, that during his season of probation, she received more than one anonymous letter beginning "My pure heart," or "My dear sister in the . . . * * " (Scrawdon's notion of Quaker love-making)—because, with the tranquillity of utter impassive indifference, the maiden wafered these into her album, betwixt a pencil drawing of Barley Wood and a neat transcript of "A Beam of Tranquillity"—It is much to be doubted whether the nymph was ever for one passing second aware of the vicinity at Meeting of that fantastic elderly creature: her mind—as was shortly made known—being set on a choice in every respect more suitable: no one less than the son and heir of Friend Bottomley, a wool-stapler at Bradford.

With some men, however, in some moods, (despite my dead silence theory,) you must go to the length of a kick, a policeman, or a lawyer's letter warning them off the premises, ere they can be made to understand that you mean "*no*;" and the utter motionlessness of Rebecca Gotobed, served merely as a stimulant to Old Scrawdon's impudence. But he had not learned his lesson aright. He had heard that the Quakeresses are used to hold a sort of female parliament, for the transaction of their own parish business. He had been told that George the Fourth, in his early days, had sat through one of those quaint and peculiar sessions, and fancied that to accomplish a like feat, might exalt him as a man of prowess, in the meek imagination of the Quaker heiress. Little did he know the manner of "*she*" he had to subdue. Then the tale of the Regent's intrusion had reached him imperfectly; it having occurred something after this fashion.—

To accomplish his purpose, the Prince had recourse to stratagem : absolutely donned "the wimple and the hood"—or to speak plainer, put on woman's attire, and thus disguised took his seat among the Doreases and Tabithas. In this heterogeneous garb, His Royal Highness remained undisturbed and undiscovered for a considerable period, enjoying much edification ; until the tranquil thoughts of his neighbour received a cruel shock,—when, on her eye glancing downwards, she perceived, through a tell-tale pocket-hole, a surprising and profane pair of buckskin unmistakeables ! Of the scene which ensued—terminating, of course, in the expulsion of the intruder—no account has ever been given :—and thus, it might be, that Scrawdon, having merely heard the 'simple fact, without its dress—of the Woman's meeting, and not of the leather breeches—or being at once a trifle courageous and flustered with his morning draught—imagined, that to take his seat firmly in the sanctum of Quakeresses, ere they mustered, would be sufficient to secure for him a permanent place there—and favour with the damsel, whom he trusted thereby to approach more nearly. No sooner, however, was the shameless creature espied, than he was risen upon by six matrons : and swept out, there and then : with a decision brooking neither remonstrance nor resistance ; and as the invasion and his discomfiture were not concealed—even *he* could not face the "How do you like Quakering, Mr. Scrawdon ?" with which he was assailed on every side, so often as he showed his face :—and was fairly compelled to take to his heels, and disappear for a good six months from our neighbourhood. The Ladies were sincerely rejoiced at his departure : and missed him much as every one misses a long-established butt or stumbling block !

So much for a few of Old Scrawdon's futile attempts towards "changing his condition," on which I have been led accidentally to dwell. But this universal and offensive love-making of his, was merely one phase of his determination to be young in spite of Time, and the rebukes of all his acquaintance. His life, if vitality be measured by incessant audacity—was prodigious. But it was noticeable, that, ridiculed, ill-spoken of, poor, and pushing as he was—somehow or other no one managed to snatch or to seduce so many of the good things of life to himself, as Old Scrawdon. To whom he belonged—where his youth had been spent—whether or not he had ever taken part in any serious occupation—whence he derived his means—and what made him choose Halcyon Row as the scene of his disturbances—above all, what his age was—

one could ever tell. There was no one, however, he did not know—there was nothing he had not seen—there was no person he would not contradict, or set right, or attack—no festivity he chose to take a part in, at which he was not to be found in one of the places of honour. Every one despised him: he knew it, and did not mind. Every one used him: and he used every one. There was no shaking him off—no snuffing him out—no affronting him. He would put his hand in your pocket for your snuff-box.—He would ask the most touchy or the most pompons of the Dombey class, the figure of his income. He would inquire of a shrinking girl, before witnesses, “whether it was true that her engagement was *really* broken off.” He was perpetually condoling with people who did not get on. He was always opening windows, when one wanted them shut—and speaking loud, when some shy and low-voiced talker we wished to draw out, was just beginning to converse. He came the first, and stayed the last; and “eat and drank,” it was said, “under more contempt, than ever attended any other man in Manchester.” But what matter? he *did* eat and drink—and that was what Old Scrawdon wanted.

After all—why should I grudge the admission?—there must have been some geniality about the creature—to make him endured amongst us, in spite of such an unaccountable number of vexatious qualities. There was, as I have said, prodigious *life*, though prodigiously little “*soul*”—a disposition to make—should I not say to *get*?—the best of everything:—a sort of briskness and self-complacency which kept us from stagnation, even when it provoked us. You will remark, that the persons who are the loudest in dispraise of the Old Scrawdons, are precisely those who most readily fall their prey. And they take out the service or entertainment forced from them, in complaint, and ridicule, and scandal tart as verjuice! till one fancies, that to them, a topic must be worth more than to most people. In our house, for instance, he seemed the most distasteful to my wife—who, yet, never failed to “get round to him” by some route or other as circuitous as those taken by the poets of Moses, or the prosers who praise Kalydor—when “the wind,” with her “was in the east:” and her scolding cap was on. He was at the bottom of everything. If dinner was spoilt, “Old Scrawdon had been there—and had sat too long, waiting to be asked”—whence Cook came off scatheless. If Mr. Dabley’s dogs barked in the night, it was nearly as bad as Old Scrawdon’s trying to sing “Here’s a health to the King,

God bless him." If her favourite newspaper spoke amiss of Lord John, or displeased her about Her Majesty (whether by flattery or by flouting, I shan't disclose), that was "down to the level of Scrawdon's capacity." She would lecture our boys for the hour together, with one and the same example for Bugbear, (and O what a treasure is a family Bugbear!) When any person got married—which is generally, an event causing restlessness in her mind—"there was another poor thing safe out of Scrawdon's reach!" I once told her that she thought so much about the man, that were she a widow I was positive it would end in her paying her addresses to him! The rage into which this threw her brought on the crisis of a quinsy, caught in consequence of a window Old Scrawdon had chosen to open, that he might inspect her balsams. And since he was laid in the churchyard there is no doubt that her debates have become fewer and duller—wanting the point and pungency of an example. There may be another Shocking Old Man fitted up for the comfort of the merry wives of Halseyon Row: but so complete a one will hardly be in our time. Your nuisance, if worth anything, must be of some years' standing! And the esteem in which Old Scrawdon was held may be inferred from the fact, that every one was eager to attend his funeral. He obliged us all, by dying of the illness of a few hours—since, had the malady been a long one, my wife can still fret herself into a heat, "by thinking how he would have expected all of them to come and nurse him, and to cook messes for him!" And it is plain, that she feels she must have fulfilled his expectation.

Which of you—rising aspirants to Woman's favour, or Man's respect—would like to be written of, as I have written of Old Scrawdon? *Moral*—Think, while you are yet young, that you *must* grow old—that when you *are* old, you may not fancy yourself young.

GLANCES AT FAMILIAR BIOGRAPHY.—CENT PER CENT.

It is not known at what period Cent per Cent first saw the light of this world. According to some authorities, we have no evidence touching the land of his birth, which is absolutely unassailable. England, cry the English,—who are not without good proofs. France, cry the French,—and they also offer a guarantee. The biographer of Cent per Cent is much bewildered. Germany advances claims; others will have it that he was of Hebrew origin—Homer and the seven cities! But Jacob Bryant questioned the existence of Homer. Was Cent per Cent ever rocked in a cradle—ever dandled on a parent's knee? Shall we not decide that he is an impersonation of that spirit of commerce which seeks to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market? "Truly," clamour half-a-dozen voices, "he is no real personage." "Mythology exploded!" say they again. Mythology, in its most extended sense, is even now being woven up with history—even now—in this English nineteenth century—in this era of railroads and typography. And then they refer us to the memorabilia recorded of George the Third and Sheridan. How many anecdotes related of the King—how many brilliant speeches attributed to the wit, they cry, have no foundation in fact! The first did silly things, the second spoke witty sayings; but oral tradition accumulates spurious anecdote and *bon mot*. Accretions gather around the King and around the orator—float for years in popular tradition—are at length seized upon by hungry booksellers, and chained down into type for ever. "Posterity," they add, "will confound the false with the true." So is mythology at work. I care not to gainsay these foolish clamourers. I believe Cent per Cent to have had a real existence—to have lived upon this earth, doing such and such deeds. Moreover, I believe him to have been an Englishman, and am prepared to write his biography.

He was born when the snow fell—when the frost pinched—when rivers were locked up in ice—when rich people made them swaddling-clothes of furs—when poor people died silently, frozen

to a bitter death. That was when Cent per Cent was born. The midwife was careless, and exposed the infant to a chill, from which he never thoroughly warmed again; and, worse than all, his heart took the chill too, and became as cold and sullen as frozen stone. Much wrong was thus done to Cent per Cent, who, as years increased upon him, came to look upon humanity as if he did not belong to it, and to treat it as an alien thing, and an enemy. All kindness—all tenderness—all Christian, human love was frozen out of him. In his nature he was a frost, and when he came among generous people, he left a rime upon them, which only the influence and contagious warmth of other sunny bosoms could dissolve. Unhappy Cent per Cent!

How unlike childhood was his rearing! How unlike schoolboy life, the life he led at school! His playfellows—he never played—named him Hyems in their sport, he had such a pinched and wintry look. But Old Winter comes laden with Christmas cheer, and New-year's gifts of love; while Cent per Cent had such notion of joviality as a surly Puritan, and shunned presents lest the bestower should expect a recompense. On the other hand, when he was sure of a recompense, he gave—pressed his gift upon the victim with a squeeze of the hand. "God bless you, dear friend, let this represent my love—hem—ahem—remember the donor." But understand, his gift was in comparative value—say, a sign-post daub. The poor recipient replied with a Claude Lorraine. O, Cent per Cent knew when a gift was marketable, and would return huge, whacking interest. Cent per Cent had a brain, Cent per Cent had an eye.

He grew—he became a man. He searched Humanity with an eagle vision. *He took his stand upon its defects.* Whereas the Saviours of the World, from time hoary as the mountains, have seen redemption in the gentler passages of human life, and foreseen angels in the struggling combatants, whose strife from birth to death is with the Host of Evil, Cent per Cent saw only foolish mortals, ready to hop upon the limed twig that he would prepare for them, discerned only the evidences of folly in all their undertakings, and, as for foreseeing angels—pshaw—the eagle vision of Cent per Cent was bounded by the grave. Notwithstanding these evidences of wisdom, it was suspected by some philanthropists that Cent per Cent was half a fool. But they were opposed to him in theory, and what will not opponents suspect, or pretend to suspect? What will they not say? Cent per Cent snapped his

fingers at them all. "The truest philanthropy," he would roundly assert, "is the love of one's self—phew!" The world returns an echo from its widest thoroughfares and narrowest lanes.

Like other men, whose ambition was to be distinguished, Cent per Cent made enemies at every step of his progress. Sallow tradesmen behind desks and counters sneered at him. Bishops—do I speak of bishops?—were antagonists indeed. Their purity and primitive simplicity of life, were as javelins in their hands. "O, lucre-loving Cent per Cent," they cried, "see how *we* live! how free from taint of gold are *our* hands!" The people echoed the cry. "See how our Bishops live!" they exclaimed. From sunrise to sunset on a certain day, when the outcry was loudest, Cent per Cent sung very small; but after sunset, being asked to discount a bill, he said that he would "give it his thoughts." What biographer shall penetrate into the breast of Cent per Cent, and reveal the struggles of that night? A life of purity and contempt of gold, like the lives of bishops, or the profits of a discounted bill! Over all doubts and fears, Cent per Cent achieved a lasting victory ere morning cock-crow; and he "did the little business" for the supplicant. It was the making of him. He was known as Two Hundred per Cent ever after; aye, and those who denounced him as plain Cent per Cent, respected him as Two Hundred per Cent. Verily, that night of trial had its reward. Cent per Cent became an idol with the majority from that epoch. It is even said that a bishop lunched with him as Two Hundred per Cent, who shook the episcopal wig at him before. But this may be apocryphal. A document, which was recently submitted to me, and which is indisputably genuine, denies that the bishop in question wore a wig. "He gave preference to his own raven locks," says the writer, quaintly. I am not positive about the luncheon, therefore. In candour I am compelled to acknowledge that historic ground often fails me in this biography, and I respire with difficulty in a thick cloud of myth. "When records clash, it is undoubtedly," say our German friends, "the safest plan to disbelieve altogether." Thus we may doubt, not only whether the bishop wore a wig, but whether, in any company whatever, he responded affirmatively to an invitation to luncheon. Nay, why should we scruple to extend our scepticism? Why not doubt, whether in his own eremitical cell, the bishop, in the interval between his breakfast and his dinner, ever broke so much as an *Abernethy* biscuit? Is it even imperative upon us to stop here?

Since we cannot clear the ground, let us tear it up? A bishop without a wig threatens to become no bishop. Since the wig and luncheon retire into the domain of myth, and are unhistorical, why retain the alleged wearer of the wig, and eater of the luncheon? Let the bishop disappear; he evidently is a mythic personage. We are even able to infer how the myth arose. The bishops were antagonists of Cent per Cent, as plain Cent per Cent; but when he acquired, as a reward for his victory over the struggles of that night of difficulty and doubt, the title of Two Hundred per Cent, and thus gained "golden opinions" from the laity, it became the interest of tradition, which was almost universal in his favour, to represent the amicable feelings of the bishops as the superior clergy. Hence the story of the luncheon, which, avers tradition, glancing at the abstemiousness of the bishops, was brown bread and water cresses. Unfortunately for the historic worth of this anecdote, one biographer claps a wig on the bishop's head, while another assures us that he never wore a wig upon any occasion, "preferring his own raven locks;" and thus we are driven back into the region of myth.

"Cent per Cent's office of business was in the City," cry some persons. "In Mansion House Street," says one doting annotator, whose headlong rashness of assertion merits objuratory contempt. Mansion House Street, *quasi* Mansion House. The inference is plain. The headlong rash annotator has little respect for Cent per Cent, and less for the civic authorities.

Turning away in cachinnatory derision from these headlong scribes, let us acknowledge that Cent per Cent was "at home" in the neighbourhood of St. James's—Jermyn Street is named, and it is certain that for many years, Cent per Cent lived in Jermyn Street. Noblemen have been known to visit him there, and in less than eighteen months, to bestow upon him the finest trees on their estates, which he sold to the timber-merchants. It is said—and I cannot question the statement—that members of the class, known conventionally as the highest in the kingdom, have paid rent for their own mansions to Cent per Cent. Ah, if we might estimate his character from this circumstance alone!—the rank, wealth, and illustrious exemplars of the English nation voluntarily assigning to Cent per Cent the exalted position of landlord. Cent per Cent landlord to a Duke. The picture is unique.

But let us get nearer to him. Let us clear away, if it be pos-

sible, all nebulous environment. Let us see the MAN. Let us take no opinion of him upon trust, but form our own. Let us discover with what eyes he looked out upon what world. It is the purpose of this biography to divest its hero of adventitious interest, and to exhibit a fellow and a brother, who did, as we observe, such and such deeds.

Ah, if we could always pierce beneath the outward semblance and get at the inward reality, how many of the world's heroes would tumble from their pedestals, and be extinguished in dead rottenness!

I have already said that Cent per Cent was born in the time of frost, that his lungs first inhaled an icy atmosphere, and that he became a cold infant in consequence. "The child is father of the man." Cent per Cent became a chilly adult. "I would take the law against my own mother," he was heard to say on one occasion, "if a dishonoured bill of her's—supposing such a thing could be possible—were in my possession, I would ——"

"You would *what*?" asked a friend.

Cent per Cent bowed his head towards the questioner, and replied, hissing—

"My brother is in the Bench now."

"Who sent him there?" said the friend, shuddering.

"I did," responded Cent per Cent—and the answer cost him the friend.

This little anecdote gives us a marvellous knowledge of the MAN. Ah, your true biographer of heroes should open such fan-lights into the breast. I will say that the biography of most heroes is yet to be written.

* * * * *

Thus far had I proceeded in my labour of separating the historical from the mythical, in Cent per Cent's biography, when five manuscript memoirs of that individual—if indeed it be allowable to call him an individual, who becomes a very Proteus—were forwarded to me by unknown friends, each document claiming to be authentic, yet each antagonistic to the rest. "Cent per Cent was a tailor," says the writer of the first manuscript into which I looked. "He made clothes for the higher classes, and discounted their bills at ruinous interest, *i.e.* ruinous to the higher classes" adds the writer, stupidly, in a note. "Cent per Cent was a stockbroker," avers a second. "He was a cheap tailor for the working classes," observes a third; "he inserted puffing

advertisements in the public journals, and paraded the streets with revolving vans; moreover"—the scribe adds deliberately—"He kept a Poet on the premises." This last statement carries falsehood on the very front and forehead of it, for when was Cent per Cent ever a friend to the Poets? "Cent per Cent began life with buying and selling old clothes," persists the author of the fourth manuscript, "and subsequently transacted business as a wine-merchant. He lent money strangely," adds the writer barbarously. "The poor devil of a borrower (this is profanely written) got two-thirds of the amount in vicious port and sherry, which he had to dispose of at a loss." As if there was not jangling enough in these discordant statements, the fifth and last manuscript informs us, that Cent per Cent was a horse-dealer; "but indeed," adds the writer, coolly, "he had connexion with every desk and counter in London, and in the provincial towns." I am unable to get at the meaning of this *soi-disant* biographer. Does he mean to tell us that Cent per Cent carried on every trade, and plunged head over ears into every profession at one and the same time? that, in short, if he were not absolutely ubiquitous, his agency was only limited by the number of trades and professions? If he does not mean this, what does he mean?

But indeed it is a hopeless task to attempt to get fairly afloat off this quicksand of a biography. It is like fighting with wind-mills, embracing clouds, or pursuing a jack-o'-lantern. "Cent per Cent failed altogether," says one writer, "and went to his grave followed by the execrations of the world." "Cent per Cent became, in the eyes of mankind," another complacently informs us, "a sort of Divinity. People worship him to this day." What is a poor bewildered biographer to do?

The *onus* of my position is this: I am unable to demonstrate the absolute fallacy of the majority of the conflicting statements respecting Cent per Cent. They cannot be all equally true. They *may* be all equally false. Is it wise, after the example of modern Teutonism, to set them aside altogether, and decide (as has been already hinted), that there never existed a Cent per Cent, and that he is only the impersonation of that spirit of commerce which seeks to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market? Shall we say that he represents an IDEA?—the money-getting, gold-grubbing idea? It were an easy way of cutting the rust. The difficulty is, that with the utmost license of *prosopopœia*, we cannot conceive of an idea, walking (it is said, in shabby gar-

ments) at a particular time of day, in a particular spot of the City, and refusing an hour's grace to an individual whose bill has been dishonoured. Yet that Cent per Cent did refuse such grace at a particular hour of a particular day, in a particular spot of the City, ALL his biographers agree. Here then, we are upon historic ground,—advance another step, and Heathen Mythology is not more obscure. That the history of our hero was not written until many years after his death—that the materials of which his memoirs are composed were borne about on the breath of popular tradition, and were diversely narrated, until accretions, like thick rust, gathered around the historic self of Cent per Cent, would seem indisputable—were there not a want of concord among his biographers on a most important point. They do not agree in the particulars of his death. It is even asserted by some, that he is YET ALIVE, and one annotator audaciously assures us that he will live while the world lasts.

Ah, if that were true.....

But, God be praised, it is one of the most abominable falsehoods that ever fluid ink recorded upon paper.

As for prosecuting the biography of Cent per Cent, I avow my inability for the task. That which seems at a trifling distance firm, unyielding, historic ground, becomes, on a nearer survey, foggy, marshy myth. I throw down my pen in despair.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE POACHER OF ONE NIGHT.

"Is your good master at home, Mrs. Ford?" inquired a tall ill-looking man, in a velvetene shooting-jacket, loose breeches, and leather buskins, stooping his sallow dark-whiskered face and wide shoulders within the cottage door.

"John has just gone out, Master Fipps," replied the woman. "I dare say he is somewhere on the *saltings*; for, since the last high tides and heavy gales, a good lot of drift-wood has floated in there; and, as they won't let us gather sticks in the wood, we must find firing somewhere."

"Oh! if he has gone there," said Fipps, bringing in his huge body, and dropping into one of the few chairs in the barely-furnished room, "he's just as likely to walk round by the Reed-

shore as not, and I should very likely miss him ; so if you have no objection I'll sit down till he comes."

Now Jenny Ford had every objection to this man's meeting her husband ; he was one of those marked characters in a village who are regarded with suspicion by the masters, and generally avoided by the men. He was to be found, at almost any hour of the day, either in the skittle-yard or the tap-room of one or other of the public-houses or beer-shops at Alder ; he never did any work, though he had generally plenty of money, and he left his ostensible calling—that of a dealer in marine stores—to the management of a brother who traversed the country with a horse and cart, followed by a lurcher and greyhound. Hebdomadally this cart appeared in the village or its vicinity ; and it was shrewdly guessed that something more than the traffic of old iron, rabbit skins, and rags, was involved in its visits to the market-town and metropolis. It was mid-winter ; the little rivers and pools had put on their bucklers of ice ; a thick covering of snow spread over the fields and marshes ; and the hedges and trees looked as if they had muffled themselves in swan's down. People looked from day to day for a change of wind and a thaw ; but one fall was followed by another, and the north-east wind froze it as it fell. The paths were blotted from the fields ; the roads here and there level with the hedges ; the cattle huddled together in the straw-yards, fared better than the hind in his cot ; they had warmth and plenty ; but cold and hunger preyed upon the friendless peasant, whose labour was at an end during the continuance of this weather. In common with his fellow-cottiers John Ford had had no work during several weeks, and with his wife and children was suffering all the misery which hopeless poverty entails. For them there had been no bright days in which to garner for their present necessity. Except during the four or five weeks of harvest, his wages were nine shillings a week, and out of this rent, and clothing, and food, and fuel for his wife, himself, and four children had to be provided. Setting aside the supernumerary earnings of harvest time, these wages made a total of something more than twenty-three pounds, or with them, twenty-five pounds for the year, and the inventory of their weekly expenditure was pretty much as follows :—four shillings for bread ; one shilling and ninepence for bacon ; one shilling and threepence for soap, candles, sugar, tea, thread, worsted, and such necessaries ; a little lard or cheese, instead of butter, and the house-rent, took the remaining two shillings. Nothing was left for clothing, the

autumn earnings serving barely for the purchase of shoes ; those, therefore, they trusted to accident for, the chance employment of the children or the mother, and the sale of flowers and vegetables—for the cottage had its little garden-plot before it ; and the charity of the lord of the manor had gone the length of granting allotments to the workmen, at a higher rate of rent than he would have got for the ground had he let it in the ordinary way. For the exigencies of a hard winter, or sickness, these people had no provision ; and, to add to their misfortunes, the potato disease had robbed them of their annual store of this valuable root—of its profits in the spring, of its assistance in the hard, high-priced winter. Weeks, as I before said, had gone by, since the stoppage of agricultural labour had thrown Ford out of employment ; and, though they battled hard to sustain the pangs of famishment and cold, till such time as the weather should break up, and enable him to return to his humble service, it was a struggle of the will against nature, and daily became less endurable. No wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Ford felt a degree of anxiety as to the subject of Fipps's business with her husband ; she believed some temptation was intended, and trembled lest the instigations of this man should make their present troubles the medium of greater ones. She had seated herself beside the cradle of her infant ; and, while sustaining its movement with her foot, busied herself in mending some article of wearing apparel. Meanwhile, a puny little boy, who had been shifting his languid head from one place to another, in a vain search for ease, came and laid his yellow cheek upon her lap, and, bending her lips upon his large, hot forehead, she lifted her eyes with tears in them and resumed her work.

"These are hard times, missus," interrupted Fipps, who had observed, though without appearing to do so, this little pantomime of helplessness and affection. "I suppose Ford hasn't had a job lately, any more than the rest of them ?"

"Not these three weeks," replied the mother, hoarsely.

"Nor yet any relief ?" rejoined Fipps, rubbing his great hands together, and eyeing the almost fireless hearth as he spoke.

"They have offered us the house," said Jenny ; "but though, for the sake of the children, I am willing to go, John won't agree to it ; and it is hard," she continued, "after having supported ourselves all these years without having once applied to the parish for assistance, to be driven to part with house and home for want

of the means of holding on a little longer till the weather breaks."

"Oh! it is indeed hard," resumed Fipps. "You'd get nothing for these few sticks; and yet it would be a difficult matter for you to get them together again."

Mrs. Ford said nothing.

"There isn't much chance as yet of the weather's changing," resumed the man, glancing despondingly from the fire-place to the frozen casement; and he added coarsely, "I'm afraid your furniture must go, and yourselves and children to the house, unless you've got a good stack of wood, and plenty of gleanings by you."

"As for gleanings," rejoined the woman, "we had hardly any last season; baby was born in harvest, and the children got but very little; for, since the farmers have taken to rake the fields * before they suffer the gleaners into them, one must work hard to lease a bushel; and as for wood, people haven't been allowed to touch a stick either in the Boyce's Coppice or Hollywood for this long time. All we have to depend on is the few the boys gather on the Reed-shore and in the roads."

"Blest if I wouldn't have wood, though," resumed Fipps, kicking one stout boot-shoe against the other. "It was a right as long as I have known the parish, and before this man's time nobody ever thought of hindering us of it; but it's all of a piece; year after year one privilege and another is taken from the poor man, till, work or no work, there is nothing for him but starvation."

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Ford.

"I believe *I am*," returned Fipps, energetically. "First the common goes; and well I remember the flocks of geese, and fowls, and pigs, that found their living on it—besides donkeys; for then a man that had a bit of garden-ground, and a donkey-cart to take the vegetables to market, had always something to fall back on. The common fed the 'moke,' and the cart, turned on end, did for the fowls to roost under; and there was plenty of furze faggots for the cutting, and brushwood to be had for gathering; and people didn't look so sharp after a poor man but what he could get a rabbit to his bit of fat bacon now and then, without the fear of a prison and hard labour for it; but now he has neither fowls, or pig, or any other help. He may sit shivering with cold, as you and that child are doing, but dare not

* A fact in Essex.

pick up a fallen branch to make a fire with ; he may be famishing for want of food, and has but to cut a hole in the ice upon the pond, or to set a snare on his own bit of ground, to find a fish to his hand, or a rabbit for his dinner ; yet he dare not. They have inclosed the common ; and fine things were said about the good it was to do—the changing a wilderness into a smiling garden, and all that sort of thing ; but they didn't tell us a word about the price—they didn't tell us that the poor man's privilege was taken from him to enrich the proprietor ; that—oh, here you are !” he exclaimed, interrupting himself, as the latch of the door was raised, and Ford, with a hamper of wood on his shoulder, followed by two little shivering boys, entered.

“Are you most ready for a job ?” he inquired, as the man dragged his load towards the hearth, and piled up a few of the wet pieces over the all but extinguished ashes.

“I am ready for anything !” exclaimed Ford, emphatically, as he sank his emaciated frame into the arm-chair opposite his wife ; and then, as if to take from the significance of his words, he added, with an attempted smile, “A good rasher of bacon, Jenny, or a hot apple-dumpling and a slice of pork, wouldn't be so bad, lass.”

But Jenny could not smile at the appetitive images which hunger raised ; she laid the sick child, who had fallen to sleep in her lap, upon a little crib in one corner, covered him with a shawl from her own shoulders, with a tenderness that bestowed a refining grace to the rude walls, the earthen floor, the wretched furniture, of that poor hovel, and made the mother appear as holy and graceful in bending over that lowly bed, as if silk hangings and a coronet had shaded it. Then she set forth a loaf of bread, with cups and saucers, a plate of lard, and some coarse sugar in a cup ; and Master Fipps, who refused to join them, rose, saying he hoped Ford would meet him after his meal, at an adjacent public-house, where a friend of his would be waiting, who could give him a job.

Ford, who had doubtless some idea of what the appointment referred to, promised ; and the family sat down to their sorry supper. The lard, like the Irish herring we have all heard of, or the Welsh cheese that was only to be sniffed at, remained in its entireness upon the table ; they eat their bread dry, and, in lieu of other beverage, drank water, in which a very small quantity of sugar was mixed. This was their principal and last meal, and

even this was stinted ; the father and mother denied their own appetites, in order that the two children, who ate voraciously, might have enough. It was by this time four o'clock, and quite dark, but for the fire-light ; and while her husband filled his pipe from a packet of tobacco Fipps had placed upon the window-sill as he went out—and which, by the way, was of a superior quality to any the labourer had before made use of—Mrs. Ford washed the two boys, put them to bed, and then returned to the fireside. A vague fear was in her mind ; and, now that the children were out of hearing, she thought she would ask her husband what was the employment Fipps was concerned in getting for him. Whether he guessed, as she crouched down beside him, and put her hand into his, the nature of her intention, or that the confidence that existed between them would not allow him to withhold from her what he was going about, he presently exclaimed, “ I am going out with Fipps and Jones to-night, to try if I can't get a rabbit or two ; I can't see you and the children starve, while food is to be had for looking after.”

“ Oh, John ! ” interrupted the poor woman, “ be patient a little longer—surely we have got through the worst of it ; and, though it is hard to bear hunger and cold, and to see our children sick from want, and our own strength failing from day to day, even this is better than to break the law, and lose your good name for honest industry.”

“ Pooh ! honest industry ! ” repeated Ford. “ Once upon a time such a character was worth something ; it enabled a man to get his living, but now it will not keep him from the workhouse ; and as for breaking the law, I do no worse than my betters. It is only the day before yesterday that I saw Master shoot a hare in Boyce's Coppice, though, according to his lease, the game is all reserved for the landlord ; and how many times have I seen all five of the Woodfines out together, firing at everything they saw, though only one of them takes out a game licence ? ”

“ But how can you tell ? ” inquired Jenny.

“ I saw the list for the county,” replied the man ; and if gentlemen do such things, you don't expect a poor man to be better taught than his masters. What is no sin in them is none in me. Besides, my girl, it isn't want that drives them to it ; they have no such argument as that in their favour.”

“ Ah, John ! ” rejoined his wife, “ it is a strong argument with those who have felt it, but only a sound in other people's

ears : be advised by me, and suffer it a little longer, so that you may go back to your master with clean hands, and walk about without a fear of anybody. I hate that Fipps ; he wants to make you like himself—a bye-word for everything that is bad. See what poaching has brought him to. Everybody fears, hates, and suspects him.”

“ Except me,” retorted her husband ; “ and I do not believe one half they say of him ; he can’t have a bad heart that would lend a poor fellow like me money, my girl—and that he has done. The bread that has kept us and our children from perishing for a week past has come out of Fipps’s pocket, and it was my fault that I did not have enough to find us in better food. I say he has acted the part of a friend and a kind man to me, which is more than them who abuse him most have done. I don’t forget how master took off a shilling from our wages, as soon as provisions became so dear, though in other places the farmers raised them ; nor do I thank any one who has no better advice for an old servant, than to persuade him to take the house—to give up all the little comforts he worked so hard in his early days to get about him—to part from wife and children, and be worked and clad like a convict, and fed on much worse fare—to be reduced, after having toiled honestly, and paid rates and taxes all my life, to the condition of a beggar, obliged to live with vagrants and outcasts, who never were other than paupers all their lives. No, no, Jane ; I would rather turn to poaching than become a pauper.” And the poor man put aside her hand and rose.

There were tears in the woman’s eyes, and her lips trembled with unspoken persuasions ; but her husband turned away his head, and bidding her not sit up for him, went out. Then all her fears and grief had full scope ; and, flinging herself upon her knees before the chair he had just left, she laid before the Almighty the temptations of their grievous want, and all the anxieties and sorrow that beset her. It was not only the casting out of that load of tears and anguish that had the effect of raising her resigned and hopeful. She felt a secret consciousness that her prayers were heard, and a voice seemed to whisper to her that out of all the evil there would surely be a way to escape.

Meanwhile Ford, who had joined his two companions, remained drinking at the public-house till all the other customers had gone home ; upon which they also left, and pursued their way through a narrow bye-path, the snow in which was well trodden down by

the constant traffic of the servants at the adjacent park, across some fields, over a slight upland, and thence into a narrow lane, where was seen one of those perambulatory abodes, in which travelling showmen and other itinerant craftsmen ordinarily reside. At their approach two dogs—a perfectly white long-dog and a coal-black lurcher, which were fastened beneath the vehicle, almost broke their chains in their frantic eagerness to get to Fipps, whose hands and clothes they licked, uttering all the while a little subdued cry of delight, which never, however, broke into a confirmed bark.

The three poachers then proceeded towards a small mead, skirted by a wood on one side and high hedge-rows on the others; between the mead and the adjoining field there was a barred gate, and opposite to it one which led into the wood. Stopping at the first of these, Fipps took a net from the capacious pocket of his shooting-jacket, and with the assistance of his companions fastened it across the gate, taking the same precaution at the other. The dogs, which at a signal from their master lay crouched and motionless till these arrangements were completed, now sprang up, and at the words "Go on," bounded off, scouring the wood in every direction, and making the circuit of the field, though, as it turned out, to little purpose. The feeble light of a clouded moon in her first quarter had enabled Fipps to distinguish the hares run, and place the nets in the proper places, but the poor animals were either frozen in their forms, or had been out to feed before their arrival; only one hare and a few rabbits rewarded their exposure to the bitter night, and their broken rest in consequence. The terms in which these men vented their disappointment sounded awful, even to the ears of one not wholly unaccustomed to hear bad language; and Ford found himself trembling less with cold than with disgust at his companions, and even at this early stage of their connection promising himself to put an end to it. While they grumbled and swore at their ill luck (it appeared to have been their third unsuccessful night), Ford was furnished with a leather belt, which fastened across his shoulders under his gaberdine, and to this they slung their prey; they then removed the nets, and, followed by the dogs, retraced their steps to the lane, where the owner of the moveable house took charge of these and of the spoil, which before morning was on the way to market. The party then proceeded through a part of Ford's master's farm towards his home.

Meanwhile, the sick child lay rolling its heavy head from side to side, keeping up one restless moan, while every few minutes its frame was shaken by convulsions, during which its lean features grew livid and distorted with pain. All this the miserable mother saw by the uncertain fire-light; she had no candles, but had drawn the little pallet to her side, and sat between it and her infant's cradle, watching, without the power of alleviating, even temporarily, the sufferings of the dying child. Sometimes she pressed into its parched lips the support Nature had provided for her youngest—for, except water, she had no other nourishment to bestow—and then she fancied it revived, and prayed—oh! how she prayed—for her husband's return, that he might ask for some assistance from the farm, and call in the parish doctor to save it. Alas! no skill would have been equal to this; but it would have been, though sad, a consolation to have known it.

The hours wore on—the child lay dead; and, in her anguish and terror, the poor mother sat straining the cold discoloured corpse to her bosom, when Ford, pale and haggard, stood beside her, awe-stricken at death's first appearance at his hearth.

We left him just now returning with the poachers through his master's fields. When near the homestead, the evening's ill-luck was again brought into discussion; and the folly of returning with so little profit suggested to Fipps an idea, which he ventured to hint in so amusing a manner, that Ford imagined it to be a joke, and laughed at it accordingly. But what was his alarm when he found that, by his compact with these men, he was expected to join, without reservation, in any plan however guilty which they chose to undertake. At present, it was determined to steal a lamb* from the field in which they were folded; and as they knew that Ford knew the place, they insisted upon his either being the thief, or directing them to the fold.

"You have reckoned without your host, Fipps," he exclaimed eagerly, "if you have counted upon my making one in such a business. No, no! I don't mind taking a hare, or a bird, because I think they belong to one man just as much as to another; but rob I never will, least of all from my master: so good night to you."

"Not so fast," rejoined Fipps, laying his hand upon his shoulder. "You have joined us, and we are not going to have any of

* The lambing season begins in Essex as early as October and September.

your two-handed dealings ; either you are for us or against us, so let us know what you mean. I say we will have the lamb, and you may peach or not, as you please."

"And I say you shall not have the lamb, if I know it," retorted Ford. "It is true you have had no luck the last few nights, but you have got clear off—that is something ; now, if you take the lamb it will surely be traced to you, for, as I said before, I will have nothing to do with it ; and there is a matter of transportation at once."

"What ! you are going to split then, are you ?" cried Fipps, with a great oath—"turn king's evidence, eh ?"

"God forgive you," said Ford quietly ; "I am not the man you take me for. You are two to one ; or, as I fairly tell you, you should not rob my master ; but if you are determined on doing so, I will see nothing and say nothing, but good-night and good-bye. After this job I will have nothing to do with poaching or poachers."

"I believe Ford is right after all," exclaimed the other man. "I don't feel much inclined for lamb myself, with such expensive sauce. Let the things be : come along." And Fipps, muttering sundry curses on their want of spirit and unanimity, reluctantly gave up his proposition.

And well for all parties was it that he did so ; for immediately behind the hedge where they stood talking, was Ford's young master, who had been called up by the shepherd to a sick lamb, and observing the three men at that hour on his father's premises, had cautiously dogged them to see what they were about, and thus by the merest accident became a witness of the intended theft and poor Ford's honesty.

We need hardly say, that as soon as possible he was restored to his employment on the farm ; and that, from the discovery he had made of his companions' morals, and the shock the death of his child occasioned him, (for he never wholly forgave himself his absence on that night,) he has given up all intimacy with Fipps and his friend ; proving that necessity had been the sole inducement to his one night's poaching, and that employment for the peasant is more effective than penal laws, for the preservation of game.

C. W.

New Books.

- EVELYN HARCOURT. A Novel. 3 Vols. post 8vo. H. Colburn.
- THE THREE COUSINS. A Novel. By MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. post 8vo. H. Colburn.
- RANTHORPE. 1 Vol. post 8vo. Chapman & Hall.
- THE WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- JACK ARIEL; OR, LIFE ON BOARD AN INDIAMAN. 3 Vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.
- THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. By MR. A. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

NOVEL reading must be the assiduous occupation of some large class of society; some unknown sect must have a devotion to the work, or it is impossible the daily issues could be otherwise so rapidly consumed. It would be curious and amusing to trace the circles into which they gradually penetrate; and we suspect that the lady of high breeding, in Belgrave-square, would be very much annoyed to find that the publican's daughter, at Mile-end, was at the same moment weeping over the sorrows of some cruelly-treated heroine, or secretly admiring the address with which an ideal seducer was entrapping a vain beauty. The nobler sex (as we style ourselves) would not be flattered by finding that a shop-boy was enjoying the eloquent raptures of some deeply-intellectual hero at the same time as a senator. Such a test would bring extraordinary opposites to a very strange equality. If "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," undoubtedly one novel has, to a great degree, the same effect—confounding Kennington and Kensington, and Portland-place, Regent's-park, with Portland-place, Walworth. It is well and it is ill that it is so. It is well that the imaginative faculty should be employed; it is well that it should not be wasted. As direct examples, perhaps, fiction does not effect much. Few men have deliberately set about imitating any one particular ideal—at least not since models have been more numerous and less distinct. Lovelace undoubtedly had his imitators, who, confounding his courage and address with his heartlessness and falsehood, could not fulfil their own idea of greatness without falling into scoundrelism. Jack Sheppard, like Karl, has undoubtedly victims to answer for, who, mistaking success for heroism, care not how it is obtained.

The present novels are not chargeable with such grave results. They deal more in fact than idealism: and present such a subdued picture of heroism that it is no longer so highly contagious. The re-representa-

tion of realities which a distinguished genius has set the fashion of, has at least the advantage, that it widens our sphere of experience without creating that excitement of imitation which has been in many instances the bane of this class of fiction. If modern stories are not so intense as the old : if we have not any Lovelaces or Caleb Williamses, we have not at the same time such strong stimuli to the morbid indulgence of an appetite or passion. But this remark must apply to our own romance writers ; for those of France still delight to exaggerate a passion to a monstrosity, and scruple not to introduce the depravity of the appetites rather than not create a sensation. From such errors the higher portion of our fictitious writing is clear ; and has been tending rather towards purity than otherwise for some time. As to the charges brought against it, of depicting scenes of vice, they are not tenable, because, if the writer depict errors to insure their remedy, and in relating such scenes, debases instead of glorifying vice, he performs a medicinal office and deserves thanks instead of blame.

The works which have called up these reflections, and are at the head of our article, are all of very different classes of the same large school of writing.

EVELYN HARCOURT is a sentimental novel formed to create an intense interest with those whose want of sterner occupation leads them to the indulgence of their feelings to a morbid extent. It is not without its good writing and some interesting scenes and descriptions, but altogether it is overstrained, and the distress is overwrought. The heroine is completely steeped in misery, being driven mad and blind, and reduced to poverty. Indeed, the authoress delights in woe of all kinds. The scene is too frequently laid in the room of sickness and of death ; and every kind of calamity is introduced into its pages. One lady is forsaken ; another ruined in mind and constitution. There are two deaths in the natural way, and two suicides. Nor are these miseries made to point any particular moral or illustrate any points of character or circumstances, but are the result of a morbid tendency to feminine melancholy.

THE THREE COUSINS, by Mrs. Trollope, is a very different work, abounding in the portrayal of character with that subtlety of satire for which the authoress is so celebrated. The story is conducted in a very artistic manner, and the characters developed by series of situations bespeaking the excellent tact and experience of the celebrated writer. It is, too, more just and liberal in its tone : acknowledging, in those circles and amongst those politicians the lady has been wont to uphold as patterns of excellence, a gentle-mannered but worldly bishop, a malignant baronet, a ruffian heir-expectant, a heartless lady of fashion, and sundry other adornments of the *better* classes.

RANTHORPE is the history of a literary man who knows every characteristic of the genus, and who speaks as one having a long experience. It is a work abounding in talent ; and if the product, as we believe, of a new writer in this species of literature, we hail him as one likely to add

to it most creditably to himself and most advantageously to the reader. Every page of it bespeaks a practised man of the world, and the scholar, together with that feeling for the ideal, and that practised art, which are necessary to produce a fine work of fiction. It is more than a work of promise—it is one of noble performance.

THE WHIM is a work also by a practised hand evidently, but from the pen of one who has more studied the art of stimulating his reader to the end of his volumes, than to give him new experiences or do anything more than interest him. It is not without talent, but it is talent of that kind which belongs rather to the artisan than the artist. He may secure attention, but seldom admiration. It is a good novel of the old kind, and may be doubtless a safe investment for the circulating library-keeper.

JACK ARIEL is a nautical novel, without love or gallantry; and, as it appears to have been drawn from the actual occurrences of a voyage or voyages, will interest some readers; but it exhibits no extraordinary powers of observation or knowledge, to claim for it any very high place.

THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN, by Mr. A. Trollope, is a story of Irish ignorance and wretchedness, a long-drawn-out narrative of the downfall of an ancient Irish family. It is strictly natural, as life-like and vigorous as could be desired; but the story might have been told in one volume. A tale, to bear the prolixity of three volumes, should abound in strong incidents, all tending towards the final disposition of the characters; and this requirement is much wanted in this work. The story is one of hard landlordism, poor tenantry, seduction, and the upshot—the gallows! The hero kills the seducer of his sister, and pays his life for so doing. We wish that the author had thought proper to modify his narrative, in some parts, for the roughness does not add one tittle to the full development of the story. His Irish dialogue is smartly and judiciously written, and is the evident result of residence. He is copious in his knowledge of Irishisms and local idioms, and this knowledge judiciously used adds to the vividness of his pictures. There are some stirring and life-like scenes in it, and we augur from it a successful career to the author. He evidently has inherited a keenness of observation and power of narrative.

We had intended to have concluded with some remarks on the general tendency of these works, but want of space prevents.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By GEORGE COMBE.
Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart & Co.

THIS pamphlet is intended as a sequel to Mr. Combe's "Remarks on National Education." It is worthy of his high and piercing intellect. In every sentence he pays homage to vital religion, showing conclusively that we are as much bound to abstain from the violation of a physical law, as from the infraction of a moral or mental law, since both laws

emanate from the same law-maker, from the Creator and Governor of the Universe. Under these views, Science becomes the handmaid of true Religion, since Science teaches how the organic and inorganic kingdoms are framed and sustained. If, for instance, a person is taught that the chief use of the lungs is to purify and vitalize the blood, and that one of the conditions of the process is to inhale pure air, a neglect of that law is followed by uneasiness in the form of disease, and if persevered in by death. The uneasiness felt is the warning to our physical nature, as the pangs of conscience are the warning to our moral nature. If we seek our own happiness we must pursue it in the direction of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, since He is the author of Nature; and let none mistake the true meaning of the word "law," as used in this sense. When we speak, for instance, of the law of gravity, we do not attach to it the slightest idea of *causation*, for that would be a mode of the corpuscularian philosophy; gravity, as we comprehend it, is no more than the known effect of an unknown law, for we cannot determine the essential qualities of the law, without comprehending the essential attributes of the law-maker. We know the law of gravity solely by its effects, not in its causality; and this distinction appears to us of the deepest importance. Mr. Combe is one of those philosophers who is in advance of his age; but the spread of intelligence has enabled him to be better understood now than he was twenty years ago. His views of education will instruct both statesmen and prelates.

JOURNAL OF A FEW MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL, AND GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH OF SPAIN. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. E. Moxon.

THE anonymous author of a "Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal" has several advantages over the general tourist. First, he resided some time in the country he seeks to delineate; and then, he has chosen a country of which little more than the sea-bound has been described. Lisbon we thoroughly know, but of the mountainous interior of Portugal, and of its society, not much. In these volumes we really have glimpses of both: and the author is evidently a scholar used to good society both of books and persons. His descriptive poems are not remarkable, but he details what he has seen more than what he has felt, and does not fall into the fatal folly of fine writing: nor does he overstrain his spirits in hopes of passing for a wit on his travels. Consequently his volumes are very agreeable, easy reading, and we doubt not conveying valuable, because just information of this turbulent little country. There are indications that it is the work of one of the softer sex—an ominous term applied intellectually: not that we mean it in any opprobrious sense. If the work of a lady, there is not only less (though there is some) egotism and small talk than in similar works of the sex that alone is supposed capable of producing legislators and philosophers.

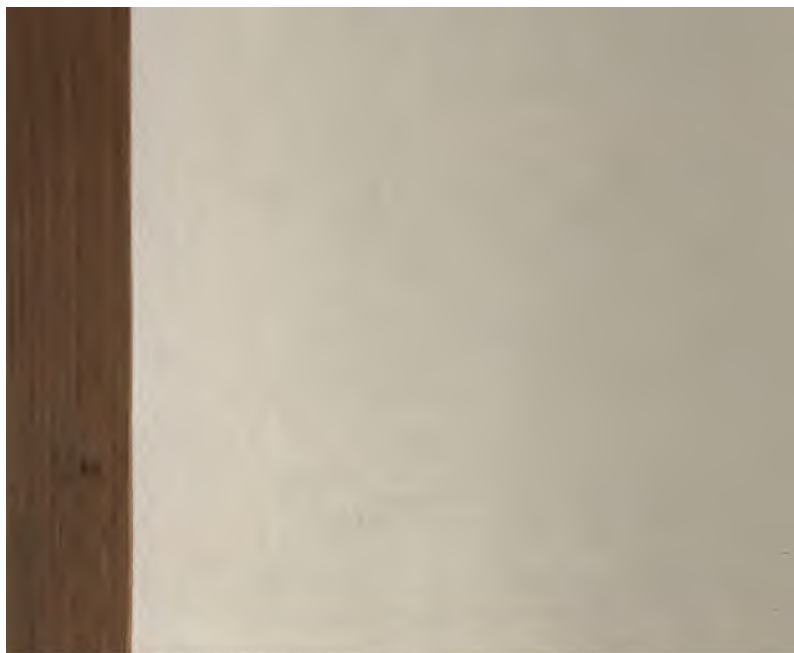
The authoress (for, having read nearly through the second volume, we are convinced it is a lady's inditing) made excursions into Spain ; and nothing can more distinctly mark the difference of the two nations than the animation that pervades the narrative the instant an entrance is made on that romantic land. We have now come to a passage which settles the sex of the writer, and is so characteristic that we give it.

"We were persecuted by children, who followed us wherever we went ; our English *straw-bonnets*, I suppose, puzzled them not a little ; and how hideous must *they* have thought them, when even the smart Parisian silk bonnet and well-adjusted Indian shawl looked dowdy to my eye after it had been accustomed only for a few weeks to the graceful mantilla."

And this again :

"The mantilla is universal ; I have seen no bonnets, except our own and that of an English lady who is also an inmate of the 'Golden Lion.' Mantilla excepted, the dress of the women is just like ours. The one red rose, or other flower, in the hair, is as common here as at Seville. The costume of the men is most picturesque, whether they wear the large blue cloak, gracefully thrown over the left shoulder, and showing its handsome black velvet, scarlet or Prussian-blue cloth facing, or the short, silver-brodered jacket, with slashed sleeves of divers colours ; or enfold themselves in the ample scarf, woven of many colours, or may be of one colour, with a gaily-embroidered border. I have remarked many hats of conical shape, as well as those with low flat crowns, which are universal in Seville. Mr. — is quite right in saying that the Spanish cloak does not look so graceful when not accompanied by the Andalusian hat ; the French hat suits it not."

The description of the Alhambra is left to Mr. Ford, but the costume could not be confided to such rough hands. It is somewhat marvellous, that neither this nor any modern lady, with all the advantages of learning and accomplishments, can produce even in these countries so interesting a volume as that of the Countess D'Anois of a hundred and fifty years since, wherein many of the descriptions (certainly of places) remain as suitable as when penned ; though the Spanish ladies do not continue to have little naked negresses to wait on them, nor nurse little pigs (Guinea pigs, we presume) for pets.



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